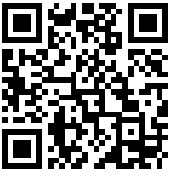
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

https://books.google.com



FIFTY YEARS OF LONDON SOCIETY

1870-1920

Digitized by Google

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
DAVIS

C. K. OGDEN COLLECTION

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

FIFTY YEARS OF LONDON SOCIETY

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

FIFTY YEARS OF LONDON SOCIETY

1870-1920

. . . A High-dizened, select populace of male and female persons—high-dizened, most expensive persons, aristocracy so called, or Best of World.—CARLYLE.

I hardly ever record the scandalous stories of the day unless they relate to characters or events, but what relates to public men is different from the loves and friendships of the idiots of society.—CHARLES C. F. GREVILLE ("The Greville Memoirs," a Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria from 1837 to 1852).

LONDON
EVELEIGH NASH COMPANY
LIMITED

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
DAVIS

Digitized by Google

First published in 1920

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS

PAGE

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY 1

CHAPTER II

"SMART" SOCIETY, REFORMERS, AND "NEW MONEY" PEOPLE. 19

CHAPTER III

"LONDON" NOT LARGER THAN MONACO! 47

CHAPTER IV

LONDON'S DAY.—ORIGIN OF THE SEASON . . . 53

CHAPTER V

THE PLAYGROUND OF THE RICH 85

CHAPTER VI

"HIGH-DIZENED, MOST EXPENSIVE PERSONS—BEST OF WORLD" 114

CHAPTER VII

A GROUP OF NOTABILITIES AND SOME EPISODES . . 128

Digitized by Google

PAGE

CHAPTER VIII

MORE NOTABILITIES 149

CHAPTER IX

DUKES, MARQUISES, AND THE OLD SCHOOL . . . 175

CHAPTER X

QUEENS, DUCHESSES AND DIPLOMATISTS . . . 200

CHAPTER XI

AN EX-KING AND HIS NEPHEWS, AND DIVERS CELEBRITIES. 228

Digitized by Google

FIFTY YEARS OF LONDON SOCIETY

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

> I don't think there is anything deserving the name of Society to be found out of London.—HAZLITT.
>
> Anecdotes of Kings, Princes, Ministers, or any celebrities are always acceptable. Since I first began to journalise . . . I have often thought that my journal would have been much more entertaining if I had scribbled down all I heard and saw in society instead of recording and commenting on events, as I have often, though irregularly, done.—GREVILLE.

"Society"—Panorama of Life—The Golden Calf the idol—Another Juvenal wanted—The Victorian Reign the Golden Age—Another Thackeray and another Disraeli wanted—The sole study is How to Get On—What do people expect to find "in Society" that they cannot buy outside?—Much good and much bad in the "great world"—An age of shams—An age of amusement—What those who have "seen with their eyes" will admit—Lord Salisbury and the "Saturday Review"—Brutal cartoon of "The Girl of the Period"—What Mrs. Lynn Linton said of "the Girl"—Mrs. Linton the literary Madame Angot of her day—Other satirists of the 'seventies—Jezebel-cum-"Anonyma"—"The hetæria of social life"—"Modern Womanhood" depicted in blackest hues—The woman is "Jezebel, and Jezebel is Queen"—Who wrote it?—A feeble imitation of Juvenal.

THE word "Society" has been so misused these forty years that conversationally it is no longer

Digitized by Google

current coin; in print it has become hideous. A "society" novel, a "society" play, a "society" man, a "society" woman, "society" people, a "society" function, "society" divorce case—we read of all these, and sicken at the sight. In the vocabulary of the cultured the word as here employed does not exist, never has existed. "Society Engagement!" As well talk of a "society" beefsteak or a "society" marrowbone. The question, "What is Society?" was asked some years ago by a very able writer (anonymous), who discussed the subject with much knowledge. "If," it was said, "by Society is meant some exclusive body of persons, to say of a man or woman that he or she is 'in Society' has a definite and simple meaning. But if by Society is meant a special kind of social intercourse, to say that a man or woman is 'in Society' means nothing. The proper phrase in this case is that he or she 'goes into Society.'" But that is *not* quite the "proper phrase." Some people, perhaps, might use it, but the majority would more simply say, "So-and-so goes out a great deal," or "So-and-so does not go out much." The phrase which I have quoted, "goes into Society," is not much better than "goes out into Society," which the observant reader will often have met with in inferior novels: it is, of course, a barbarism of the most atrocious kind.

The atoms of Society present themselves to us under two totally different aspects—when they are on duty, and when they are off guard. In the one case they lack vital interest; in the other

Digitized by Google

they attract us because of their freedom from posing and affectation. And whether it be the King of Spain or the Prince of Wales, the Prime Minister or the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Bourne or the Chief Rabbi, Field-Marshal Viscount French of Ypres or General Booth II., the President of the Royal Geographical Society or the President of the Royal Academy, the great book-writer or the great bookmaker, Mary Moore or Gertie Millar, the still-beautiful Countess of Dudley or the revealing Countess Marie Larisch—we turn to gaze at each and all as they pass us in the Park or in the street, impelled by an irresistible curiosity to see what they are like off the stage.

The Panorama of Life which unrolls itself with the dawn of every new day is always fresh, always changing. The gay and glittering crowd, though composed of the same human elements, is ever a variation on the picture of yesterday. The background of the canvas remains unaltered, but another set of figures must be painted in with every sunrise; and this it is which invests our tableaux vivants with an attraction that never flags.

Despite the parrot cry of "hard times" which is periodically emitted, people were never more lavish in their expenditure than they were a few weeks before the war. Matters have changed for the worse since then. Never was there a more insensate craving for the wherewithal to purchase the indispensable "purple and fine linen," rare wines and rich food; there are greater display, greater ostentation, greater swagger than ever. London Society has reached the acme of garish splendour;

Digitized by Google

wealth carries everything before it, and the Golden Calf is the idol deemed most worthy of worship and reverence. The injunction to "eat, drink, and be merry" is obeyed literally and with complete unanimity. People over-eat and over-drink. How can it be otherwise when Fashion has decreed that more heavy meals must be served, if not eaten, during the day, while those amiable persons who give dances also entertain their previously well-nurtured guests with what is modestly called a supper, but is really a banquet worthy of Lucullus or—Benoist? It is a short-tempered age, too, and who can wonder at it, remembering that the prevailing malady of the day is dyspepsia, with its nightmares and troubled sleep? But sleep is about the last thing we must think of if we would be "in the swim," for this modern mania for turning night into day, and vice versâ, unstrings the nerves, and we have no sooner got off into a doze than the matutinal cup of tea is brought to our rooms, and then, with the papers convenient to our hand, farewell, a long farewell to sleep! An age of exceptional luxury and wealth has generally produced a corrective in the shape of a satirist—an unpleasant censor morum, like Juvenal, who lashed the vices and effeminacy of the Romans, or (to come down to modern times per saltum) Henri Rochefort, who, after the welter of riot which preceded Saarbrücken and Sedan, Wilhelmshöhe and Chislehurst, fluttered the Lutetian dovecotes, and finally (Jules Claretie would have it so) overturned a dynasty. But the Nineteen Hundreds have brought us few satirists. It

Digitized by Google

cannot be said that Society is in no need of reforming, because all but the giddiest and most frivolous are agreed that the pace at which we went before the war was a killing one. As we have no master of irony to scourge us for our pleasant vices, and sting us with biting phrases for indulging in those péchés mignons which are so dear to most of us, so we do not appear to have a novelist able to put on record the life and manners of the new century and the New Reign. Possibly some embryo Greville is compiling material for volumes destined to amuse and instruct a remote posterity; but since Thackeray we have had no one to tell us, in his manner, those home-truths which we are all so delighted to hear, but never to practise.

It is the fashion to sneer at the Victorian Reign, that Golden Age of the arts and sciences, the age of the great men and women of literature and journalism, of the great soldiers and sailors, lawyers and doctors, inventors, engineers, and constructors. In due course the detractors' target will be the Edwardian Reign: already it has been sought to bring the name of the Peacemaker into contempt and derision.

"Society novels" come and go in their hundreds, yet there is a fine field for a new Thackeray or a budding Beaconsfield. Look! There is Major Pendennis going into the "Rag"; Rawdon Crawley and George Osborne are lunching at the Berkeley; the Marquis of Steyne graces the Carlton and the Ritz, and where he is you may look for Becky Sharp with the certainty of finding her. "Lothair" and "Endy-

Digitized by Google

mion" are as good as a picture gallery, with their portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Monsignor Capel, who died in California twenty years after the death of his superior, Cardinal Manning, the novelist's Cardinal Grandison; of the Marquis of Bute and, not to extend the catalogue, Lady Bathurst and her late brother, Oliver Borthwick, in their childhood.

Thackeray and Disraeli depicted the Carlylian "Best of World" of their time, but we await the novelist who will draw the portraits of the social and political leaders of to-day, even as Desanges put on his canvas those who comprised the London Society of the 'sixties and the 'seventies. We are looking for some clever artist with the pen who, to Thackeray's incisiveness, adds Lord Beaconsfield's courtly satire—someone who, under the guise of fiction, will show us this politician favoured with early "tips," and that one evolving from his teeming brain the bribe to the proletariat of old-age pensions; this sportswoman meditating on her losses at Newmarket and the desirability of spending the remainder of her days in cloistered seclusion; this fashionable jockey wondering where it will all end, and that one praying for the luck of the "Tinman";[1] this diplomatist vainly fretting for the recall of his youthful Sovereign to that Portuguese throne which he deserted; this great lady suing for the peerage or baronetcy which alone can adequately reward

[1] The late Fred Archer.

Digitized by Google

her husband for the suit and service, in the guise of big cheques, he has rendered "the Party," and that one in tears because her spouse has not received the expected judgeship; the jeune premier writing love-letters to the Countess of X; the engagement of Miss Bullion to Lord Lacklands, and the subsequent breaking off of the desirable match; all these things, and more besides, are awaiting analysis at the hands of the coming satirist of "Best of World" who is so long in coming.

The lesson which everybody studies—young and old—is "How to get on." Those who are within the sacred enclosure look on amusedly at the ineffectual efforts of the besiegers of the almost impregnable citadel, only stretching out a helping hand when it is worth their while to do so. The Pilgrims whose goal is Vanity Fair are not clad in serge gown and sandalled shoon—nor scrip nor scallop carry they; they are arrayed in rich apparel, their purses are bursting with gold, their balance at the bank is represented by five, and frequently by seven, figures; they are, in fact, highly respectable people, having "made their pile" by the exercise of patience and honest labour, or by preternatural cunning and swindling. All their anxiety now is to "get into Society." And when, after incessant battling with Fate, after enduring endless mortifications and countless snubs, they succeed in passing the portal, what are they the better for it? What do they expect to find "in Society" that they cannot buy with their

Digitized by Google

money-bags outside the pale? If they expect to find a Paradise, where nothing is heard but the plash of perfumed waters and the sounds of sweet music—where bickerings and jealousies are not rife, and where all have a good word to say for their fellows, neither coveting their neighbour's wife, nor his house, nor his lands, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor anything that is his, they will be disillusioned. They will find that it is not the coat that makes the man, nor the gown that makes the woman, nor being in the van of Society that confers happiness.

They will find much that is good and much that is bad in the "great world"—delightful people and disagreeable people; they will find that there are snobs and cads in Mayfair as well as 'Arries in the streets; they will find kindness where they least expected it, and snubbings and treachery where they fondly believed they would get warm and cordial greetings; they will find that much of the varnish which conceals the real man and the real woman under its sheen is apt to rub off upon too close contact with it; that people, even in the "best" Society, do not necessarily mean all they say; that, in fact, there is no inconsiderable quantity of make-believe going about; and the more they penetrate behind the scenes the more will they be able to realise that this is also

> An age of shams, when tinsel pomp
> Can trick with plumes of fashion
> The oaf whose name, unknown to fame,
> Has wealth above to flash on.

Digitized by Google

When heartless, brainless louts can wed
The flower of British maidens,
And all that's fine surround the shrine
To sing their nuptial cadence.

It is an age of amusement. There are still a few thousand people, foremost figures in London Society, who do not habitually "go racin'," yet who, as year succeeds year, find themselves at Ascot, chiefly for the reason that they get two or three days' enjoyment with a minimum of trouble and expense to themselves. These are the people whose friends face all the trouble and incur all the expense in order (kindly souls!) to give pleasure to their acquaintance. To spend only a night at one or other of the country-houses which are filled with guests during "the Week" is to pass an ideal time, which lingers gratefully in the memory long after the event. There is a delightful causerie over the teacups, and dinner is of the gayest. The talk is by no means all of "racin'" and of "what will win to-morrow"; far from it, indeed, for, to be quite candid, the majority of us do not even know the names of "the runners," nor who is going to ride. It often happens, too, that not one of those gathered round the table has, or intends to have, a bet on. But I have known the best resolutions broken long before the names go up for the "Cup."

I appreciate the advantages of motoring; but I confess that "the road" is not the unmixed delight it was ere the automobile came into vogue. There was a sufficiency of dust in the days when Daimlers and Mercédès and the other modish

Digitized by Google

" marks " were not, but now that the highway is alive with " autos," those who still drive to the Heath in the old fashion may be pardoned if they are overheard anathematising the new order of things. Still, under the spell of the sunshine and the odour of the pines and the blue canopy over all, we are willing to forget the annoyances which we may encounter and surrender ourselves to the joie de vivre; for life is very well worth living when we are of a house-party, with naught to think of but the pleasures of the moment. The racing, for many, is but an incident; all the enjoyment is found in the " going to Ascot," in the stroll through the enclosures or outside of them, in the lunch (which I was almost forgetting !), in the delightful thrill attendant on the "sweep " (for a " sweep " we must have, if we die for it), in the pretty faces around us, and in the fairy spectacle of the Royal procession as it gradually defiles from the misty distance and the blue haze into " the straight."

Beautiful, varied, kaleidoscopic is the scene at the Grand Prix, charming the panorama of Auteuil, radiant the nature-picture at Chantilly, although its chief glory vanished with the departure of the most delightful of the Dukes of the fleurs-de-lys; infinitely soothing the Bois de la Cambre, when " all Brussels " is gathered for le sport; but it is Ascot which transcends all the other racing-grounds of Europe—it is Ascot which nothing else can " hold a candle " to, Goodwood the Glorious not excepted.

Naturally, the world's capitals—and not only the capitals, but the smaller towns—undergo a metamorphosis in forty years or so, and the people

Digitized by Google

seem also to change. We have had the potent editor of the "Gaulois," M. Arthur Meyer, depicting the difference between the Paris of 1870 and the Paris of the first half of the year 1914. But, as those who have "seen with their eyes" will admit, Berlin had changed years before the war to a far greater extent than Paris, and London seemed to be another town compared with what it was five-and-forty years ago. I say five-and-forty years because, before briefly dealing with the exterior aspect of the West End, which to so many is "London," I have it in mind to say something about its People and their Manners.

In 1868 there appeared in a weekly paper which still enjoys as high and well-deserved a reputation as it enjoyed in the late 'sixties an essay which for boldness and incisiveness left nothing to be desired. It was called "The Girl of the Period," and it was published in the "Saturday Review," the journal in which the "great" Lord Salisbury is known to have written. The "Saturday" was then the property of Mr. Beresford Hope, a distinguished member of the belligerent High Church party. I cannot forget the striking figure which he made in the House of Commons, and his funny little laugh. For a long time the article on the Girl was attributed to the pen of Lady Salisbury. It was, however, the work of Mrs. Lynn Linton, a popular novelist and essayist, and was republished a few years ago in one of her books. An amusing, but a rather brutal, cartoon of the author, depicting her in the "Tomahawk" as an aged dame in very shabby and dowdy dress,

Digitized by Google

lingers in my memory. Mrs. Lynn Linton savagely wrote:

In the old time English girls were content to be what God and Nature had made them. Of late years we have changed the pattern, and have given to the world a race of women as utterly unlike the old insular ideal as if we had created another nation altogether. The girl of the period and the fair young English girl of the past have nothing in common save ancestry and their mother-tongue; and even of this last the modern version makes almost a new language, through the copious additions it has received from the current slang of the day. The girl of the period is a creature who dyes her hair and paints her face, as the first articles of her personal religion; whose sole idea of life is plenty of fun and luxury, and whose dress is the object of such thought and intellect as she possesses. Her main endeavour in this is to outlive her neighbours in the extravagance of fashion. No matter whether, as in the time of crinolines, she sacrifices decency, or, as now, in the time of trains, she sacrifices cleanliness. The girl of the period has done away with such moral muffishness as consideration for others, or regard for counsel or rebuke. . . . If a sensible fashion lifts the gown out of the mud, she raises hers midway to the knees. . . . With purity of taste she has lost also that far more precious purity and delicacy of perception which sometimes means more than appears on the surface. What the demi-monde does in its frantic efforts to excite attention she also does in imitation. If some fashionable dévergondée[1] en évidence is reported to have come out with her dress below her shoulder-blades, and a gold strap for all the sleeve thought necessary, the girl of the period follows suit next day, and then wonders that men sometimes mistake her for her prototype, or that mothers of girls not quite so far gone as herself refuse her as a companion for their daughters. . . . This imitation of the demi-monde in dress . . . leads to slang, bold talk, and fastness. . . . The girl of the period

[1] "Dévergondée," dissolute, shameless, barefaced, licentious—"Dictionnaire International Français-Anglais." Par MM. H. Hamilton et E. Legros.

Digitized by Google

envies the queens of the demi-monde far more than she abhors them. . . . They have all for which her soul is hungering, and she never stops to reflect at what a price they have bought their gains, and what fearful penalties they pay for their sensuous pleasures. . . . After all her efforts, she is only a poor copy of the real thing. . . . If we must have only one kind of thing, let us have it genuine; and the queens of St. John's Wood in their unblushing honesty, rather than their imitators and make-believes in Bayswater and Belgravia. . . . All we can do is to wait patiently until the national madness has passed and our women have come back again to the old English ideal, once the most beautiful, the most modest, the most essentially womanly in the world.

Was this trenchant indictment of the English girls half a century ago true in substance and in fact? Whether it was true or false as a whole, or partly true and partly exaggerated, it made a sensation all over the country; and in asking ourselves whether it was based upon fact or was merely the distorted creation of a novelist's fertile brain, we must not forget that it was published in the paper owned by the Member of Parliament and High Churchman, Mr. Beresford Hope, and appeared when Lord Salisbury was writing in it. Mr. Hope must have believed in the accuracy of Mrs. Linton's assertions, and believed also that the publication of the article was calculated to be beneficial; otherwise we may be certain that it would not have been allowed to appear. My recollection of the girl of the late 'sixties is that she did not resemble Mrs. Linton's girl in the remotest degree; that she was pure-minded, played croquet, was fond of rowing and of paddling in her canoe, delighted in dancing and concert and theatre-going, had never heard of

Digitized by Google

"the queens of St. John's Wood," could not have told an inquirer the meaning of a "dévergondée," and was a good churchwoman when she was not a chapel-goer. And I am certain that "The Girl of the Period" article was never discussed in her presence. But the phrase stuck, and was often used by young women and their elders without reference to any question of morals.

Nearly a quarter of a century later Mrs. Lynn Linton broke out in a fresh place. The "Nineteenth Century" threw open its pages to this literary Madame Angot, whose essay, "The Wild Women as Social Insurgents," must have caused a commotion in many a country vicarage. The venerable dame compared the women who then composed London's "classes" with those who do the work of men, in men's clothes, in the manufacturing districts first visited by King George and his Consort in 1913. I will quote a very few lines from the "Wild Women" screed: "A superbly-dressed young woman—bust, arms, and shoulders bare and gleaming white and warm beneath the subdued light of a luxurious dinner-table; a beautiful young creature, painted, dyed, and powdered according to the mode, her lips red with wine and moist with liqueur—she is really not different from mumping old Betty, in unwomanly rags, smoking her cutty pipe by the cottage door on the bleak fell side."

In what section of "Society" did Mrs. Lynn Linton discover her types of female debauchery? As in the days when she wrote champagne was the regulation "tipple," one was curious to know

Digitized by Google

how that wine could possibly " redden the lips " of anyone. Perhaps Mrs. Linton meant to convey the idea that the fair topers, finding that they could not get enough " fizz " to satisfy them, quaffed Léoville, which would certainly momentarily incarnadine their pretty lips, while a glass or two of green or the more expensive yellow Chartreuse would produce a different tint. But what a keen eye for polychromatic colours dear Mrs. Linton must have had !

A few years after the publication of " The Girl of the Period " essay other satirists came out strongly in another publication.

Even in the most fashionable and select resorts of the gay and idle (we were told by one writer) divorcées unblushingly show themselves ; whilst many a woman whose gallantries are notorious, but who has not yet been exposed, is unhesitatingly received among virtuous and high-born ladies. . . . Quitting this part of our theme, we come to those whose conduct is notoriously bad, but who have not been legally pronounced unchaste. Go into any London ball-room and listen to the conversation. The name of lady after lady is coupled with that of a man in a manner which shows what the nature of their relations is. Her frailty is spoken of, not as a suspicion, but a fact, and is treated simply as amusing material for gossip. How is it that such a state of demoralisation has come to pass ?

We then get an " explanation "—that " fashionable ladies' " husbands are divided into three classes ; some have an occupation—others are mere idlers. Result : " the couples live too much in worlds apart to have common topics of conversation." Hence the " fashionable lady " (this is what the writers of novels in papers with huge

Digitized by Google

circulations call their heroines) "gets into the habit very quickly of seeking for the pleasures of life outside herself and the domestic hearth." There is much more in the same strain, very cheap satire, mostly "bunkum," although dressed up for more or less educated people. The concluding passages are worthy of Mr. Lloyd George's attention:

> What we have written may startle some, may shock others; but we have sought to paint society as it is, and it is society, not we, who are to blame if the picture is unpleasing. We maintain that a moral disease is widely spread in the London world of fashion . . . and we trust that what we have written may serve as a warning to some of those flirting dames who rather are betrayed gradually into destruction than rush deliberately, and from innate vice, into evil-doing.

Some who now read this portrayal of "society" as it is alleged to have been in the late 'seventies of the last century may be disposed to regard the last sentence as verging upon the Pecksniffian. Others may consider it a well-meant effort to "save souls," and may hope that the "warning" so nobly given had its effect upon the flirtatious fair and decided them to turn over a new leaf while there was yet time.

Another—or perhaps the same—artist painted the great world of London, "the London world of fashion," in still darker colours, capable of putting out of joint the noses of the shades of Holbein, Hogarth and Raffet (if shades have any noses), and of exciting the envy of the ghost of the master-satirist Decimus Junius Juvenalis. Our excellent painter of the manners and morals of society

Digitized by Google

in the 'seventies descants upon Jezebel-cum-"Anonyma." Jezebel you know all about, but twentieth-century readers may be not unwilling to learn that "Anonyma" was a young person of easy virtue, who descended upon London at the end of the 'sixties or early in the 'seventies. We were told that:

There have always been women of this kind, the Jezebels of history, the hetæria of social life; women who have preyed on men and made of their beauty a weapon of offence, who have given all their strength to gaining the love they have never returned, and to whom the lust of conquest has been the dominant passion of their lives; but we say it deliberately, never since the world began, save in the worst times of the Roman Empire, has the borderline between the two classes of the modest woman and the immodest been so undistinguishable, never has the fringe been so interlaced, as now. Anonyma sets the fashions, and English maids and matrons follow as she leads. Once the painted, hair-dyed, showily-dressed woman sauntering down Regent Street, with the air of one tricked out for observation, carried her profession visible at all points about her. . . . But now the most practised man about town may be pardoned if he makes a mistake. Countesses and Anonymas, shop-girls out on their own little quasi-private trade after business hours, and the wives and daughters of the virtuous middle-classes, all are mixed up together in one common look of fastness and loudness and being arrayed for observation. . . .

If we had to describe modern womanhood in one sentence, this is how we would put it: rouge on her cheeks and antimony round her eyes; piles of false hair heaped on her head, and what is her own for the most part dyed; a costume that shows every line of her figure; a veil that is more provocative than concealing; head-dresses of strange construction, each more remarkable, more staring than the last; no subject too filthy for her discussion openly, bating no words, slurring no facts, side by side with men—none too sacred for her trifling or her questioning; the home life abandoned as a thing too

Digitized by Google

slow for the mettlesome temper of the day, and the boudoir the sole place where she is content, and that only when tenanted by the favourite friend of the hour; her children handed over to servants, and the lives she has brought into the world held lower than her dog's, less important than her pleasures; her beauty granted freely to all men, and her husband coming in only with the ruck. This is the modern Jezebel, the last phase of the gracious womanhood of England, that womanhood which once stood as the symbol for all home virtues, all sweet serviceableness, all tenderness of love and loyalty and duty; but who has now taken Anonyma for her pattern, and holds herself supreme only in proportion to the closeness of her copy. Jezebel is queen. In the Park, in the street, in the drawing-room, in the boudoir, wherever the lines of her life are laid, this fact is patent. . . . To break a man's heart costs her no more thought than to buy a new pot of blood-red paint by which to make the fair falseness of her face fairer still. She is Jezebel, and Jezebel is queen. A bad outlook for the land when such a sovereign reigns, and for the Naboths whose vineyards she covets!

The women of to-day were children when their mothers—in some cases their grandmothers—were charitably depicted as Jezebels, "the hetæria of social life." They may solace themselves with the assurance that the picture was a daub, a caricature; a feeble imitation of Juvenal—nothing more. It was written in the days of the "Annuals," the days when, in "The Coming K——" and "Edward VII.", Government office clerks lampooned Queen Victoria and her eldest son; and when the "Tomahawk" was endeavouring, with some temporary success, to bring the Monarchy into odium and contempt.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER II

"SMART" SOCIETY, REFORMERS, AND "NEW MONEY" PEOPLE

Father Vaughan—Lady St. Helier—Mr. du Maurier—"Outsiders"—"Climbers"—Lord Mayors as Traders—First Duchess of Westminster and Actors—The Governing Classes—Difference between "English" Society and "London" Society—How some may "go into Society," but cannot marry into it—"Society" never changes—The Marquis of Steyne—Sarah Grand's "average Society woman" a myth—"Smart Society" speculators—Lady Frances Balfour, optimist—Countess of Jersey—Lady Gwendolen Ramsden—Rev. H. F. B. Mackay—Father Stanton—Dr. Liddon—Lady Grove—Mrs. Ronalds—The Kirschwassers and the Duchess.

THE "fashionable world of London" is much the same in the second decade of the twentieth century as it was in the 'seventies, 'eighties, and 'nineties of the last century. People are perhaps more frivolous, but not wicked. The blots are chiefly the product of what is called, for lack of a better appellation, "smart" Society, composed in part of wealthy vulgarians, largely Teutons. But there is a minimum of positive wickedness in that circle. Poor creatures! they only ape their betters. Their pachydermatous hides are impermeable to the shafts of ridicule and censure levelled at them by Father Vaughan, and aforetime by Lady St. Helier. Du Maurier

Digitized by Google

showed up the Sir Gorgius Midases and their "ladies," but it takes more than a few score "scorching" cartoons in "Punch" to squelch a particular phase of life; and a second Du Maurier has still to reveal himself.

Someone who undertook to enlighten our American cousins concerning the London season maintained not altogether inaccurately that the status of what is called "being in Society" is attainable by any man who possesses "a suit of evening clothes and a fair amount of manners," and argued that, by playing his cards properly—in other words, by duly toadying to "the matrons who stand highest on the social ladder and, if possible, have ugly daughters"—he will find that "in a couple of years no ball or drum will be inaccessible to him." Very different, however, is it with women who are "neither fast, beautiful, nor rich."

They will find (we read) the steps of "high life" hard to climb. Those who come under this description will have no difficulty. If they are in the first category they may get taken up by some nobleman or great personage, will become fashionable in a particular set, and be invited to the "frisky matron" balls. But the august mothers of society will look coldly on them, and they will pine in vain for invitations to the old-established houses. Beauty, if accompanied by sobriety, can gain admission to any portal. If without encumbrances in the shape of parents who wish to "go out," too, some energetic matron with no daughters of a ball-going-age will run the new "belle." If there is an ambitious papa or mamma, the process is more uncertain. The fair maiden having been first seen at a place of public entertainment, some enterprising woman, observing a chance of making her parties talked about, will send the stranger a card of invitation, mother and all. If she should be a success no entertainment will be considered complete without her, and rich and great will tumble

Digitized by Google

over each other in their civilities to her showman or showwoman as the case may be.

" Tout vient à point à qui peut attendre " ; and few " climbers " with ample means at their disposal need despair of squeezing into society, provided further, as the proverb says, he or she " can wait." To the great army of " outsiders "—those who are wishful to know something more of the great world than they know already—I would say : Do not imagine that all the fine folk noted by the papers as having been present at this and that gathering were born to the position they now, by a turn of fortune's wheel, find themselves in. Many of them have made their way themselves, aided by money or impudence—perhaps by both. Of the two the first is the more valuable aid to " getting on," although generally one follows tolerably closely in the wake of the other. I do not mean to say that the purse will carry everything before it in all cases, because it will not do so. For example, if you are in trade—I am speaking particularly now of the people who keep shops —you may be as rich as Rockefeller, yet society will ignore you. But even this rule has its exceptions. There is the case of one who married a gifted actress when she was at the zenith of her fame : he had a shop in Regent Street, his name was boldly written on the facia, but, despite this fact, he " moved " (as they say) " in good society," his passport being obtained by his wife's surviving talent and his own sterling worth.

Many will ingenuously ask what difference it can possibly make to society properly so called

Digitized by Google

who or what a man is, provided he get his living honestly and have the requisite income to enable him to give dinners and dances. Is a man who sells silks and satins, ribands and fal-lals, in Regent Street superior in the eyes of "the world" to one who vends boots, cigars, or photographs in Piccadilly? Is a man who sells dresses or watches in Bond Street, but who has not married a theatrical "star," less worthy of mixing in polite circles than his neighbour in the same line, in a contiguous thoroughfare, who has found a highly-accomplished wife among the ladies who adorn the dramatic profession? One man gets his living by selling tallow and hides in the City, another by selling drugs or watches and rings in the West-End. What is the precise difference between them? I see none at all. Trade! Is not every man who passes the Lord Mayor's chair in trade of one kind or other? Lord Mayor Nottage sold photographs, M'Arthur was in trade, so was Whetham, so were Ellis, Cotton, Waterlow, Lusk, and I know not how many more. Sir Charles Whetham made ropes, Sir John Whittaker Ellis, baronet and member of Parliament, was an auctioneer, Mr. Cotton dealt in Russian produce, Sir Henry Knight and Sir Sydney Waterlow were stationers and printers, Sir Andrew Lusk was a dealer in produce, Sir Joseph Renals dealt in lace. But the Lord Mayor's robes cover the trader's coat, and he is an unlucky or unwise Chief Magistrate who does not manage to pick up a baronetcy during his year of office, and to "get into society" as well.

I am almost afraid to say anything about the

Digitized by Google

stage, its votaries, and its society—so much has been said already, and is being said every day. In succeeding pages I also have some notes on the subject. Miss Mary Anderson, the tragédienne, was "received"—what is more, she breakfasted with Mr. Gladstone; and Lady Bancroft, the gifted author-comédienne, has been for ages a social star. Her gifted husband has been a social force for years. I once read, in some paper or other, that Mrs. Bernard Beere "moved" among "the Upper Ten"; and, for aught I know, other theatrical ladies may be privileged to enter "society," although they may not yet have married Peers or their sons. Actors are to be met everywhere, from St. James's Street to Earl's Court. The first to "take up" the actor and to "receive" him was the revered first Duchess of Westminster, whose courageous example in advancing the Grossmiths, the Corney Grains, the Arthur Cecils, and the Conways was speedily followed by one lady after another, until to-day the once-contemned "play actor" is a recognised item of our social life. But, while some of the Thespians mingle with the "swells," others are contented with the clubs which they make their second homes. The third-rate actor who washes off the paint at eleven or half-past, puts himself into evening clothes and rushes off to some big house or other, merely for the pleasure of being among three or four hundred people, who stare at him amusedly because he is "new"—the man who thus deludes himself with the idea that he is "in society" is an amiable simpleton, and

Digitized by Google

must not complain should he get laughed at for his pains.

This importation of actors and actresses into society may not be calculated permanently to benefit the stage, but it is eminently adapted to cause little unpleasantnesses in the coulisses. A great many of the actor class are unfitted by birth and education to mingle with those who constitute "society." Greatly to their credit, many recognise this fact, and do not seek to hob-nob with the fine ladies and gentlemen whom they are accustomed to see "in front" and nowhere else. Perhaps a score of the men think differently and go wherever they are asked, perfectly content and happy to be stared at and to hear people asking one another, "Is that Mr ——? Is he a *gentleman?*" Thanks to the noble army of interviewers, we know as much as—even more than—it is necessary to know about actors; and if what we read about them were true we should have to admit that they are nearly all "gentlemen," or akin thereto. Henry Irving never bragged and swaggered about being a "gentleman," although, from what I knew of him, I should say that he had far more real refinement and good feeling than nine out of ten of those who in effect loudly bray, "I'm a *gentleman!*" Sir Squire Bancroft, too, whom I have briefly mentioned, is another honourable exception; he never advertised himself as aught but an actor; his manners are perfect, and his literary style is better than that of many of his critics. There have been, and are, many like him.

Digitized by Google

"Society" is often described as a "mob," Byron's "polished horde." It is really nothing of the kind. Considering that London boasts nearly seven million people, "society" is the merest fragment in point of numbers. After Royalty come the aristocracy and the county families, the many-acred people, some of whose ancestors probably held the same lands from the time when William the Conqueror parcelled out the country among his favourites; at the very least from the time when that pious Defender of the Faith, Henry VIII., confiscated and sold, or gave away, the estates of Holy Church. These are what we understand by the phrase "the governing classes," and these are very nearly the sole representatives of English Society. London Society is another affair. It comprises Royalty and the landed class above noted, plus a heterogeneous multitude gathered from all parts of the world—Archbishops and Bishops, heads of the Army, Navy, Law, Medicine, Finance, Commerce, Science, Literature, Art, Diplomacy, and the nouveaux riches in general. Many of these are "in Society" without being actually of it. But do not believe that "outsiders" never enter the holy of holies. The traveller who has made a name for himself at the expense of enterprising newspapers like the "Daily Telegraph" and the "New York Herald"; the successful Author, Artist, Actor, Actress, Singer, Journalist, or Showman—all these are "received," first by one hostess and then by another, until Society generally comes first contemptuously to tolerate and then to entertain a kind of sneaking regard

Digitized by Google

for them. Society, which knows the pedigree of all its own particular votaries, is sublimely indifferent to the family connections of those whom it sometimes condescendingly admits to the fold which so many brebis égarées are hungering and thirsting to enter. Provided you have really "done something," or can persuade people that you are about to "do something," Society doesn't care a rush who your father was or even whether you had one. Can you sing, can you act, can you play the pianoforte, can you "give imitations," do you write novels or articles for the journals, can you find pins which have been stuck in coat collars—can you, in short, "do anything"? If so, some of you may "go into Society," eat and drink of the best, talk with the crême des crêmes, and enjoy the supreme felicity of occasionally reading your name in the organ of "the upper circles," the Tory-Democratic "Morning Post." What more do you want?

"I want to marry into society," No! That you cannot do. Society does not want you. Of course, like all other rules, this one has its exceptions, but they are few and far between. Sometimes everything "goes crooked" with Lord Bareacres, who makes a sad mess of it at Epsom or Newmarket, all owing, as you who know him will readily understand, to "that scoundrel of a trainer of mine." Or perhaps his lordship has been unlucky at the bridge table; or perchance, a novice in agriculture, he has not yet completed the sowing of those wild oats which always

Digitized by Google

come up so luxuriantly. He may be willing to "see you through"—for a consideration in meal or malt. Again, it is just possible—these things will happen now and then, even in the best regulated old families—that her ladyship, whose unostentatious charities frequently creep into the papers, has run up a long bill at the milliner's, or has been persuaded to take shares in some company or other, and ready money has become a positive necessity to her. Then, provided you have cash, and plenty of it, you may find favour in the eyes of her ladyship and of her ladyship's charming daughter, and they will nobly overlook your plebeian origin (the founder of the Bareacres family was a successful cattle reiver in the Highlands, and died "in his boots," temp. James I) in consideration of the handsome settlements you are able to make.

Paradoxical as it may be, it is none the less true that "society," rightly so termed, never changes. It is always receiving fresh recruits, yet we can never truly say of it, "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." Between "going into society" and being part and parcel of society there is an unbridgable gulf; but that is what many people apparently do not—some perhaps cannot—understand. The mere accident that this or that lady, for some mysterious reason or other, perhaps hardly known to herself, sends you a card for one of her parties no more entitles you to plume yourself upon "being in society" than it would justify you in asking that same lady's husband to put his name to a bit of stamped

Digitized by Google

paper. "Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle." This must be the melancholy conclusion arrived at by many worthy people, who, by dint of considerable expenditure, incessant intrigue, and no small amount of mental worry, have secured a foothold "in society," only to find that, unless they are born to what we call "position," they are strangers in a strange land, the manners and customs whereof a lifetime of study and observation will hardly enable them to comprehend, much less to appreciate and adopt.

A lady-novelist who writes "with a purpose," and who is still, I believe, pursuing her successful literary career, has flagellated a section of her sex with something of Mrs. Lynn Linton's vehemence. She has recorded her belief that the "average society woman" (again that awful phrase!) is unique "for vulgarity, for boldness, for folly, ignorance, want of principle, petty weakness, intrigue, and positive vice."

> Her one motive is self-seeking. She is a bad wife, a bad mother, and a false friend. For intellect she has a fair supply of shrewdness and cunning; for religion, a rotten conglomerate of emotional superstitions that do not improve her conduct; for virtue, the hope of not being found out; while for charity, good feeling, modesty, and every womanly attribute she substitutes tact—the tact to respond outwardly to what she sees is required of her by different people. . . . She listens and observes, and bides her time—*and she gets what she wants* (the italics are the author's, not mine).

Well, well! These be "prave orts," indeed! I pity any poor wretch of a man who should have written them. He would have been tomahawked. I should not have believed it had it emanated

Digitized by Google

from a man; but who can refuse to accept it as truth when the article from which the above passage is quoted is signed by the gifted author of " The Heavenly Twins " ?

I should be sorry to think that the " average society woman " is half as black as she is painted by Madame Sarah Grand. Where the moral delinquencies of the female sex are concerned, I think we may safely take Thackeray as our guide. Miss Rebecca Sharp, although anything but an " average society woman " either of Thackeray's days or these, is indisputably a type. That terrible scene in " the little house in Curzon Street "—has it not been acted over and over again within the experience of many ? Rawdon Crawley, you remember, has been released by his sister-in-law, Lady Crawley, from " Mr. Moss's mansion in Cursitor Street," from whose " *gilt and splendid parler* " he had written to Becky begging her to get him out of durance vile : " It's Nathan's business—a hundred-and-fifty; with costs, hundred-and-seventy. Take my ticker and such of your things as you can spare, and send them to Balls—we must, of course, have the sum to-night. . . . God bless you." The faithful wife replies that she has gone down on her knees to " Milor "—my lord Marquis of Steyne—and got him to promise that he would send the money to her in the morning, " when I will bring it to my poor old monster with a kiss from his affectionate Becky " ; and there is a postscript running—" I am writing in bed. Oh ! I have such a headache, and such a heartache ! "

Digitized by Google

Rawdon hastens home, and is amazed to see the drawing-room windows blazing with light. He lets himself in, goes silently up the stairs, listens, hears "laughter within—laughter and singing." Becky was singing a snatch of the song of the night before; a hoarse voice shouted "Brava, brava!" it was Lord Steyne's. Then ensues that scene which makes one's blood run cold only to read it. Becky is in a brilliant toilette—covered with sparkling jewels—Steyne's gifts. The Marquis is kissing her hand as Rawdon opens the door and enters. Becky flings herself at her husband's feet. "'I am innocent, Rawdon,' she said; 'before God, I am innocent.' . . . 'I am innocent. Say I am innocent,' she said to Lord Steyne."

He thought a trap had been laid for him, and was as furious with the wife as with the husband. "You innocent! Damn you!" he screamed out. "You innocent! Why, every trinket you have on your body is paid for by me. I have given you thousands of pounds which this fellow has spent, and for which he has sold you. Innocent, by——! You're as innocent as your mother the ballet-girl, and your husband the bully. Don't think to frighten me as you have done others. Make way, sir, and let me pass."

But Rawdon Crawley, springing out, seized him by the neck-cloth, until Steyne, almost strangled, writhed, and bent under his arm. "You lie, you dog!" said Rawdon. "You lie, you coward and villain!" And he struck the Peer twice over the head with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground. It was all done before Rebecca could interpose. She stood there trembling before him. She admired her husband, strong, brave, and victorious. "Come here," he said. She came up at once.

He makes her "take off those things"—the

Digitized by Google

jewels with which the old Satyr had bought her honour. He "tore the diamond ornament out of her breast, and flung it at Lord Steyne. It cut him on his bald forehead. Steyne wore the scar to his dying day." Then the maddened husband makes her unlock her desk, and he finds the money which Steyne had given her—a pocket-book of bank notes, one for a thousand pounds. "'You might have spared me a hundred, Becky, out of all this—I have always shared with you.' 'I am innocent,' said Becky. And he left her without another word."

I decline to believe that the "average society woman" of to-day is the abandoned creature portrayed by Madame Sarah Grand; but there are Becky Sharps still among us, and probably always will be.

The vast wealth drawn from the South African gold and diamond fields enriched comparatively few people, but it served to set the wheels of "smartness" in motion, and the large war fortunes made by the trading classes further lubricated the machinery and kept it running. Everyone agrees in principle with Becky Sharp that it is easy to be virtuous on £5,000 a year. You can perhaps be "smart" on half that income, but you cannot do the thing at all properly under a figure nearer £4,000 than £2,500. Mrs. Rawdon Crawley managed to make a great splash, although her husband was only one remove from a pauper; but there are ways of doing these things, and those ways commend themselves to some. It is a disagreeable fact that so many people of the

Digitized by Google

professional and mercantile classes are afflicted with the mania for "smartness." The ladies long to figure in the chronicles of the day as having been among the great folk who were "observed" lunching or dining at the Carlton, the Ritz, or the Princes, or supping at the Savoy. They pine for the delights of Ranelagh, think it hard lines that their husbands did not get them seats "near the Royalties" at the "trooping," grumble because they are not taken to Ascot, to Goodwood, and to Cowes for "the week"; and to the Riviera—why cannot they be where "everybody" goes? They think it "horrid" not to hear Dame Nellie Melba at least half a dozen times in the season, and pout if their hard-working husbands and fathers do not take them to all the premières, and to the Academy on the private view day, and to the "Cubists'" monstrosities, and to Max Beerbohm's "show," and to a score of other sights. The dears! They want to give "afternoons," dinner-parties, with men-servants hired from Whiteley's; and bridge parties—parties of any and every kind; and all upon that £600 or £700 a year which the hard-working head of the house often finds a difficulty in making, or at any rate getting when he has been lucky enough to earn it. "Ce qui femme veut, Dieu le veut"; a woman must have her way—certainly, when it is possible. But in these days, with a pauperising Income Tax, it is not always possible for adorable woman to get her quota of those little pleasures and luxuries which we all agree are hers by right of sex.

Digitized by Google

If, as I have said, we have no great satirists we have not a few sincere moralists, and of some of these I must say a word, an admiring word, for they merit all the commendation which can be bestowed upon them. If I have not referred to the efforts in this direction of the leaders of the Nonconformist body, it is for the sole reason that I have none of their utterances before me. I trust they will accept this apology for what might appear to be intentional neglect, or indifference to their labours.

Father Vaughan's denunciations of gambling are relieved by humorous illustrations. To a "large and fashionable" audience at the Dublin Mansion House he said:

Going the round of the clubs in London was the story that a certain noted gambler died, and found himself, by some good luck, in heaven. Being out of place there, he asked leave to go down to his own quarters, and there he gambled away his return ticket, the lady cheat who won it getting thereby to heaven. Father Vaughan, too, had had a dream. As he lay awake in Dublin one night he fancied he saw in one of the outer courts of heaven the well-known London gambler referred to, pacing to and fro in search of a "pal," but none such came. At last, being able to stand the lonely situation no longer, he went to St. Peter at the Golden Gate, and, confessing that it was by cheating that he had passed through, he begged for a pass out ticket, to see how his old friends were doing down below. There he found an enormous crowd of well-known betting men and women in a low and suffocating room, all being forced to play bridge with no stakes and in dead silence. For some time he watched at the various tables the faces of the players, in which rage, despair, and hatred were depicted in every feature. At length the passion to play awoke once more in him; he drew forth his return ticket to heaven, he played and he lost. The return ticket was secured by a noted

Digitized by Google

and fashionable society woman, who was known to be a confirmed cheat. She dashed with the release ticket from the gambling saloon, making for the iron gates. There she was met by Satan, who, after congratulating her on her luck, pointed to the words, "Not transferable." She screamed, and tore to shreds the ticket, when the devil led her back to the tables to resume her everlasting play. "See!" he exclaimed, "these letters of fire, 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here.'"

Writing in a popular journal, "A Hostess in Three Reigns" headed her article with the pertinent query, "What is the matter with London Society?" With every desire to "do the civil thing" by the select few who can come up to the "Daily Mail's" standard of perfection, I regret to say that I found that article somewhat fatiguing to read. In the preamble we had the familiar reflection that "the relentless chase after the sensation of novelty has turned London into an auction mart of amusements and the oldest civilisation of manners into an open market for millionaires' favours." I do not question its accuracy. But have we not heard it a hundred times since "The Girl of the Period" days? There is, it appears, no one to take the place of "men of the generation of the late George Wyndham. There is no one of the same spirit to take their place. . . . The habit of that spirit disappeared with the sudden crop of millionaires that shot up in a night," all enriched by gold mines, nitrate plains, rubber plantations, oil fields, and Canadian prairies. "It culminated in the reign of Edward VII., when London became the playground of men and women whose money had fostered in them a craving

Digitized by Google

to play as big a part in the social annals of the day as the hosts and hostesses of tradition and ancestry."

Our fair "Hostess" must really allow me to contradict her on this point. It is not the fact that all this "culminated" when King Edward reigned. The proof of this I will show by quoting Lady St. Helier verging on twenty-five years ago. I will go back still further, and assure the "Hostess" that in the 'seventies the "small fry" betrayed as much desire to "make a splash" as now.

Lady St. Helier (when Lady Jeune) made her onslaught on the "smart set" in 1892.

> Society (she said) now runs mad after anyone who can get himself talked of, and that not in the sole direction of great ability or distinction. To have a good cook, to be the smartest-dressed woman, to give the most magnificent entertainments where a fortune is spent on flowers and decorations, to be the last-favoured guest of Royalty, or to have sailed as near to the wind of social disaster as is compatible with not being shipwrecked, are a few of the features which characterise some of the smartest people in London Society. It must be admitted that these qualifications are not high or difficult to attain to, while the training-ground is large and well studded with instructors.

Most people will be disposed to agree with Lady St. Helier that the principal offenders are "a host of people, many of whose names are foreign, to whose houses flock Princes and Princesses and the acknowledged leaders of what was once, and not long ago, the most exclusive Society in Europe." These people have made forcible entry into the ranks of our monde by the

Digitized by Google

simple expedient of throwing their money about —money, in not a few cases, made by means which would have been loathed by those belonging to our old families: successful "specs" in many parts of the world and in those "City" gambles of which we hear at intervals. Into the "Siberian" vortex, for example, many were unsuspectingly drawn, with disastrous results. Half a million is said to have been lost by one innocent speculator; another is reported to have been "had" to the tune of a quarter of a million; scores "dropped" their thousands and their hundreds in their mad haste to get richer; and Lady Sackville (1913) told how "we all lost money in two speculations," both "Siberians." Well-known peers were "in it." The "smart" ones—women as well as men—have their "flutters" likewise, but they gamble on "inside information," and mostly come out of the fray winners; otherwise they could not be in the "smart set."

What does it matter to these how much they spend on a dinner or a ball? They cannot squander their money fast enough. The "crowd of magnificently dressed and beautiful women and blasés men cannot," as Lady St. Helier rightly said, resist the temptation of "rich food, priceless wines, flowers from the Riviera, and the last fashionable prima donna," offered them with reckless prodigality by the wealthy foreigner. How the "wealthy foreigner" attained to such financial prosperity she did not tell us; perhaps few know save the richly-gilt themselves. This out-

Digitized by Google

ward display, this innate vulgarity, upon which Father Vaughan has so often dwelt in scathing language, might not greatly matter did not the rioting and feasting often lead to degradation of soul and body.

How (asked Lady St. Helier) can we chide and condemn the vices of the poor in England when the example set is what we see? Surely we must feel infinite pity for the poor outcast women of the world who sin because they must live, while there can be nothing but a feeling of horror for women who set their virtue so low as to make it the price of dresses which will "cut out" the toilettes of their women friends in Society; nor can we have anything but a feeling of contempt for the men who, marrying on small means, suddenly find their whole entourage changed by the addition of horses and carriages, French cooks, and all the modern luxuries of a fashionable ménage, and who shut their eyes and accept the gifts of the fairy godmother who has wrought all these miracles. In all societies there are men and women low enough to accept these positions; but in England forty years ago such a position would have been impossible, and no man or woman occupying it would have dared to appear in Society. "Autres temps, autres mœurs," and, with so many examples of the charity of the world and the complaisance of husbands, no wonder the "smartest set" in London Society has created a condition of things that respectable English opinion considers a reproach and a danger to the country.

There is another side to the question, and it is fair to hear what an amiable woman had to say at the time in reply to Lady St. Helier's characteristic outburst. Lady Frances Balfour,[1] a sister of the late Duke of Argyll, expressed very optimistic sentiments. I wish I could share her views; that, however, is impossible for those who have seen much of the sad reality of every-day life as it is lived in London and other capitals

Digitized by Google

of the world. In the opinion of Lady Frances (who may, perhaps, have modified her ideas since she wrote—I cannot say), morals are not declining among us, nor is our "strong religious belief" decaying. We know what Father Vaughan thinks on this point.

Lady Frances boldly contended that "at no period of the Christian era has the sway of religion had more effect on the moral lives of the community" than it has at present—or, strictly speaking, at the time she wrote. It may be (she argued) that very many people do devote themselves wholly and solely to pleasure; but there was certainly never a time when the wants of the poor were better attended to. "Some of the greatest owners of wealth in our country, and not always men of our country and kindred, have made their vast country estates centres of wise and benevolent thought for the people. If there is a 'pleasure-loving' spirit abroad in the land, it is a spirit which endeavours to make the greater number enjoy some tastes from their fountains of delight. No one has been a more active pioneer in many of these forms of good work than Lady St. Helier herself."

All credit to Lady Frances for her attempts to show us that the world is much better than many know it to be; but are not her good intentions in excess of her experience? Very possibly she had had no experience of the people castigated by Lady St. Helier; while Mrs. Lynn Linton's "Girl of the Period" had disappeared, although, as I have noted, it was

Digitized by Google

republished later, almost before Lady Frances had been released from the nursery. She disproved nothing that Lady St. Helier advanced; her special pleading was, perhaps, soothing to the mind, but it could scarcely be regarded as a successful appeal to our reason.

Lady Jersey was one of the first of her class to formulate some home truths on the gambling mania, and Lady Gwendolen Ramsden wrote: "With some the dread of being considered straitlaced and prim is far greater than the fear of evil. . . . They allow gambling to go on in their houses, for they have not the pluck to forbid games of cards to be played for money. Idle people are encouraged by them to play bridge, not merely as a recreation in the evening, but as the business of the day, beginning after luncheon and continuing throughout the night."

Lady St. Helier, Father Vaughan, the Vicar of All Saints', Margaret Street, the "Hostess in Three Reigns," and probably a legion of others, mostly people of light and leading, are evidently unable or indisposed to subscribe to the poet's assurance, "All's right with the world." The Rev. H. F. B. Mackay, M.A., who, I think, succeeded that venerated priest, Mr. Beardmore Compton, at the church with the tall spire, made "Modern English Society" the subject of six sermons. Father Stanton and Dr. Liddon did not believe in covering evil things up, neither does the Vicar of All Saints'. Among his themes were Society's religious and moral condition and "its

Digitized by Google

attitude towards God." I dare not attempt to summarise Mr. Mackay's beautiful thoughts; were I to do so I should deserve to be classed with those callous people who are capable of pulling a rose to pieces leaf by leaf. He believes, and he will find many thinkers in agreement with him, that the worst of twentieth century evils is the rush of life:

The idols of the present day are not luxury and beauty. They are convenience and speed, and both are acting injuriously on human nature. We have almost lost the discipline of enduring little discomforts, and of waiting for what we want. With electricity for our magician, we can conjure up speed. light, warmth, and knowledge as we will. Modern conveniences are softening us all. They deprive us of half the daily discipline which used to teach men endurance and patience. And with the nerves of this soft age its speed is doing the work of the devil. Men and women are being shot half conscious through a world of dissolving views, gathering their knowledge from the headlines of the newspapers. So habituated are we to noise and jar, that we cannot tolerate stillness and repose, and our amusements become more and more violent. Conceive the amazement of the people who dance through Watteau's pictures if they could see their successors on the switchback and on the wigglewoggle. And there are signs that a jaded age is in search of more debased sensations still. There is a marked increase in certain forms of vice, vice which is also crime, and that among the educated classes. Shops of a cynical shamelessness now flaunt themselves in the main thoroughfares untouched by the law. The education of the masses has borne evil fruit in a crop of gutter journals, which cater for the lowest tastes, and in an epidemic of cheap, impure literature, which we have now seen for some time on the bookstalls, and against which, so far, we have made no effective protest. But this is not a wicked age; it is a careless and a thoughtless age; careless of principle, unconcerned with great issues, and besotted with delight at its own petty inventiveness.

Digitized by Google

Had Mr. Mackay's six sermons been heard only by the congregations of All Saints', Margaret Street, large and mixed as they are, their effect would have been necessarily limited; they were, however, published in full in the "Church Times," and so reached the million. Many clergymen have not the courage to preach on this great question; yet we have ladies like those I have named who have not hesitated to deal with it publicly, and every year more and more women of high capacity follow their example.

It is due to the people of the New Money class to say that a few of them—it has been estimated by a person of my acquaintance at about one-sixteenth per cent.—ultimately "arrive," but only by unremitting toil and lavish expenditure, some of which goes in ill-concealed bribes, vulgarly described as "tips." This method of corruption must be done with delicacy, a quality with which, unfortunately, the majority of the aspirants to a place in the social hierarchy are only very sparsely endowed. This is not so much their fault as their misfortune. Boxes and stalls—"good" ones, bien entendu—on Melba and Caruso nights are not despised by some of the great ones in whose veins flows that azure ichor of which the last but one of our Laureates wrote so contemptuously, but whose incomes not infrequently will not meet their expenditure. There are other ways of "doing it" which need not be enumerated, for they will readily occur to the least imaginative reader.

Many of those belonging to the New Money

Digitized by Google

detachment are sadly handicapped by inferior education and by the lack of opportunity to mix with cultivated people. Father's busy brain was concentrated upon the assays—how many penny-weights to the ounce, how many ounces to the ton. Sometimes there were bad reports from the diamond fields, the oil fields, or the rubber plantations. If he were in London he was watching the seesaw of the markets. He has large "holdings" in many companies; 25,000 in one, 50,000 in another, 100,000 in a third; a "slump" comes, and shares that were worth 37*s.* 6*d.* yesterday are to-day no better than 32*s.*, or a loss of 5*s.* 6*d.* each on, say, 50,000 shares. And, as he says, they may go worse to-morrow.

The "climbers" do not find it easy to speak or to understand the language of the fine ladies who have taken them up—for "good consideration." Even the pronunciation bothers them; and no wonder. But a good Samaritan appears, and a little book comes out,[1] and this little book tells Sir Gorgius and Lady Midas and the Misses Midas, and Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Goldbags, and Mrs. Reuben Kirschwasser, and all their kith and kin how to pronounce "egzakly," as Sir Gorgius might in his amusing way put it, "like the big pots" (Anglicè, English ladies and gentlemen).

Lady Grove tells the "climbers" that they must say shame, not shime; real, not reel; gairl, not gurl; an 'otel, not a hotel; valets, not valleys; Calais, not Callay; offen, not often; orf, not off; corfy,

[1] "The Social Fetich." By Lady Grove. Smith, Elder

Digitized by Google

not coffee; blouse, not blowse; enveloppe, not envelope. The cream of the cream do not "take" sugar in tea or coffee. (Lady Grove does not give the correct phrase, so I may explain that the hostess, or her servant, usually asks, "sugar?"). You do not "leave town"; you "leave London." (There is, I will add, no such word as "town.") You do not walk "in the Row"; but people ride in it, and the water carts are driven through it. There are no such articles as napkin-rings, fish-knives, tea cosies, "tidies," or nightgown cases. Fish-knives (says Lady Grove) are "creeping in," but they are not used by the "classes"—of course not. "Never use a spoon when you can use a fork, never, never, never, on any account, use both." Nor may you "put the point of your spoon in your mouth when eating soup"; nor call a chicken a "fowl"; nor use such words as couch, easy-chair, mirror, wrap, overcoat, dress clothes, or dress suit; nor speak of "paying calls" or "going to the theatre." It sounds incredible, but Lady Grove has "seen with her own eyes a Countess of irreproachable breeding eating cheese off the end of her knife, and a Marchioness drinking tea out of a saucer." This is sheer "Frightfulness." We may sincerely sympathise with the Earl and the Marquis.

Lady Grove assures us that in her remarks no serious attempt is made to cast ridicule or contempt on the "middle" classes. She has "endeavoured to point out how superficial the distinction is between the two uppermost classes, which are

Digitized by Google

becoming so merged as to be scarcely distinguishable except by the superficialities (noted in her first chapter). Let anyone acquire these superficial finishing touches of diction, phraseology, and habits, fundamentally and by heart, and I defy anyone—well, almost anyone—in normal circumstances, to detect a flaw."

Lady Grove's manual of manners has been in circulation these ten years, so that the New Money people have had sufficient time to digest it, and to act upon its lessons. It is their own fault if they have not benefited by their study of "The Social Fetich." Let them bear in mind that one of the great charms of the classe élevée is their simplicity, their freedom from all that savours of affectation, their courtesy, and their consideration for others. When King Edward said: "You can teach Englishmen politeness, but you cannot teach them manners," he was generalising in the magnificent fashion of arbiter elegantiarum; yet there was much truth in his dictum. Good breeding is, as a rule, inborn; but that it may be acquired by not a few cannot be gainsaid.

One of the "climbers'" weakest points is their lack of conversation. Thus they are sorely puzzled to know what to talk about when, as the writers of "popular" novels have it, they "go out into (!) Society." They have nothing to say when people begin to talk about art, science, music, literature, or politics. The male "climber's" chance comes when someone starts a financial topic; then it is that he

Digitized by Google

shines, and will prate on until he becomes a bore. Since the brave days of Hooleyism, and Colonel Northism, and Whitaker Wrightism, and Hermann Orkism everybody has dabbled in shares, and most people have lost their money. Still, "tips" for "good things" are as much in demand as ever by the Lady Clara Vere de Veres and their friends; hence the cordiality with which the Kirschwassers and their tribesmen have been greeted at many dinner tables. When it got buzzed about that dear old Mrs. Ronalds had made £80,000 out of, let us say, Otaheitans, a vast number of pretty creatures "did not see" why they should not adventure in the same direction. The Kirschwassers and the Rudesheimers were "rung up" after breakfast, before lunch, and after lunch: "Good morning, Mr. Kirschwasser. I hope you had a pleasant evening. What are Otaheitans this morning? They were three and a half yesterday, you know." "Not quite so good to-day." "What ought I to do—sell, or hold on?" "You mustn't sell on a falling market. That would only be playing into the hands of the 'bears.' Better buy a few more. They're pretty sure to go up in a day or two." "Oh, I see. Will you buy another hundred for me, and I'll send the cheque the day after to-morrow?" "All right; no hurry for cheque." "Thanks so much." "By the way, Mrs. K. is arranging a little dinner, quite a small affair, for Sunday week, and hopes you'll be able to come and bring your aunt, the Duchess. . . . What did you say? I didn't quite ketch it." "I said 'that's a rather

Digitized by Google

large order!" "Yes, it is; but the fact is the Rudesheimers have got hold of the Countess of Nettleton for the same night, and my missus—I mean my wife—is mad to go one better." "Well, I'll do my best, but you know what a starchy old thing my aunt is." "Yes, I know, my dear lady, but do your best and I shan't forget you when my big company comes out early next month." "Right! Good-bye!"

The little deal was carried through to the complete satisfaction of all concerned, the charming intermediary was not forgotten when the big company came out, and Mr. and Mrs. Kirschwasser had the distinguished honour of taking the Duchess (and her niece) to Ascot in their 2,000 guinea car, and "booking" her for that "Cowes week" of 1914 which never came off—you know why.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER III

"LONDON" NOT LARGER THAN MONACO!

Piccadilly and Pall Mall before the War—The Card-sharper's vision in South Africa—The West End at Midnight: the grotesque, the ugly, and the cruel—Piccadilly in the Afternoon: a contrast—Pall Mall poetised by Captain Morris—"Everybody" meets in Piccadilly, but not in Pall Mall—"London" very small: an enclave, like Monaco! "Not more than a square mile"—Bayswater outside the pale.

> Piccadilly!—shops, palaces, bustle and breeze,
> The whirling of wheels and the murmur of trees,
> By night and by day, whether noisy or stilly,
> Whatever my mood is, I love Piccadilly!

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON, whom we of Yesterday as well as of To-day used to know better as Frederick Locker, was familiar with Piccadilly, and was writing about it when I was in short jackets; but I think I love it equally well.

Years ago one of the smartest of our Londoners had been caught in the act of "sharping" at the club card table, and South Africa became his home. As he looked out upon the arid veldt his thoughts wandered to Piccadilly. He saw it glittering like a Milky Way—saw the flaring porticoes of the theatres, the swarming crowds before the shop-windows, the seething life of the streets. The

Digitized by Google

hot smells of the theatre as the audience streamed out mingled with the scent of furs, gold and silver embroidered mantles, and white shoulders. Even the painted and powdered faces seemed to give off a rank smell. He remembered the peculiar odour of the street—that subtle compound of tobacco and restaurant kitchens, crossed by gusts of perfume from the lilies, roses, and violets in the grimy outstretched hands of towsled women and girls squatting round the fountain. London at midnight! London when the Devil puts a diamond ring on his taloned finger, sticks a pin in his scarf, and takes his walks abroad. The sight may be likened to Raffet's picture of Napoleon's midnight review, which repels while it fascinates and enthrals us. The grotesque, the ugly, and the cruel—all are here to give colour to the scene. Wirz could have limned it. Balzac and Flaubert, Daudet and Zola, could have made it a thing of life on the printed page. Some of the figures pass hurriedly, some affrightedly, by, and are seen no more. Others make the hundred paces to and fro, and will continue to make them till midnight, and after; vanishing to dive into some flashy or dingy restaurant, or worse; then reappearing.

There is another, and a modern, phase in this strange life. It is afternoon. The clock of St. James's church is on the stroke of Five, and from theatres and cinema halls pour a stream of humans. It seems to you that quite ninety per cent. of these "matineers," and those out

Digitized by Google

for pleasure later, are of the gentler sex. Who they are, whence they come, where they are going—who shall tell? Old, middle-aged, and young women—they stride along in business-like English fashion, and are swallowed up in the great gulf-stream which makes the northern side of the Circus and Coventry Street well-nigh impossible to navigate. And the fillette is in great force—her limpid round eyes full of amazement at the strange sights around her. These few steps between the County Fire Office and the Square which Baron Albert Grant so beautified when the riches of Pactolus were his, and the honours of Parliament, and the friendship of an Emperor and a King—these few yards of ground are, to many, "London," just as "the boulevard" is, to many a native, Paris, and (before Armageddon) Unter den Linden Berlin, and the Nevsky Prospekt St. Petersburg. Now the lights begin to flare, and the few shops that remain open on the holiday night of the week blaze with illuminations.[1] Carriages and "autos" skim past bearing their occupants to restaurant or theatre, and all is bright and dazzling. The flower-sellers round the fountain have got rid of most of their stock, and begin to think of "home"; the vendors of the "specials" have "sold out," and are counting their heaps of halfpennies and pennies; the Café Royal, the Piccadilly, Oddenino's, the Monico, and the Popular Café, "regorge" with diners, and, by carefully picking your steps, you can cross the street

[1] Until the war brought in the darkening regulations which resulted in so many fatalities.

Digitized by Google

without over much peril to life or limb. But always there is the same va-et-vient; and it is only in the early morning that a fitful quiet steals over the Circus.

Morris immortalised Pall Mall, and left poor Piccadilly to take care of itself: it is well able to do so. The exigencies of rhyme doubtless influenced him in his choice of a theme, for I defy the whole poetic hierarchy to sing of Piccadilly as Morris sang of the street which so took his Anacreontic fancy.

> In town let me live, then; in town let me die;
> For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.
> If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
> Oh! give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall!

Captain Charles Morris, as not everybody in Clubland knows, wrote these lines; and perhaps not every clubman is aware that Morris died in 1838, aged ninety-three, that he was a member of the Beefsteak Society, and that one of his lyrics was quaintly entitled: "The Old Whig Poet to his old Buff Waistcoat."

Yet, despite the Captain's unblushing puffing, Pall Mall has anything but the world-wide reputation of Piccadilly. In the chancelleries Pall Mall is as familiar to the young and old bureaucrats as the Rue de la Paix, Unter den Linden, the Prater, the Prado, the Nevsky Prospekt, the Corso, and Broadway; but, save to the diplomatic body and their female belongings, the name of the centre of London Clubland is almost unknown. Talk to any foreigner, however, about the

Digitized by Google

streets of London, and you will find that he or she is as conversant with Piccadilly as ourselves.

The people whom you have missed for years you meet—supposing you encounter them again this side of the grave—in Piccadilly. This bronzed Hussar and his wife who have just come out of the Academy I last saw gazing into the English bookseller's magasin at Lausanne. That stout citizen with the cheery face and silver hair sat next to me on the deck of the little steamer which takes us round the Lake of Annecy, the home of Eugène Suë. These two smart lads—only just out of their teens—supped with me at Chamonix and breakfasted and lunched with me at Geneva. To this one I said "good-bye" outside the Isaac Cathedral in what was the City of the Tsars; to that one I promised to write when I bade him adieu in the Nieuwe Heerengracht at Amsterdam; and you, dear madam—yes, you with the duvet de la pêche on your cheeks—you whom I have the good fortune to meet at Rumpelmayer's, were, when I last had the honour to salute you, seated in a rush chair at the Auberge des Adrêts, up in the Estérels, sucking a raw egg, which, with a slice of Lyons sausage, a hunk of rye bread, and some indifferent vin rouge, were all that the aubergiste and his wife could furnish for our refection.

The extent of London has been much exaggerated. "London" is actually of very small dimensions—not more than a square mile. Like Monaco, it is an enclave. On the North it is

Digitized by Google

bounded by Oxford Street and Bayswater, on the South by Pall Mall and Eaton and Belgrave Squares, on the East by Piccadilly, and on the West by Knightsbridge. This is "London," although the geographers may dispute it. Strictly speaking, Bayswater is outside the pale, and ought not to figure in the sacred Mile; but for the sake of Kensington Gardens and the Palace and Peter Pan we may grant it the droits de l'amitié.

It is only with a few of the people—a mere handful—in this enclave that we need concern ourselves. I trust they will be found worthy of your notice, although they do not all come within the Carlylean classification, "Best of World."

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER IV

LONDON'S DAY.—ORIGIN OF THE SEASON

Hyde Park, Rotten Row, and the "Corner"—The "Season" defined—An illusion dispelled—The "Season" not instituted by the "Aula Regis," but of modern growth—When the day begins for those "in the swim"—Morning Park, luncheon, and shopping—The busy bees of commerce—"Society" a "fleeting show"—Concerts in "gilded salons"—Afternoon picture-viewing—Match-making in Park and "Row"—Dinner the function of the day—Sweets and bitters of the Season—Difference between the French and English Seasons—"Bridge" daily and nightly—Théophile Gautier and the "baby Anglais"—Baby in the Park—Baby of the "classes" and baby of the "masses"—From the "Corner" to Albert Gate—The Park pigeons and the songsters—The sacrosanct "Corner" and St. George's Hospital—Lord Lanesborough.

MANY and varied are the explanations of the phrase which rolls so glibly off all tongues, "the Season"—a locution which, although pregnant with importance to "Society" generally, is devoid of meaning to the great bulk of London's Seven Millions. "It is not an easy task," wrote one of our ablest social Chroniclers, "to give a definition of the London Season that would satisfy a West End lady and inform an inquiring Oriental. The difficulty arises from the fact that the Season is not, like other seasons, limited by fixed dates, nor is it the

Digitized by Google

season of any one thing in particular. . . . The origin of the 'Season' has been the subject of many and varying theories. . . . In all probability, the Season had its rise in the gaieties of the Royal Court, and its place in space and time was first determined by the habitation and movements of that body. The place of the Season, as it exists, is now fixed and does not change to Windsor or York with the 'Aula Regis.'"

That vague definition may do for those readers on the other side of the Atlantic, for whom it was written, but many of us will take it with a considerable admixture of salt. At no time did the London Season change to London, or to York, or to any other place, either with or without the "Aula Regis," for this reason: the "King's Court" meant no more and no less than what we now call the "King's Bench," and, in the days of the Norman Monarchs, the "Aula Regis." The "Aula Regis," then, had no more connection with what is now termed the "Court" and the "Season" than it had with the Mountains of the Moon or the Great Wall of China. The "Curia Regis," however, was the superior tribunal of judicature, the "Court of the King," sitting to administer justice with the advice of his counsellors. William the Conqueror heard causes in person, and down to the reign of John the kings occasionally, Henry II. very frequently, administered justice in person. In the eyes of Henry I. the value of justice depended very much on the

Digitized by Google

amount of treasure it supplied him. That Monarch was the "Lion of Righteousness" of Merlin's prophecies. "His personal vices were not directly injurious to the welfare of his people." [1]

"The Season," as we understand it, is an institution of purely modern growth, for, although there has been doubtless from time immemorial a "fashionable" time to be in the metropolis and a "fashionable" time to quit it for the delights of the country and the Continent, the division of the year into "in the Season" and "out of the Season" periods was never so marked and absolute as it has been within the last five or six decades. That there is any spring and summer "Season" at all in the capital is primarily owing to the accidental circumstance that the two Houses of Parliament, for some recondite reason, elect to transact the legislative business of the nation at a time when the country offers its greatest attractions, save in the way of sport. The great folk must not only come to London to keep the wheels of the Parliamentary chariot rolling, but must bring with them their men-servants and their maid-servants, their horses and their autos, their wives, their sons, and their daughters. The desire of the latter for amusement is insatiable, and as, even in the worst times, there is seemingly money in the purses of "the classes," coupled with a determination to spend it in the pursuit of pleasure, it would be odd indeed if those who live by providing entertainment for others did

[1] "The Constitutional History of England." By William Stubbs D.D., Bishop of Oxford. Vol. I., pp. 341, 418.

Digitized by Google

not put forth all their efforts to supply the demand which "the Season" inevitably creates. Thus it happens that between March and July there is an incessant round of gaiety for those who have "come to town for the Season," and who revel in the strain on their physical powers imposed by the seeming necessity of "doing" everything at break-neck speed and in the shortest possible time.

For those "in the swim" (and nobody likes to be thought out of it) the day may be said to begin at noon, when the horses are still brought round from the neighbouring mews for "morning park." There has been a sprinkling of riders off and on since seven o'clock, or even earlier in May and June, but it is from ten to one that the Row is most crowded. It is a lively scene, for not only is Nature at her freshest and best, but the men and women and the children (let us not forget the children) who people the most picturesque Park in the world, are as yet a-hungered and athirst for pleasure in all its varieties and phases, living only for to-day and heedless of what the morrow may or can bring forth. "Morning park" got through, all are speedily discussing the flirtations which are inseparable from a canter in the Row, and comparing notes at the luncheon-table, as elaborately spread at some houses as if a Prince of the Blood were being entertained. Fortified by the most appetising and the most friendly meal of the day, the ladies equip themselves for the all-important business of shopping, their autos

Digitized by Google

and taxis blocking Piccadilly and Bond Street for the best part of three hours—until practically dinner-time. From two to six the great magasins of the West End are thronged, and, as feminine patience is soon exhausted, it behoves the busy bees of commerce to attempt impossible feats in serving their exacting and often petulant customers.

From four to six the great army of "callers" sallies forth from west and north and south, and drawing-rooms echo to the dreary, vapid commonplaces which nowadays pass current for conversation. It would be idle, doubtless, to expect anything like a "feast of reason" or a "flow of soul" at these symposia, since often the hostess and her guests have hardly more than a nodding acquaintance with each other, and know next to nothing of their mutual likes and dislikes, their tastes and their aversions. A casual rencontre with Mrs. A. or Lady B. "in the season" leads to an invitation to dinner or to a soirée musicale, followed by the inevitable "call" and the utterance of the inevitable platitudes.

In all probability, unless they are in the same "set," those who strike up such fleeting friendships (and everybody does so) never exchange a dozen words with each other all the rest of the season; indeed, it is long odds against their ever meeting again, except by sheer accident. They may, it is true, exchange salutations in the Row or the Ladies' Mile, and their carriages and cars may roll along the Mall side by side on their way to Buckingham

Digitized by Google

Palace; but that is all—such a fleeting show is "Society." The promoters of morning concerts spread their nets widely from May to July, and people who are not, and never can be, though they would give their ears to be, "in Society," pass two hours of unutterable bliss in those "gilded salons" good-naturedly placed at the disposal of Signor Micaremo and Madame Dulcibella, when those eminent persons take their "benefits" in this inexpensive manner. A ticket for these somewhat humdrum performances costs, it is true, a guinea; but remembering what you get for the money—the felicity of informing all your friends that you had some "charming music" yesterday at the Duchess of Eastminster's or the Countess of Chudleigh's—it must be admitted that the guinea is well spent. The afternoon, again, is the only time for picture viewing. There are certain galleries and collections which you are bound to visit, for you will find that one half the conversation at dinner is made up of art gossip (mostly filched from the papers) and the other half of theatrical and musical, supplemented by much inept financial talk.

No capital in Europe offers such an endless art panorama as London. Paris has its two Salons[1] but very few private exhibitions; glance, however, at the "Times" in May and June, and you will be surprised at the number and variety of the picture shows in London. The Park, of course, claims débutante and old campaigner alike every

[1] In 1918 there was only one Salon.

Digitized by Google

afternoon during the season. It is there that you meet your friends and are introduced by them to their acquaintances; it is the recognised resort, and you must "show yourself" there, or be content to grope for evermore in social darkness. More matches are made in the Park and the walks on either side of the Row than in all the drawing-rooms of London put together; and while sitting under the limes or strolling along the alleys you hear more unprintable gossip and scandal in an hour than you can digest in a week. The most admired talkers are those who are gifted with the power of saying the sharpest things, not only of their friends, but of everybody. The novice has not been a month in London ere discovering how generally the principle of "Nil admirari" prevails. "Never say anything particularly good of anybody" appears to be the mot d'ordre, and you soon fall into the way of it.

But the function of the day, the event to which everything else is subordinated, is dinner. The majority of people seldom dine at home in the season unless they are entertaining friends. Although young folk are apt to find the set dinner-party somewhat "stiff" at first, the natural slight embarrassment, which arises from the débutante or the débutant being placed between strangers, soon wears off, until those whom you have met twice or three times at the dinner-table seem to you quite like old friends. What to many is puzzling and annoying is the

Digitized by Google

fashion of keeping guests in ignorance of each other's names. This engenders a kind of suspicion, or at least distrust, of one's neighbours at table, and not unfrequently leads to little dilemmas. In any circumstances, the custom is bound to cause a certain reticence—a diplomatic reserve which does not conduce to the general entertainment or even to the general comfort. "You never know who's who nowadays," is the general cry, and it is a legitimate complaint. Everybody dresses and talks and looks like everybody else. The topics of conversation are the same in Park Lane as in Eaton Square, in Portland Place and in Regent's Park. And the dishes and the wines are much the same everywhere. It is only the inveterate diner-out who can start a conversation with a stranger in a perfectly unconstrained, unconventional way, and sustain the talk from the soup to the dessert, even though his or her neighbour be silent as the grave, deigning only to reply in monosyllables. The practice complained of is still more annoying at an "at home" than at the dinner-table, for, unless you happen to have friends among the two or three hundred people whom it is now the custom to gather together from ten until two or three in the morning—even to three or four o'clock, if it be a dance—the stranger may come away without having exchanged a word with a living soul except the hostess, who has given her guest two fingers and a honied smile at the top of the plant-lined stairs. But, taking it altogether, London is a bright experience, even to those whose

Digitized by Google

purses are light and whose "great friends" are few and far between. Taste the sweets and the bitters of a London season once, and you will have an unquenchable appetite for them—an appetite which endures until "crabbed age" has imprinted its indelible stamp on face and figure, and Melancholy has marked you for her own.

The Ladies' Mile lined with carriages and autos, the Row dotted by riders, Piccadilly blocked from Arlington Street to Park Lane, Bond Street a solid mass of vehicles of every description, the courtyard of Burlington House full of automobiles and taxicabs, the West End thoroughfares invaded by a legion of the best-dressed and cleanest-looking people in the world, the picture galleries and the shops overflowing, and the tradesfolk all smiles—such are some of the outward aspects of the season. Who gave it that name nobody up to now, as I have already hinted, has been able to discover; the simple fact being that the London Season is one of those crusted institutions which sprang imperceptibly into existence, and has gone on increasing until it has reached its present Brobdingnagian proportions. The season has indeed outgrown London, despite the ever-enlarging radius of the "fashionable" area of the Metropolis.

Between February and June Paris is admittedly gay; yet the French and English seasons are essentially different. Froissart cynically reported, even in his day, that we took our pleasure "moult tristement," and a trace of the accuracy of his satire lingers and is visible now. The observer

Digitized by Google

sauntering along the streets which Fashion has made its own cannot fail to note the serious, determined air with which the thousands of young and old people who have congregated from every part of the earth pursue the business of pleasure; with what a resolute mien they hail taxis and enter motor-buses; how anxious they are to get everywhere in the shortest possible time. The day is not half long enough for these votaries of pleasure, who must needs crowd into the sixteen available hours of the twenty-four what their progenitors would have allowed themselves a month to accomplish. Of what the season really means none can form an accurate idea save those who have conscientiously gone through it. The fore part of the day, it must be admitted, passes somewhat slowly, except to such as can derive the most grateful of all sensations from repose and quiet. People who have been up till two or three in the morning at a dance or a reception must be endowed with a considerable amount of energy to enable them to assemble for breakfast before ten or half-past, although they may have refreshed themselves with tea and toast in their rooms while they glanced through the papers to make themselves acquainted with what has happened round the world since they went to bed. The so-called "fashionable woman" trifles with her breakfast rather than eats it.

She is deep in the perusal of her correspondence, and in the endeavour to make her numerous engagements dovetail as nearly as may be, for upon their skilful planning the success or non-success of her

Digitized by Google

day depends. She may have scarcely recovered from the fatigues inseparable from the whirl of the previous day, and can only toy with the plovers' eggs and pâté de foie gras, while the grilled salmon and the devilled kidneys are sent away untouched. Very different is it with the fresh young débutante, whose appetite is as yet unspoiled by the dissipations of the season, and who vigorously attacks the good things which strew the revolving table. By the time that materfamilias is dressed and has had the matutinal interview with the housekeeper or cook, the landaulette is at the door, for, as she is lunching out, and is going to motor forty or fifty miles in the afternoon, she has resolved upon paying an indispensable visit to the dressmaker. By the dinner-hour, no wonder if this type of modish womanhood—one of that legendary Ten Thousand for whose especial benefit the season must have been invented—is almost too tired to dress, or, more correctly, to be dressed, and would willingly rest awhile were it not that she has but five-and-thirty minutes to don the gown which is to evoke so much envy and jealousy that evening. After dinner, which, having begun at a quarter past eight, drags its slow length along until perhaps ten o'clock, if not beyond that hour, there is an " at home " to go to, and between midnight and one a.m. she will be seen at the Duchess of Daffodil's dance in Heliotrope Place. I have assumed that Madame has dined at home, and not at the Carlton, the Savoy, or the Ritz; although the assumption may be wide of the mark. If she be of the vulgarly-named " smart set " she

Digitized by Google

will probably be playing bridge till all hours. So much for the day of our representative Englishwoman, who contrives to live through it all year after year until her daughters are off her hands and the boys have begun life on their own account.

The men have also to pay the penalty attaching to their class by eating a vast number of luncheons and dinners which they would be better without, and dancing attendance on mothers, sisters, aunts, and sweethearts at inconvenient times and places. The morning, up to lunch time, the majority of idle men can generally call their own. They can utilise those valuable hours in many ways. If it be fine, they do not fail to show in the Park. On Mondays there is the "settlement" at Tattersall's —often a bad quarter of an hour for many, but one which no man can afford to shirk, unless he be prepared to endure ostracism until such time as matters at Knightsbridge shall have been satisfactorily arranged. It is the "duty" part of the business—the afternoon calls and the five o'clocks —which men most abhor, or affect to dislike, though even those have their compensations. Here, in London, we have happily no heure d'absinthe, as in Paris; but there is its equivalent, a vermouth or cocktail hour, whereat the talk is abundant and gay. Then, before dinner, everybody wants to know "the winners" of the afternoon; there is a rush for the special editions, many pucker their brows over the record of City prices, and the "tape" never ceases its monotonous clicking. All through May, June, and July the club coffee-room is too small to accommodate all the would-be

Digitized by Google

diners, and the late comers stroll off to one or other of the restaurants in vogue. The "dancing men" are embarrassed to know which hostess to favour with their presence—they are deluged with cards in an age when so many seem to have entered into a conspiracy never again to "trip the light fantastic." Those whose appetites "come in eating" find an inducement to attend dances in the fact that "smart" hostesses now provide suppers which the cooks of Lucullus could not have excelled. Hot soups are indispensable; champagne is abundant; quails are "plenty as blackberries."

So the season drags on to its legitimate end—a period hailed with every token of satisfaction by all but the "buds," the purveyors, and the people of small means and with few friends.

"Qui n'a pas vu un baby anglais ne sait pas ce que c'est que la beauté de l'enfance." Théophile Gautier knew what he was talking about when he penned that flattering testimony to the loveliness of British babyhood. It is one of those deliciously soft, balmy days more suggestive of spring and violets than of autumn and birds; and for a good three hours the Park is Baby's very own. What, indeed, would poor Baby do without this glorious playground? Only by strolling along these trim pathways at the children's hour can you realise the tremendous power of Baby and the extent of the care and trouble lavished upon the men and

Digitized by Google

women of the future. Every square and "place" and terrace in Belgravia and Mayfair sends forth its detachment of the rising generation, officered by nurses whose word is law. Papa may be a Minister potent in the councils of the nation, and Mamma one of Society's most cherished leaders; but it is the humbly-born nurse who really pulls the strings and dominates the household. Often she is a native of the Morvan, that Babyland of France, where every other cottage is a nursery, under State superintendence and inspection; for our British baby, though not taught to "lisp in numbers," must be accustomed to hear French, if no other foreign tongue, from infancy. And thus it happens that if you "flân" on either side of the Row or the "Mile" no very great stretch of the imagination is required to fancy yourself in the Champs Elysées, the allées of the Bois de Boulogne, or the gardens of the Luxembourg.

In that perambulator, gliding noiselessly along the leaf-strewn path, is a mass of Valenciennes lace and downy coverings, with a slumbering being in the midst, happily oblivious of everything, almost unconscious, until a sudden gleam of sunshine evokes a faint cry such as an invalid robin might utter at finding itself bereft of maternal or paternal care. Nurse, whose whole thoughts are temporarily with the persecuted heroine of the penny novelette in which she is immersed, pulls up the "pram" with a jerk, raises the hood, rearranges the wadded draperies, murmurs something in a language understood only by herself and Baby, and again pursues the even

Digitized by Google

tenor of her way, her temper not a little ruffled at being interrupted at the most exciting part of the romance—the elopement of lovely Lady Blanche Amelia with the olive-complexioned Italian Count, whose "post-chaise" has been drawn up in a dark corner of the gloomy avenue leading to her ladyship's ancestral home. Escaped from the thraldom of the "pram" (for they have attained the ages of four and five), Miss Violet and Master Rupert—the one in the latest Sloane Street fashions, the other in tailor-made bravery—are cheerily foraging among the mounds of crimson and orange leaves with which the ground is everywhere littered; and so absorbed in the study of his "Lux Mundi" is Father Stoleforth, of St. Aloysius, that he comes within an inch of annihilating the future Earl of Kipperton and his charming sister, who accept the profuse apologies of the worthy cleric in most graceful fashion.

Baby, in peacock-blue plush and white lambs-wool gaiters, marches proudly along with her big and gorgeously-attired doll, which only the day before yesterday figured in the charity bazaar over the way, prizing her granny's birthday gift all the more, I suspect, because of the envy with which the other children regard it, but longing for the time when she will be big enough to mingle with the juvenile riders who now canter past on the friskiest little ponies that ever came up to Babylon from Exmoor or the Isles of Shetland. Baby gazes with keen interest on the cavalcade, but it cannot be truthfully affirmed that the equestrians return the compliment. The girl-

Digitized by Google

riders, some astride, wear crimson jockey-caps; the boys are in every variety of garb; and both, as long as they remain in sight, are "the observed of all (Baby) observers." I had almost forgotten the babies in arms—they are so numerous. Their nurses are, for the most part, robust persons of staid appearance, who prefer to take their ease in a chair or on a bench to pacing up and down. Their fellows, in charge of Baby who can run unassisted without fear of coming to grief, are much given to promenading from the "Corner" to the Barracks, or from the Achilles Statue to the Marble Arch.

The Park is free to all alike, and Baby of "the classes" has no right to complain if Baby of "the masses" comes "betwixt the wind and its nobility." Poor Baby in rags and tatters, who has escaped from the dark corners of Slumland, has no pony to ride on, no "pram" wherein to "take the dust," sometimes no cap or bonnet wherewith to cover its tousled head, and oftener, alas! no boots or shoes to keep its chilblained feet warm. Baby from Belgrave Square and Grosvenor Place looks wonderingly at these apparitions, as though it would like to know the why and the wherefore of it all. The children of the Slums—stunted, wizen-faced, and occasionally unwashed—gaze ruefully at Baby in Valenciennes and lambswool, and think how nice it would be to "look like that!" Poor brats! There is no room for such as these in this world. They are of the "unwanted"—mostly born to a heritage of shame and woe. Yet here they are, this glorious autumn morning, swinging

Digitized by Google

on the rails, turning "cartwheels," to the inexpressible delight of the future Earls and Countesses, the possible Dukes and Duchesses, and generally "making believe" that the world is a jolly place enough, even for them, the waifs and strays of the great army of the submerged.

But now the Western heavens are flooded with gold and crimson, and with the vanishing orb Baby is hurried homewards by anxious nurses, who, themselves, have "had enough of it" for to-day. Hot milk, toast, plum cake, jam, marmalade, potted meats, and other "goodies" await Baby's return to the Belgravian and Mayfairian nest. In the cosy bedroom burns a bright fire. And soon, with a doll or a plaything, and "something for the morning" laid out on the little table close at hand, Baby travels into Dreamland; mammy stealing softly in to give her darlings a good-night kiss before going down to dinner, and maybe recalling the old days when she, too, lisped her nightly appeal to the Great Protector to deign to "Look upon a little child."

The question whether or no the season, as at present arranged, is an unmixed good, must frequently have suggested itself to the reflective mind. Satirists and cynics have denounced it as being a time when the wealthy abandon themselves to the pursuit of pleasure in a spirit of intense selfishness; but it is well to remember that the entertainments of all kinds given between April and August afford pleasure to thousands, and that trade generally is benefited by the lavish expenditure which now, more than ever, is a characteristic

Digitized by Google

of the season. On flowers alone thousands of pounds are spent; the distribution of valuable presents—jewellery, fans, and the like—to those taking part in the cotillon was, until recent years, an attractive feature of many parties; and, were it possible to obtain an accurate idea of the money disbursed for autos, operas, theatres, dresses, provisions, wines, spirits, aerated waters, ices, tea and coffee, music, stationery, extra servants, and house and "flat" hire, the amount would be so startling, and would seem to be so evenly divided among the trading community, that the outcry against luxury and extravagance would probably be considerably less bitter than it is.

The "meet" of the two coaching clubs is an excuse for the gathering together of a couple of thousand of our social cream and milk which has been lightly skimmed; and, to speak honestly, the spectacle of five-and-twenty or thirty four-in-hands passing under the limes and up the "Mile," and so out into the road to Ranelagh or Hurlingham is of the tamest. Watch the attitude of the throng as the procession of horseflesh goes by at a slow trot. There is an air of decorous solemnity over all—more suggestive of the passing of a funeral cortège than of anything else. You hear scarcely a word uttered; but the eyes of the crowd are fixed upon the horses, and their drivers, and their drivers' friends as intently as if a conquering army, laden with the spoils of war, was marching past. The "passengers," as a rule, look as uncomfortable as if they were seated on thorns instead of on soft cushions. They evidently consider themselves

Digitized by Google

indispensable parts of the show, and sit on their lofty perch with the gravity of mutes at a burial. But the crowd offers ample opportunities for the study of the human face divine and the human figure. The heat is very trying to the complexions of the fair spectators. The wonder is that those daughters of Eve who resort to artificial means for increasing their attractions fail to make allowance for the power of the sun's rays, and thus present a facial appearance which only pleases their bitterest foes of both sexes. The quantity of unguents running to waste is incalculable; and it is not exclusively the faces of the very aged dames which betray the employment of beauty's restoratives. The picture, however, is one which you should regard as a whole, not piecemeal, and you must stand at a little distance from the wall in order to get the right focus when examining it. Then you lose sight of the crudities of colour and the bad drawing. It is useless to attempt to compare the scene with any great gathering which you may have witnessed elsewhere. But stay. There is a spectacle which somewhat suggests the Hyde Park one, and that is the return from the "Grand Prix" —that never-ending defile in flower-decked carriages through the Bois de Boulogne and down the Champs Elysées after the great French race which Edward the Seventh never saw because, forsooth, it is run on a Sunday!

From the entrance at the "Corner" to Albert Gate the monster steam-roller ploughs its way, every joint a-quiver, while other machines, in their shirt-sleeves these, peck and worry the stub-

Digitized by Google

born macadam. It is mid-September, the month of the "hunter's moon," yet the Row, the incomparable plane-lined "Route du Roi," is not altogether deserted, although most of the habitués are far afield—skimming athwart the blue and green waters, scanning the vast plains between Paris and Strasburg, driving along the wondrous avenue from Vizille to Grenoble, pleasuring on the lakes of Switzerland and Italy, loitering in French châteauland or taking a late cure at Aix-les-Bains. There are positively riders—half a dozen of them—in the Row this golden morning when, sitting under the fast-reddening trees, you feel that a dolce far niente existence is not unattainable even in London in mid-September.

The lawns are already carpeted with many-hued leaves, and here and there the chairs are occupied by those who have either returned very early or have not joined the great and ever-increasing army of wanderers at all. If you strolled (but that was seven years before the War) as far as Grosvenor Gate you could get a lesson in the art and mystery of diabolo, which went out as suddenly as it came in. Probably those fair players would have been chary of displaying their prowess with the sticks, the cord, and the top in June or July; but in September—who cared? And to think that the "new" game which those pretty girls were playing is centuries old!

The strangers within the gates stroll up and down the shady alleys, amazed at the scant number of promenaders, and wondering what has become of the dashing cavaliers and the beauteous amazons

Digitized by Google

of whom they have read so much in their favourite papers. In parties of four or five—you may even encounter a group of a dozen—intent on their guide-books, they tramp steadily on westward, for they would not dream of quitting the capital until they had seen the Albert Memorial and Kensington Palace. The Broad Walk is full of Continentals and Americans, who seem to take their pleasure very much as Froissart avers we took ours in his days, "moult tristement."

Always, with the coming of the sunshine and the balmy air which the early autumn brings with it, an ugly blot makes its reappearance on the Park panorama. The demon "rough"—of both sexes—is the excrescence on the landscape. Lying prone on the greensward he (and she also) sleeps away the hours, often to the terror, always to the annoyance, of the decent passer-by, and especially of the women and children. And, worse, these vauriens take possession of every bench, to the exclusion of the tired and cleanly wayfarer, who may well be appalled by the persistent intrusion of these verminiferous pests. Now and then there is an outburst of indignant remonstrance in the papers, and one hopes that these exposés of the evil may "come to something." One year, I remember, there was a temporary surcease of the annoyance, but it was here again in 1914, with all its old noisomeness.

August–September. Now is the time, as ever, when the selfish man begins to assert himself. Perhaps at the club, not his own, but the one which gives him friendly shelter while the "old

Digitized by Google

shop" is being furbished up; more probably at the restaurant—not necessarily a modish one, for there are dozens where the cooking is good, and where they give you quite a lot of change out of a one-pound note. At these the client is welcomed with effusion at autumntide. He has no trouble in getting a corner table, the serving-men fawn upon him, the manager hovers around, and to the diner all is peace and comfort. The joy of the selfish man is complete. To be seen in Pall Mall and St. James's Street is, to be sure, to lose caste; but you may moon about the Park at your own sweet will, and watch the few children at play, the fewer babies in their bassinettes, and the solitary policeguard walking his charger adown the deserted Row. In the great squares the blinds are down, and the milkman, the postman, and the policeman have things all their own way. At this end of Our Town the pulse of the capital still beats, but fitfully, almost imperceptibly. The vast forest pleasaunce on the other side of the Serpentine is a desert; but oh, the beauty of the gardens in Mid-August! The brown herbage, the leaf-carpeted earth, the solemn trees, majestic in their livery of russet, with here and there a splash of crimson and a suggestion of gold; the calm which settles over all! Believe me, there are worse places than Our Town when nobody is in it.

You who have been tramping across the grouse moors these days; you who are looking forward to "the First"; you who are skimming over the blue waters; you who used to throng round the Brunnen at Marienbad, or Carlsbad, or Aachen,

Digitized by Google

think the end of all things has come in the capital. Dear no! In Temple Chambers, in Lincoln's Inn, in "Gray's," many a stuff gownsman and a respectable number of "silks" are poring over their "papers." In the solicitors' offices they are getting goodly sheaves of briefs in readiness for Michaelmas Term. At the doctors, patients still come and go, though the faces of the presiding genii, the "locums," are mostly new to us. If you know the Drury Lane people you will find them up to their necks preparing for the première. The autumn does not spell idleness for all of us. Even in the City you can still waste your substance on the purchase of shares, though you may be bored if you are among would-be sellers.

The doors of the great restaurants, you will be surprised to hear, are not closed because "everybody" is out of town. Carlton, Savoy, the Princes', Ritz, the Berkeley, and the rest still have their "clients," and the partie fine is yet—even yet—to the fore. The theatres, they tell me, are closed; but I had a full three hours' enjoyment at one of them last night. As for the "halls," and the cinemas, they are as they were. So, as you will have gathered, London is not altogether bereft of life, despite your regretted absence.

The Park is a charming desert—free from the "smart" people and the men who pass most of their time in the admiring contemplation of their boots and spats. Spats became "smart" with the new reign. If you ride the whole Row is very much at your service—mounted policeman and all. Now is the time when the understudies "swell

Digitized by Google

wisibly," and are radiant in the exercise of their little brief authority. The Chargé d'Affaires, as you ride on his left (you will be particular always about this) up and down the Via Sacra, will open up to you concerning everything which the papers are silent about. If you are inclined to be hipped because you can't get away, Herrick's lines will console you ("Rare old Herrick, the Cavalier Vicar Of pleasant Dean Prior by Totnes Town"):—

> But thou at home, without or tide or gale,
> Canst in thy map securely sail;
> Seeing those painted countries, and so guess,
> By those fine shades, their substances;
> And from thy compass taking small advice,
> Buy'st travel at the lowest price.

There are no pigeons like unto those which have made their home on the greensward fronting the "Dell,"[1] the most picturesque "bit" of the vast pleasaunce which stretches from the historic "Corner" to the beautiful Gardens of Kensington; the locality which witnessed the youthful equestrian exercises of Queen Victoria, whose actual first "mount" was, however, the prettiest white donkey ever seen in the old Court suburb. To watch the feeding of the pigeons is the last resource of those who, when "all London" is out of town, have been "left behind." The main characteristics of these birds are supposed to be shyness and meekness, in equal proportions. If this supposition were correct, then the Park pigeons

[1] We owe the "Dell" to the late Lord Redesdale, who died unexpectedly in 1916.

Digitized by Google

would be striking exceptions to the rule; for did they not know their way about they would never have chosen as their habitat that grassy nook where the four ways meet, where they divide the public interest with the rabbits on the Dell lawn, the occasional rat, the moorhens and the dabchicks (whichever they may be), the sparrows, the ducks, and the water-lilies, which, when the leaves are falling, have the stagnant pool all to themselves.

No charge for the maintenance of the Park pigeons, I think, figures in the "estimates" which are so fiercely wrangled over at Westminster: their daily provender is gratuitously provided by the King's lieges, mostly those of the tenderest age, although aristocratic damsels in their earliest teens are not above taking a discreet hand in the distribution of the crumbs which they have abstracted from the breakfast-table or been supplied with, in bags from the pastrycook's, by the cook or housekeeper, and often, one likes to think, by mother herself. But it is not merely the sedate, black-stockinged, beehive-hatted, and suède-gloved "misses" who furnish the feathered family with their daily bread: not only poor children, but children of the very poor—grimy of face, black of hands, tousled of hair, often capless, frequently in rags, their looks betraying every mark of the starveling from the slums, they press bravely forward, their unwashed paws full of crumbs gathered together Heaven knows how.

Infrequent observers of the scene, who may have

Digitized by Google

gone through life in the full belief that the pigeon is a meek and lowly specimen of the bird tribe, are disillusioned before they have been gazing at the feeding many minutes. They will note with regret that even the bluest-blooded pigeon in Hyde Park is more distinguished by out-and-out greediness than by the angelic modesty and unselfishness with which he has been credited under a total misapprehension of his true character. He is really, to put the unpleasant truth quite plainly, and entirely without prejudice, "no class." There is, moreover, in this Dell flock, a king-pigeon (if it be not lèse-majesté so to term him), remarkable for his aldermanic proportions and majestic strut, and especially for his keen vision and determination to have the pick of the basket, or, strictly speaking, the bag. This autocrat is absolute. His policy is a "forward" one in the strictest sense of the word; he carries the flag of annexation in his silky top-knot. A fig for "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity!" That sort of thing may "go down" occasionally on the Place de la Concorde, but not in Hyde Park—not, at all events, on the emerald pelouse alongside the Dell. He is convinced that all the choice, crumby morsels thrown among the fluttering group by the Honourable Ethels and the Honourable Algernons are for his own special delectation; and, this being his predatory creed, it is not surprising that he no sooner observes some other member of the family regaling himself with a tempting bit than—as a beady-eyed young ragamuffin of eight says—he is "on to it like a knife." To the sparrows (and this should be

Digitized by Google

said in common justice to the King-bird) the pigeons are equally and avowedly hostile—a fact which hardly redounds to their credit. It will be urged that, from the strict ornithological standpoint, the sparrow is not in the same street as the pigeon, and should be grateful that his objectionable presence is tolerated by his Park superiors. It is otherwise with the blackbirds and thrushes, who, their own universal providers, display an aloofness which the pigeons evidently contemplate with contempt, not altogether unmixed with amusement.

Great as are the airs which the pigeons give themselves, the real aristocrats of the Park lawns are, of course, the songsters—the black and the brown speckle-breasted minstrels. And the sweet-voiced warblers have nothing of the mendicant about them. They would think it quite beneath their dignity to "peacock" up and down in front of those little lords and ladies (and the little tatterdermalions), like some other feathered habitués, which shall be nameless; saying, in petulant tones: "Come, little missie; come, young master; be slippy with those crumbs. 'Bis dat qui cito dat.' Your father, who is one of his Majesty's 'most dear cousins and councillors,' will tell you what that means, if you ask him."

There are few things more difficult of achievement than to walk really well. Few men and fewer women hit the happy medium between a strut and an ungraceful and undignified shamble. Ladies who wear preternaturally high heels are hopelessly handicapped, for no one can walk

Digitized by Google

really well unless he or she be comfortably shod. Women are much more addicted than men to the wearing of tight boots and shoes, though to this, as well as to most rules, there are notable exceptions. When David Copperfield was in love with Dora he remarked that anyone seeing the size of his boots could judge of the state of his heart, To the habitué of the Park it is an interesting, though to the sympathetic a painful, study to watch the evident misery some of the morning idlers suffer. Small and neatly shod feet are charming things in themselves, and everybody likes to see a woman bien chaussée. But those who watch the slow and suffering steps of the fair wearers of palpably tight and uncomfortable shoes must be often tempted to say, "Madam, is the game really worth the candle? Do you not perceive that what you have gained in diminutiveness of foot you have lost in gracefulness of carriage?" No woman can comport herself with ease and dignity who is suffering unnecessary agonies in her pedal extremities. That this and other fashionable follies are hurtful practices is a trifling matter, for "let us be in the fashion, or die" is the motto of most men and of all women. In the Park, one morning, I saw a pretty and otherwise graceful damsel, who for nearly an hour had borne, with a fortitude that was absolutely heroic, the self-inflicted torture of a pair of delightful-looking shoes, gaze piteously about for a chair that she might rest her pinched and aching feet. The morning was hot and the promenade unusually crowded. Not a seat was vacant, and the poor

Digitized by Google

girl was pale with pain as she limped along. Her evident suffering would have melted a heart of stone. In another minute a chair was at her disposal, and a grateful and beaming smile was the reward for the trifling courtesy.

If there be one spot in the West End which is entitled to be described as the heart of London, it is Hyde Park Corner. To very many this sacrosanct locality is the real, actual, living London—they know no other. The existence of the St. James's "quarter" they are compelled to admit. To the shopping streets they must resort; for lunch, dinner, and supper they will go even as far east as the precinct of the Savoy; but, otherwise, the "Corner" is their Mecca, for the "Corner" means the "Park." They ignore its titular prefix; for them it is the "Park," tout court. There, twice a day, they forgather, the mortal year round, with the exception of some six weeks or so between the end of July and mid-October. Other capitals have their social playgrounds, but none can boast the possession of an analogue to our Park, which we love to enter through the gateways at the "Corner." There are other entrances; but the great tide of Life surges and rolls in at the "Corner."

Over the way is the great hospital. From the front the outlook is on the noblest part of Piccadilly, across that vast "square," or "place," diversified by young trees and the statue of the Great Duke. In this favoured quarter the gaze falls upon nothing ignoble or mean: all is

Digitized by Google

picturesque and impressive. A forest of foliage —such is the Green Park, seen from the upper windows of St. George's from end to end; the beautiful view terminated by that long line of noble dwellings of which Stafford House [1] is the feature. Banks of delicious and delicate greenery—such are the gardens of Buckingham Palace, open at the western end for all eyes to feast upon now that there is no hideous wall to blot out the vision. The St. George's Place façade "gives" upon Hyde Park.

St. George's is not a creation of yesterday; it is of respectable antiquity, seeing that it has now very nearly two hundred years to its credit. Rather more than a century ago Piccadilly finished "handsomely," in Pennant's phrase, with the then newly-built house of Lord Bathurst at the "Corner." The Green Park, on the south side of Piccadilly, was then bounded by a wall, which jealously screened the beauties of the greensward from the eyes of the pedestrian. The first Lord Lanesborough, who died in 1723, lived beyond the Turnpike House at the "Corner." He was, by all account, a "dancing man" of exceptional prowess, and ardent in the pursuit of that diversion. Pope writes of him as—

> The sober Lanesborow dancing with the gout;

and Pennant asserts that his Terpsichorean lordship advised Queen Anne, after the death of her

[1] Metamorphosed into the London Museum, and flanked (1916) by a Governmental structure. Stafford (now Lancaster) House is Lord Leverhulme's princely gift to the nation.

Digitized by Google

consort, Prince George of Denmark, to "dispel her grief" by—dancing!

The mansion of this long-forgotten eccentric peer became in 1733 "that great charity, St. George's Hospital, founded by the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants of Westminster." For some considerable time Lanesborough House appears to have remained intact, forming the central part of the hospital, and flanked by the addition of two wings, built when the mansion was acquired, and converted into an infirmary by "some seceding governors of Westminster Hospital." An engraving of St. George's as it was in 1745 shows the old building with a high wall in front of it. The open space facing the hospital was then evidently a portion of the Green Park, for conspicuous objects are a group of deer, a tiny lake, and trees. In 1734, according to Maitland (quoted by Thornbury and Walford), the hospital accommodated about sixty patients; the building was, however, gradually reconstructed. The hospital as we now know it dates from the end of the reign of George IV. It was built from the designs of William Wilkins, the architect of the National Gallery, University College (Gower Street), and other institutions. It has been added to from time to time, the Grosvenor Crescent wing being completed in 1866. "Tattersall's," until its removal to Knightsbridge in 1864, stood on part of the grounds of Lanesborough House, and was entered from the south-east corner of the hospital, now Grosvenor Crescent.

Digitized by Google

St. George's Hospital has nobly fulfilled the mission of its original projectors. "They have taken him to St. George's!" How often we have all heard those fateful words echo through the gay throng of promenaders and riders! A runaway horse, a motor-car or a "taxi" accident, the deathlike figure of a man or a woman —then a mournful procession to the hospital on the other side of the road. This is a very ordinary spectacle at the "Corner," and as we have watched the maimed victim carried up the steps of St. George's we have turned away solaced and calmed by the knowledge that all that human skill and care and devotion can accomplish will be done for the sufferer.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER V

THE PLAYGROUND OF THE RICH

Rotten Row—Excellence of the Boy and Girl riders—The "School" of comely girls—The ladies who first rode astride—A pathetic figure: Miss Callaghan—Riders of the past—"Jimmy" Lowther, M.P., Mr. Edward Fordham Flower, Earl Granville, Mr. Edward Lawson (first Lord Burnham), Sir Edward Bradford, Marchioness of Londonderry, etc.—The King and Princess Mary head the list of present-day riders—Queen Victoria "loved" riding on her favourite "Tartar," attended by Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston—A Queen Victoria story—Napoleon III, as the refugee Prince Louis Napoleon, a regular "Row" rider—The late Don Carlos—Some eccentric riders—The "Row" as Samuel Sidney saw it in 1832—Our King William's brother, the Duke of Cumberland—Comte d'Orsay, painted by Maclise—The Count's "double," Lord Chesterfield—Distinguished soldiers of the past—Lord Herbert of Lea—Sir Robert Peel—Lord Cardigan—The Prince Consort (Albert)—Derivation of Rotten Row—When the Monks of Westminster Convent held the manor of Hyde—Historical memoranda—Lady Lade and Mrs. Hodges described by the "Times" in 1794—The old "Liver Brigade" of the 'seventies and 'eighties—Charm of the early morning ride—"Bob" Martin's "Rhymes from the Row" and "All that Sort of Thing"—"Coo-ee" in Rotten Row!

THE veritable grand monde is less conspicuously represented in Rotten Row than it was in the 'eighties and 'nineties.[1] The number of the habitués, and especially of the habituées, has

[1] After the autumn of 1914 both Park and Row were placed at the disposal of the military, to the gratification of all. In the intervening war-years the Park was often as gay as of yore.

Digitized by Google

been, to a certain extent, lessened by the universal craze for motoring. Still, "Society" continues to make a fairly good show in the saddle, and, come what may, the undulating track between the "Corner" and Kensington Gardens, the level stretch skirting Park Lane and the Bayswater Road, will always be the resort of those who can afford to buy or hire a hack. The Embassies and Legations and the Government offices send their quota of riders. The owners of country houses who come to London for the season, M.P.'s who are rarely seen in town when "the House" is not sitting, and well-to-do tradesmen, their sons and their daughters, form a goodly proportion of the riders. You see the extremes of feminine youth and age. Not the least capable are the boys and girls, some of whom have yet to enter their teens; whilst among what Transatlantic and Continental authors agree in terming the "misses" are not a few who might have won the praise of Whyte-Melville and "Bay" Middleton in the hunting field. The "big" girl, the little girl, and the small boy are the most pleasingly characteristic figures in the Row. You will see hardly an indifferent rider among them. All have firm seats, and, for the most part, good "hands." Equally agreeable to the gaze is the "school"—a bevy of seven or eight comely girls, varying in age from "sweet sixteen" to eighteen or nineteen, gallantly conducted by a genial and wary master.

When "the Prince"[1] rode, it was in correct

[1] King Edward.

Digitized by Google

tenue—a silent rebuke to those who thought "anything good enough for the Row." Since then—and notably during the last pre-war seasons—matters sartorial have gone from bad to worse, and it must have amazed King Edward, whenever he found time to drive through the Park, to see the eccentric "get-up" of many habitués of the Row, of both sexes, too. "Panamas," twisted into the ugliest conceivable shapes, are doubtless comfortable in the hot weather, but they give their wearers the aspect of "cowboys" detached from some "Buffalo Bill" troupe, while the few ladies thus hatted do not evoke unqualified admiration. Two or three fair dames adhere to the "topper." Queen Alexandra on horseback, before her fair head was encircled by the Sovereign's tiara, was a charming vision. In the old days we saw her in the Row occasionally, easily distinguished by the position she affected. In recent years I have seen two or three ladies riding in that fashion. When the Princess was touring in the East with her consort she rode across the desert on a dromedary and carried a parasol. The natives were lost in admiration of her beauty, and marvelled at the appearance in their midst of a lady whose lovely face was unveiled. The subjects of the then wealthy Khedive Ismail (who, later, "went" for the bagatelle of some £90,000,000) were also gratified by the unwonted spectacle of "the Princess from England" on a beautiful white mule, richly caparisoned in crimson velvet and gold.

Those who possibly had a yearning to display

Digitized by Google

their equestrian skill à califourchon gazed curiously, perhaps just a little enviously, after the two ladies who were first to be seen in the "Row" on most mornings in 1908–9, between half-past-ten and noon, both on light-brown, almost sand-coloured, "mounts," and similarly dressed. Gilt buttons flashed on their long-skirted drab coats; the long gaiters of one were of the same hue as the coat, and of the other a lightish green. A black plush tricorne went well with the costume. The difference in age of these dashing innovators was probably intended to be marked by the fact that the younger of the twain wore her hair "down." The numerous ladies who began to ride in similar fashion in 1913 have not adopted this bizarre, yet picturesque, garb; they wear frock coats with long flapping skirts, breeches, high boots, and (many of them) black hats, low-crowned and with flat brims. The coats are variously black, brown, blue, and grey. Those who ride à califourchon now (1919) pass uncriticised. On Chestnut Sunday (1913) a beautiful girl, well mounted, appeared in a grey frock coat, white kid breeches, high brown boots, and soft hat—the most ravishing picture I had ever seen in the Row. There is a growing tendency to assume the astride position. It may interest the fair cross-saddle section to hear that there is living among us an august personage who, before her marriage, and for many years afterwards, was a talented exponent of this form of equestrianism. Veracious chroniclers of Madrid society as it was some seventy-five years ago profess to have seen Mlle. Eugénie de Montijo

Digitized by Google

galloping through the streets and in the Prado "astride a bare-backed horse and smoking a cigar or a cigarette." Quite young girls now ride cross saddle in the Row, and more of them, with many of their elders, have been long met in various hunting-fields wearing the long-skirted coat, high boots, or gaiters, and cap which are de rigueur. A truly pathetic figure is that of the young lady (Miss Callaghan) whom a cruel fate has deprived of both arms; yet with the reins fastened to her shoulders she rides fearlessly, unaccompanied by groom or friend. She had been particularly fortunate until one May morning in 1909, when she was thrown, but not seriously hurt.

It seems but the other day that we saw in the Row Queen Victoria's favourite Minister, Lord Granville (the companion of Bishop Wilberforce on his fatal ride), and his charming daughters —he riding with a rather slack rein, the young ladies with grace and discretion; Sir George Jessel, ambling along on his stout cob; Mr. James ("Jimmy") Lowther, his feet "well home" in the stirrups; the venerable Edward Fordham Flower, that implacable foe of the bearing-rein, and owner of a collection of the cruellest bits ever made for the torture of "the noble animal"; "Ted" Lawson, the Lord Burnham of yesteryear, in the forefront of the "liver brigade" of the 'seventies and the 'eighties; and how many others of "the Old Guard"!

One of the "regulars" in 1911 was Sir Edward Bradford, of Scotland Yard fame, passing always at a smart trot, and looking as if he would sur-

Digitized by Google

render anything rather than his daily ride. He and that constant Row-rider, Sir William Grantham, are among the disparus. The Duke of Portland is to be seen occasionally, as are the Duke of Connaught, Lord Salisbury, Lord Hugh Cecil, Lord Harrington, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Leven, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Lawrence, Sir Savile Crossley, Mr. W. F. B. Smith, The Mackintosh, Mr. William Gillett, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. Lewis Coward, K.C., Lord Chaplin, Mr. Lane-Fox, Lord Coventry, General Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny, and Mr. T. G. Bowles. Visible now and again until 1914 were the late Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, Lady Milbank, Lady Airlie, Lady Betty Melville, and a score or more almost as well known; the wives and daughters of City "magnates" appear in ever-increasing numbers; and most prosperous traders like their offspring to mingle in the joyous cavalcade more or less regularly. Once in a way —as in May, 1910—we noted in the saddle the late Prince Christian, who was so sadly maimed at a Royal "shoot" at Osborne one Christmastide five-and-twenty years ago.

As Prince of Wales King George V. was seen in the Row fitfully; so that when, rather more than a month after his accession, he unexpectedly made his first appearance as King among the riders there was a general hope that he would frequent the Park, mounted, oftener than his beloved father after he had passed his "fiftieth." In the spring of 1913 the King was often early in the Row, generally accompanied

Digitized by Google

by Princess Mary; and at Aldershot, in May of that year, his Majesty, his daughter, and Princess Victoria rode daily. The King has a good seat, and the ladies are quite at home in the saddle.

Queen Victoria's love of riding dated from the day when she was allowed to make her appearance in Kensington Gardens on a gaily caparisoned donkey, a present from her uncle, the Duke of York. Fozard, "an able professor," taught her to ride a pony. In the early years of her sovereignty she was often in the saddle. As we have heard from Lord Esher, one day she rode, with Lord Conyngham, Lord Uxbridge, and others, to Richmond and Wimbledon —twenty-three miles. The Queen wrote: "We rode very hard and 'Tartar' went most delightfully; never was there such a dear horse." I daresay it is recorded in some of the annals of her reign that she made appearances in the Row; for under the date July 9, 1838, Her Majesty wrote: "At three-quarters past eleven I went to a review in Hyde Park. I could have cried, almost, not to have ridden and been in my right place, as I ought: but Lord Melbourne and Lord Hill thought it more prudent, on account of the great crowd, that I should not this time do so, which, however, now they all see I might have done."

The Queen and the Prince Consort drove up the Row when they went to open the Great Exhibition in 1851; and many of us remember the day when her Majesty drove in the "Ride"

Digitized by Google

some forty years or so later. In June, 1909, we had been promised what would have been the unique spectacle of King Edward and his Consort driving down Rotten Row after their inauguration of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Heavy rain on the previous night unhappily prevented their Majesties from carrying out their intention, the Row having been rendered impossible for carriages and the troops who were to have been ranged on either side.

Queen Victoria's love of horse exercise in her youthful days inspired a then well-known artist, R. M. Davis, brother of the famous huntsman of the Royal Buckhounds, to paint an equestrian group showing the girl-Queen riding in Windsor Park, attended by Lord Melbourne (Prime Minister) and Lord Palmerston (Minister for Foreign Affairs). Engravings of this work had an immense sale all over the country; so, too, had "H.B.'s" audacious "Susannah and the Elders," a caricature of the original picture. Severe critics noticed that the young Sovereign had a slight stoop when she was in the saddle. One day, the equerry in attendance saw his daughters in the Long Walk at Windsor, and was told by the Queen to speak to one of them while she rode slowly on. When he rejoined her the Royal Lady remarked: "I confess that your daughter's manner of looking at me attracted my attention; I should much like to know what she said about me." The poor equerry was rather confused, and begged her Majesty not to press him to reveal family

Digitized by Google

confidences. "I insist upon knowing," said the Queen gaily. Thus adjured Colonel —— replied, as composedly as he could: "Madam, my daughter, after remarking with pleasure upon your Majesty's healthful countenance, and your apparent delight in horsemanship, added that it would render this agreeable exercise more salutary, as well as give you a more graceful appearance, could you be induced to overcome the small stoop which is habitual to you, and to sit perfectly erect on your horse." "Ah! I felt convinced that I had in some way or other fallen under the young lady's criticism, and was very anxious to benefit by it. I am equally obliged, my dear Colonel, by your daughter's hint and by your candour in repeating it, and will show you that I am not unmindful of it." Thereafter the Queen took pains to sit upright, and there were no more complaints that she stooped.

With the death of Lord Palmerston there disappeared from the Row a rider who for many years was one of its greatest ornaments. If Queen Victoria rode "very hard" on her favourite "Tartar," what shall be said of "Pam's" reckless "going"? I recall him, in his later years, riding at a perilously sharp trot through West End streets, and, when he was at home at Broadlands, galloping along the country roads on his way to Danebury (Stockbridge), to inspect his race-horses in Day's stables. He was then invariably accompanied by his stud-groom, Ward, a great favourite, who was accustomed to

Digitized by Google

begin his talks to admiring friends with "My Lord and me," varied by "Me and my Lord."

Upwards of seventy years ago the Emperor Napoleon III., as the refugee Prince Louis Napoleon, was a regular rider in the Row. He was seen at his best mounted; some have rather ungenerously said of him that he looked an Emperor only when he was on horseback. His powers of endurance were phenomenal, as those who saw him at Sedan, suffering from his malady, bore witness.

I remember the appearance in Rotten Row of the late Don Carlos, who often followed the hounds round about Windsor and Slough. The Spanish Pretender, who honoured me with his friendship, was a desperately hard goer in the hunting-field; it was "neck-or-nothing" with him. Don Carlos's first wife, Margaret of Bourbon, who accompanied the Pretender throughout his last campaign, was a wonderful horsewoman. She was, I think, out with hounds in Berkshire on one occasion, but I cannot recall the "Angel de la Caridad" in the Row. Her sudden death was a heavy blow to Don Carlos and his children.[1]

As one generation is succeeded by another, the personnel of the Row inevitably changes. Only the beautiful Ride itself never appears to us to alter, save with the seasons. But it also has undergone evolutions since Sheridan, in "Pizarro,"

[1] Don Carlos remarried, and his second wife survives him at the time I revised these pages (October, 1919).

Digitized by Google

wrote of a rider cantering over the sand and gravel in May or June:

> Anxious, yet timorous, too, his steed to show,
> The bold Bucephalus of Rotten Row.

Some of the riders should take a few lessons. It is a melancholy sight to witness the attitude in which men who have spared no expense in their "get-up" exhibit themselves: heels and spurs a mile in front of the knee-joint, elbows anywhere, backbone curved, and the whole figure very much like a sack of chaff. Certainly the Row and its extensions offer an amusing cinema tableau. There is the stout gentleman in drab pantaloons strapped down over shoes, who seems never tired of talking vivaciously to his companion; evidently quite at home on horseback, despite his tailor-like seat. He seldom urges his horse beyond a smart walk, but takes no end of exercise, notwithstanding, by his jerky activity of legs and arms. We watch with keen expectation the big man on the big horse who always goes at a trot, feeling sure that some day he will slide over the animal's head or tail; but neither of these accidents will disconcert him, he is so terribly in earnest. There was the old gentleman who for years rode with an umbrella in his hand. But, as a set-off, it is good for sore eyes to watch the beau sabreur on the magnificent large-boned sixteen-hand animal; the man well balanced in the saddle; the horse, with his huge eyes, with just a little of the white now and then

Digitized by Google

mischievously, but not viciously, uncovering itself, quite conscious of his social position, the reverse of the fussy little hog-maned polo pony that scampers past him, and from which he seems to turn his head with scorn. The charm of the spectacle is due to the ladies, who, as a rule, ride well and gracefully. There is no country in the world where so many fair forms may be seen together as in the Row. Lady Clara Vere de Vere, on her bright bay, with the "bang" tail and black-stockinged hoofs like tortoiseshell, is the embodiment of calm courage, and has many sisters. As she canters past we lift our hat. "Te salutamus," Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

The late Mr. Samuel Sidney, who was best known as manager of the Agricultural Hall Horse Show, possessed no little literary ability, and in his "Book of the Horse," which, even now, I recommend the equestrians, and more especially équestriennes, of the future, to study, gives us a glimpse of Rotten Row as it was in 1832, five years before the accession of Queen Victoria: "On our first visit to the Park we saw at the end of the Row facing Apsley House a ponderous man, with a pleasant, good-humoured face, dressed in white cord breeches, top-boots, with silk stockings seen between them, a blue coat with gilt buttons, a buff waistcoat, and a broad-brimmed hat." He was King William IV. Mr. Sidney "took him for some rich farmer from the country." Not a few other "swells" wore top-boots when they rode in the Row in 1832

Digitized by Google

—Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Charles Knightley, Sir Thomas Acland, and many more—for that costume was the height of fashion in the days when the Prince of Wales, Charles James Fox, and Brinsley Sheridan were friends and allies.

A familiar figure "between Kew and the House of Lords" about the time referred to was that of King William's brother, the Duke of Cumberland, "attended by General Quentin, remarkable specimens of the stiff Hanoverian style of horsemanship." The fashionable time for the Row was the afternoon—the morning ride is a much more modern custom—and, "while the old gentlemen still adhered to top-boots, there used to gather a group of a tribe now quite extinct, the legitimate successors of Beau Brummel and his 'dandies.'" These were the "bloods" of the period—"the Antinous Comte d'Orsay, the Alcibiades of that age, resplendent in a costume which Maclise has handed down to posterity in his portrait of the then young Charles Dickens, seated on what we should now call a sensational bay hack, pawing the air." Close alongside this renowned dandy, the friend of the exiled Louis Napoleon, and the pet for so many years of London society, was my Lord of Chesterfield, who appears to have been as graceful as his great ancestor, author of the "Letters to My Son." He was a facsimile of Count d'Orsay—"his copy, save that the profuse curls were golden instead of raven black, and his horse a flea-bitten gray. From time to time, in reply to the salutes of many pretty hands, he raised a hat of shape now con-

Digitized by Google

signed to perfumers and dancing-masters." Another of these old-world bucks of the Row was Lord Sefton, "the Ulysses of the Whigs and the world of fashion, famed for his tact, his wit, his dinners, and the extravagant example he had set in the hunting field when master of the Quorn."

Then there were the distinguished soldiers, "the toes of their varnished boots (a new invention) just touching their stirrups—the Marquis of Anglesea, Lord Combermere, who at seventy years rode like a young man; and the Marquis of Londonderry." All these gentlemen were examples of the almost forgotten, if not lost, as far as England is concerned, haute école—the high school of horsemanship. The three generals rode along the Row "passaging" and "piaffing" in a manner which would be very amusing now-a-days to the Foreign Office clerks, Secretaries of Embassy and Legation, and the young gentlemen who moon up and down the Ride with that solemn, discontented expression which seems inborn in our elderly youths. Lord Herbert of Lea (father of the Marchioness of Ripon[1]) was "one of the most elegant park-horsemen of the period. . . . Tall, elegant, with a pale, pensive, aristocratic countenance, simply dressed, without a particle of affectation, always riding on a tall blood horse of the highest character," the "great" Sir Robert Peel was, "if not the very worst, the most awkward horseman that ever bestrode pigskin," a circumstance which may have partly accounted for his

[1] Died 1917.

Digitized by Google

death, for the celebrated statesman was killed at Constitution Hill by a fall from his horse—"a shying hack, purchased for him by an excellent judge of horses, the late Lord Ossington, at Tattersall's." Lord Cardigan, the first husband of the lady of the reminiscences, was "the last representative of high school riding in Rotten Row. . . . George IV. rode a great deal in his younger days. He had a preference for hollow-backed horses and for grays. The Prince Consort had no great passion for horses, but rode daily for the sake of health and society."

This great playground of wealthy London is as much a portion of many people's lives as their breakfast, lunch, and dinner. It is a neutral zone, wherein not only the leaders, but the rank and file of both parties can foregather at the regulation hours with the consciousness that they will find on that trimly-gravelled, tree-bordered concavity none but pleasant faces and hear none but cheerful and agreeable talk. There are, it must be admitted, other rides and other drives, but there is only one Hyde Park and only one Rotten Row. We may be tolerably certain that the fair girl who is enjoying an animated conversation with the First Secretary of the Kamschatkan Legation this lovely morning has never troubled her pretty head concerning the precise derivation of the name by which her favourite exercise-ground is known to all. "Rotten Row" is generally thought to be a corruption of "Route du Roi"; but Timbs traces the word "Rotten" to "rotteran," a military term signifying "to

Digitized by Google

muster," and says it may refer to the aspect of the Park during the Civil War. Of the origin of "Row" Timbs says nothing. We know that the right of driving in the Row is restricted to the Sovereign, and that this privilege was shared by the Queen's, or King's, Falconer until the abolition of the office. Jacob Larwood found the Row first mentioned in 1781. When Pepys refers to the Park (in 1660) he evidently meant the "ring," sometimes called the "tour," round which the fashionable folk used to ride and drive. This "ring" (which had its tea-house until quite recently) seems to have been from 200 to 300 paces in diameter, and had a kind of balustrade of poles. About 1654, during the Commonwealth, toll was levied on coaches, but only on holidays. The charge for horses was a shilling each, and for coaches half a crown, the money so obtained going to a couple of enterprising gentlemen who rented the herbage of the park "from Mr. Dean," presumably of Westminster. Up to the reign of Henry the Eighth the monks of the Abbey, or, rather, the "Convent," of Westminster, had held the Manor of Hyde for five centuries, but Henry unceremoniously annexed the Park from William Boston, then Abbot of Westminster. "Being the first day of the tour," says Pepys, "there were many brave ladies, among others my Lady Castlemain, who lay impudently on her back in her coach asleep with her mouth open."

Before 1637 Hyde Park was opened to the public by Charles I., in whose reign the riding-habit seems to have made its first appearance in London.

Digitized by Google

It was called the "Amazone." Before this, according to Captain Gronow, whose "Reminiscences" were published in 1865, ladies wore the usual walking-dress on horseback; and Pepys was greatly puzzled when he first saw the "ladies with coats and doublets, with deep skirts, just for all the world like men, and their doublets buttoned up the breast, with periwigs and with hats, so that only for the long petticoat dragging under their men's coats nobody would take them for women in any point whatever." Oliver Cromwell must have had a good seat if he rode as he is depicted by Rombout van den Hoeye. The Protector drove and rode in the Park, and, as he was once "spilt" when he was driving himself, we may assume that he was more at home in the saddle than when driving. About the year 1643 people had something else to think of, and to occupy themselves with, than "taking the dust" in the Park and careering "round the ring," which Lady Malapert, in the old comedy, rather disrespectfully calls "a dusty mill-horse drive"; for in the first year of that Civil War which sent a King from the throne to the scaffold the whole population was engaged in fortifying London. The month of March, 1643, saw the city and suburbs surrounded by a strong earthern rampart, with bastions and redoubts. At that part of Hamilton Place, leading from Piccadilly into Park Lane, a large square fort, with four bastions, protected that section of the town which we now associate with the Bachelors' Club and the house built for George Herring, now the Argentine Club.

Digitized by Google

So urgent was the work, so great the demand for labourers, that ladies, servants, and even children were pressed into the task, and plied spade and shovel to the best of their ability. Everybody, as we may read in "Hudibras"—

> From ladies down to oyster wenches,
> Labour'd like pioneers in trenches.

Piccadilly then ended at Berkeley Street.

One of the authors referred to quotes an extract from the "Times" of January 1, 1794, à propos of two ornaments of Rotten Row, "Lady Lade and her beautiful friend Mrs. Hodges," concerning whom a reporter of the leading journal of those days notes: "They rode on Tuesday during a severe stag hunt. Mrs. Hodges not only outleaped Lady Lade, but every gentleman in the field. Nothing stopped her. She flew over five-barred gates with as much facility as she ever leapt into a lover's arms. It was remarked she had all the properties of a Diana—except her chastity." That was in the time of the celebrated Mrs. Fitzherbert, when the newspapers had frequent references to ladies "of the upper order of Cyprians," to "The Perdita," "The Lawrence," "the elegant Mrs. Garden of Portland Street," and the like. About 1783, when French and Americans again began to flock to London, and, of course, to the Park, Lady Archer was foremost among the good drivers. She was always greatly enamelled, and drove four milk-white horses, while Lady Stormont, with "squared elbows"—then the fashion—piloted four greys in her phaeton.

Digitized by Google

Even the author of "Young's Night Thoughts," in the "Satire on Women," which he produced in 1728, has a cut at the "horsey" dames of his day.

Of the Park and Row it may be said that in normal times "everybody" walks or drives in the one and rides in the other. The professional classes, as already noted, now use the Park quite as much as those who used to be worshipped from afar as "the Upper Ten"; doctors, lawyers, artists, authors, and actors are to be seen as often in this favourite resort as "the classes," while, if you have any intimates among the magnates of finance, you will know that the best time to seek a confidential chat with them is here in the early morning. Whether you be "in Society,' or only in the position of one who likes to be thought of the elect, you owe it to yourself to be seen in Park or Row at least once a day in the season, and as often out of the season as opportunity and the weather permit. The season proper, of course, is from March to the end of July; but there is generally a little "spurt" some time between November and Christmas, and if there be a fine January and February you will find both Row and Park anything but the desert they are supposed by many to be at that time of the year.

If you belong to what used to be called "the liver brigade" your man brings the cob round to the door as the clocks are striking seven—a time when the streets and squares through which you saunter are almost as quiet as Roehampton

Digitized by Google

Lane. The shrill rattle of the milk vans and the rumble of the carts and cars which bring the morning newspapers from east to west—these and a stray taxi or two are all that you are likely to hear or see on your way to the Row for your morning canter, which, if your doctor is to be believed, will do you more good than all the Hunyadi Janos or Æsculap in the world. Oh, those May and June morning rides! How they linger in the memory! As you jog over the well-kept track the damp earth, the flowers, the tender shoots of the plane trees, and the green lawns exhale an almost overpowering perfume; the Long Water, perhaps dotted by two or three boats, is rippled by the breeze; the almond trees at the far end of the "Ride" seem to have burst into lustrous pink blossom in a night; the red and white chestnuts; the lilacs, the laburnums, and the rhododendrons are in full flower; the sheep are browsing in front of the great cavalry barracks; through the gaping branches peeps the tall fairy-like spire of the church at Lancaster Gate—in short, it is early morn in the season, and we are bounding along the "Ride." What can compare with this undulating paradise, as free to the peasant as to the prince? New York, with its Central Park and its "trotters"; Vienna, with its Brobdingnagian ring, the Prater; Madrid, with its tree-lined Prado; Berlin, the Kaiserstadt of yore, with its Thiergarten and its many-avenued Unter den Linden; Brussels, with its Bois de la Cambre; Paris, with its Champs Elysées and Bois—what are they, individually and collectively,

Digitized by Google

but "one-horse" drives and rides in comparison with the Row, the Ladies' Mile, and that triangular promenade whereof the apex is Kensington Gardens and the base Park Lane? The Bois de Boulogne more nearly approaches our Park and Row than any other riding and driving ground. The drive to the Cascade is as beautiful as our carriage-way all round Hyde Park; but the hard metal road and the innumerable small allées are against it.

Nor are Frenchmen, as a rule, seen to great advantage on horseback. Some of their cavalry-men even leave much to desire. I have seen some very indifferent—nay, some shockingly bad—riding in the Row; still, the majority of its habitual frequenters have firm seats and a good presence, although the style of a few well-known men is marred by various eccentricities. So skilful a rider as Mr. James Lowther provoked a smile when we saw him astride a diminutive pony bounding along at a pace that I should be afraid to imitate for fear of a peremptory order to present myself at Marlborough Street Police Court, to answer a charge of "furious riding." The remarkable attitude of Lord Sherbrooke (the "Bob" Lowe of our earlier days) was due to his bad sight; "Tom" Collins (so long Boston's Tory M.P.), who was often to be seen in the Row, shared with Lord Lyttelton (father of Alfred Lyttelton who died in 1913) the distinction of looking a bundle on horseback; nor did William Ewart Gladstone display his figure to the greatest advantage in the saddle.

Digitized by Google

From seven to nine or ten the Row is the happy riding-ground of the brain workers, who find a canter the best preparative for the day's toil. Stroll into the Park at this time and you will see, mounted, one or other of the eminent gentlemen who a couple of hours later will be clad in the judicial ermine, and engaged, with or without the assistance of twelve honest men and true, in trying that "right of way" case in which you may, perchance, be plaintiff or defendant. Very mild of countenance and bland of demeanour is Rhadamanthus as you see him in the saddle, or may be, like that terrible Sir Henry Hawkins (Lord Brampton), on foot, giving his dog a run, and chatting over the railings with the hardly less eminent "silk" who will have more than earned the big fee marked on his plethoric brief this side of sunset. Look! They are in deep confab.—doubtless discussing that nice point which cropped up in Court XIX. the day before yesterday, or expressing their disgust that the highly-intelligent jury should have found for the plaintiff in the great case of Nokes *v.* Stiles when the balance of testimony was so decidedly in favour of the unfortunate defendant. Sauntering slowly past the various legal luminaries you may catch such phrases as "Great Paddington Handicap," "Nothing can beat Tam O'Shanter," and other scraps of conversation familiar to most people; and by these signs and tokens you become aware that the impartial dispenser of justice and the acute K.C. are thinking for the moment of anything but the cause célèbre of the hour, but are chatting

Digitized by Google

over the possibility of "Tam O'Shanter" being beaten by that rank outsider, "Highland Fling."

Doctors are not, as a rule, given to equestrian gallivanting, but here, riding by the side of a renowned financier, is a popular medical man, whose greatest anxiety seems to be to ascertain his moneyed friend's opinion of the new play which, in common with all London, they had witnessed the previous night. The M.P. who got home from "the House" only when "Big Ben" was mournfully proclaiming the hour of two; the noble lord who "gave it to" the Government so unsparingly last night, to the unconcealed delight of all the other noble lords who sit on the same side of the gilded (and oft-threatened) Chamber as himself; the Permanent Under-Secretary, who has unconcernedly seen Ministers come and Ministers go, while he has gone on placidly discharging his duties and drawing his salary, now under a Tory and now under a Liberal Government; the great artist, who has painted everybody's portrait and grown wealthy by flattering the vanity of Crœsus and Crœsus' wife and their belongings; the "City man." the diplomatist, the Government clerk, the actor, the journalist, the author, even the literary hack—all are here, in Rotten Row, this morning, mounted on every description of animal ever seen in or out of the celebrated mart a stone's throw from "The Corner."

Ere the clock at the cavalry barracks has chimed ten the "celebrities" have vanished; for the next hour or so the children and their ponies have it all to themselves, and it is noon

Digitized by Google

before the Row enters upon its next phase. In twos and threes, escorted by brothers, cousins, and sweethearts, or followed by natty grooms, for the most part admirably mounted, come the legion of Amazons, who find in the ride an enchanted land where, within reasonable limits, they can do as they please and say what they like without the slightest fear of encountering father's awful frown or mother's unmistakable glance of disapproval and warning. "The cowl," it may be conceded, "doesn't make the monk," but the riding-habit certainly makes the équestrienne. In the badly-cut habit the prettiest girl looks a dowdy; let the riding garb be well fashioned, and the wide world cannot produce a more perfect picture than a young Englishwoman disporting herself in the Row. As she canters up the gentle slope at Albert Gate, or walks her horse under the trees at the "Corner" end of the Park, her face aglow, her eyes sparkling with the excitement of the exercise, what wonder that the great ladies who divide the year between one or other of the hotels in Paris, their homes in London, and their villas on the Mediterranean coast, constrain their menkind to "regard" this mature beauty and that pretty girl the while the objects of all this genuine idolatry distribute smiles and "waves" to their friends in the paths whence Baby, her perambulator, and her nurse are rigorously banished at the fashionable hour? The Row is again a desert from two until four, when, if the season be tolerably advanced and the weather fine, it is more or less "full." While the dowagers

Digitized by Google

are being driven, many in autos, up and down the Ladies' Mile, their daughters and their daughters' friends are enjoying themselves in the "Ride," talking over last night's dance and to-night's "at home," and hearing and retailing the latest tittle-tattle.

Something like a quarter of a century ago there was a "Hyde Park" Magazine, with, for its principal attraction, a version of Zola's repulsive story, "Thérèse Raquin"; and at the end of the 'eighties a little paper called "Rotten Row" appeared twice a week. This twopenny sheet, edited by one of the talented Needhams, who was also the artist, was rather amateurish, but it contained some humorous writing, not lacking in piquancy, and numerous illustrations, the best taking the form of initial letters. "Bob" Martin, whose "Ballyhooley," sung by Lonnen at the old Gaiety, some may remember, contributed "Rhymes from the Row," one of which, "The Veterans," I have preserved:

Two old veterans sit in the Row,
Two old friends of "the long ago,"
Waiting beneath the leafy shade
To watch how the modern game is played.

"Good-looking girl? That's Maitland's daughter.
You remember Jack from over the water;
Good-looking chap, but devilish wild!
Married for money, and that's his child!"

"There's old Lady S——" "Just so! The same!
You remember the time she was Whitehead's flame!
Still she won't if she can let men forsake her;
She's looking as fresh as paint—can make her!"

Digitized by Google

" Who's that chap ? "—" Why, that's Jackson's pup !
Just look at the way the boy 's got up ;
All frock coat, and flower, and hat !
What does Jack want with a son like that ? "

" And this young swell, with his head so high ?
The modern masher is passing by !
In our old regiment I'd lay a dollar
We'd have taken the starch out of that chap's collar ! "

" But here is a girl with a fair, fresh face,
And a nice-looking boy—ah ! that looks a case !
Depend on it, Tom, it is still the same ;
Tho' they make new rules, 'tis the old, old game ! "

Two old veterans leaving the Row,
Talking of " now " and " the long ago "—
And again and again is the story told,
That, though new, can never be like the old !

Another of Martin's ditties, which I daresay suited " Rotten Row's " readers " down to the ground," was called " All that sort of thing " :—

" How do, old chappie ? " " Awful queer ! not like the thing a bit !
Here are a pair of empty chairs—I say, let's do a sit ! "
" Yes, the jingle of cups at breakfast, it hadn't a healthy ring.
I was dining with some of the boys last night and——
All that sort of thing !

" Thursday's ball ? 'Twas deuced good—a crowd—but a pretty sight !
Supper A1, and a butler there with his head screwed on all right !
I really felt so full of beans, being under that butler's wing,
That I told a girl I loved her ! Yes—and——
All that sort of thing !

Digitized by Google

"Who is that riding? Why, don't you know? And isn't the girl a dear?
She's an awful pal of a pal of mine, and her name is Tottie de Vere.
She's a chorus girl, and the best-dressed one you will meet from summer to spring.
And she does it all on a pound a week, and——
All that sort of thing!

"I say, old chappie, suppose we jog—the 'Bachelors'? what do you say?
Just try our pluck by the look of food—you know it's all in the way.
We'll have some curry, or, better still, a devilled chicken's wing,
With a bottle of 'Boy' to give us tone, and——
All that sort of thing!

"Not coming?—desert your pal?—I say, that's rather a shame!
Oh! beg your pardon—of course I see you're still at the same old game!
Well, I wish you good luck with all my heart, if a wish good luck may bring!
So—au revoir! Good-bye! Ta-ta! and——
All that sort of thing!"

This is an example of Martin's prose:—

"Coo—ee!" What! No reply? "Well, wife, if that ain't Bill Travers, I'm—— Behave myself! Of course I will, but if that ain't——" "Mustn't 'Coo—ee' in Rotten Row!" "Milly, my girl, will you tell your loving mother to keep her finger-tips from reminding me of our courtin' long ago?" "Hush! Yes, I will hush; but if that wasn't Bill—— What? That the Queen!! And she looks so homely!! Take off my hat? Of course I will, and give her a cheer as well. What! Not cheer in Rotten Row? Well, this is a queer old shop." The rest is lost as a Colonial family passes on out of hearing of THE ACHILLES STATUE.

Most Irishmen are born with a keen sense of

Digitized by Google

humour. Robert Martin, whose premature death we all deplored, was certainly the chief of the lyrical band, but W. P. French ran him hard in his "Slathery Mounted Fut" song:

You've heard of Julius Cæsar, and of great Napoleon, too,
And how the Cork Militia beat the Turks at Waterloo;
But there's a page of glory that as yet remains uncut,
And that's the martial story of the Slathery Mounted Fut.
This gallant corps was organised by Slathery's eldest son,
A noble-minded poacher with a double-breasted gun;
And many a head was broken, aye, and many an eye was shut,
While practising manœuvres in the Slathery Mounted Fut.

I suppose "Bob" Martin's "Ballyhooley" and "Killaloe" are known, and have been sung, all over the world. They were given by the inimitable E. J. Lonnen at the Gaiety with a verve that brought the house down. I learnt from "Bob's" friend, O'Connor Morris (who did not know "Trivvy," of the Kildare Street Club?), that Martin wrote the "Lays of the Land League," and that those who had read those poems would give the author credit for being able to tune his lyre to themes differing widely from those which brought him celebrity and shekels. "Trivvy," who was a man of parts, and a sportsman as well as a sparkling writer on sport (in the "Field"), said Martin combined a little (perhaps very little) of Tommy Moore, the lyrist of Leinster; of Captain Morris, of (occasionally) erotic fame; of Dibdin, whose song-power was worth a couple of line-of-battle ships, with a frigate or two thrown in, to the defences of the nation at a most critical epoch; of Lover, many of whose ballads are still classical;

Digitized by Google

and of Charles Lever and the melodious "Micky Free." And "Trivvy" added what I take to be a truth: "We live in a democratic age and a plutocratic period, and the Martin melodies perhaps achieved a more far-reaching triumph than the most powerful novel of the day, and proved a better goldfinder than the liveliest of contemporary lyrics or the most exalted of epics." At the outset of his career Martin came to London and read for the Bar. I believe, however, he was never "called," but drifted back to Dublin, and utilised his talent for writing verses and songs, which, in plays, pantomimes, and burlesques, found great favour with local audiences. In one or two pieces he collaborated with Captain Hobday, R.H.A., the joint authors being facetiously and naturally dubbed "Day and Martin." But London beckoned him back again, and here he remained, until his death, the favourite of all and the chosen friend of many.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VI

"HIGH-DIZENED, MOST EXPENSIVE PERSONS—BEST OF WORLD"

Marchioness of Lansdowne—The Marchioness of Londonderry—Mrs. Asquith—Lady Glenesk—Lady Brassey—Lady Freake—Countess Bathurst—Queen Mary's Mother—Duchess of Connaught—Princess Frederika of Hanover—Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz—Marchioness of Downshire—Lady Arthur Hill—Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck—Mrs. Waring—Lady Lawson—Lady Spencer Clifford—Countess of Charlemont—General Valentine Baker Pasha—Lord Carrington—Grenville Murray—Mrs. Thistlethwaite (Laura Bell)—Lord Blyth.

THESE are levelling days; the old aristocratic families have shrunk into the background, and the forefront of Society's ranks is now occupied by those who, forty years ago, would not have had the remotest chance of posing as "leaders."

Even within the last decade the social revolution proceeded slowly but surely, and London rang, and still rings, with the names of ladies who, if it gratifies them to be paragraphed and "pictured," have a monopoly of the public's attention, shared by the beauties of the stage. The regular social functions, which are part and parcel of our system of Government, proceeded with their wonted regularity down to 1914. Lady Lansdowne and the late Marchioness of Londonderry received the Con-

Digitized by Google

servative rank and file, and for many years the salons of Mrs. Asquith, and those of other ladies, were thronged by the Liberal multitude. These assemblies, some of which may be resumed in 1920, have a stereotyped character which deprives them of all attraction save to the people who are invited, and whose names appear in the papers, to the delight of the guests and the vexation of those who are not on the lists of the fair hostesses. Every M.P. claims cards for his wife and daughters when the gathering is an official one; and there are people wicked enough to say that this is one of the main objects which actuate many men in their attempt to get into the "House." Some may find it agreeable to be squeezed in a crowd of fifteen hundred or two thousand ladies and gentlemen of various social grades, and consider it the height of human felicity to be able to say that they were at the Marchioness's or the other ladies' reception; but I fail to see the humour or pleasure of fighting your way through a densely packed, intensely hot throng, to shake hands with a terribly bored lady who may have never seen you before, and hopes she may never see you again; or in standing about in tight boots for a couple of hours deafened and dazed by "the harebrained chatter of irresponsible frivolity."

In the 'eighties of the last century three ladies distinguished themselves, not precisely by presiding over a salon, as the phrase was understood in the days of Lady Palmerston and Lady Waldegrave, but by giving entertainments which attracted exceptional notice.

Digitized by Google

These were Mrs. Borthwick (later Lady Glenesk), Lady Brassey, and Lady Freake. There was a distinct cachet about the entertainments given by this amiable trio, who were comparative strangers to each other. The first-named had an enviable faculty for entertaining. It was at her house (then in Eaton Place) that the French Prince Imperial and King Alphonso XII. were first introduced to London; there, too, were to be met our present Queen's uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, and her parents. There Sarah Bernhardt recited, Marie Roze sang, Tivadar Nachez played, and almost every great artist appeared before one of the most critical audiences that London could send; and, whatever the programme might be, you were sure to find a sprinkling of ambassadors, ministers, secretaries of embassy and legation, attachés, and Foreign Office men; the diplomatic corps was occasionally au grand complet. When the peerage was conferred, this great lady's salon in Piccadilly was thronged by all London, from the then Prince of Wales downwards. I had reason to be grateful to this gifted woman for the consideration which she showed me. She could discuss every subject, and had an intimate knowledge of political and social affairs. It was to her that the Prince Imperial sent (from Southampton) one of the last telegrams he ever wrote. She had hosts of friends in Paris, where her husband had been very popular ever since the Coup d'État: he was on terms of the closest intimacy with the Emperor Napoleon III. until his death at Camden Place, Chislehurst.

Digitized by Google

The Count de Mirasol and Colonel Velasco did not forget to tell the Court people at Madrid of the kindnesses the young King had received in Eaton Place. Lord and Lady Glenesk were high in Queen Victoria's favour, and she delighted to visit them at their Scottish home. When the parents of the gifted woman who is now Countess Bathurst and of the talented son lived at Eaton Place they had a house on Wimbledon Common, and there I first saw the two children and was amused at the easy way in which they joined in the conversation. A King's offspring could not have been better bred. When this notable hostess and host made 139 Piccadilly their home their entertainments were on a more extensive scale than had been possible in Eaton Place, a treasure-house of souvenirs, curios, and works of art.

At 24, Park Lane, if it were a Wednesday night in the season, we found Lady Brassey standing at the top of the stairs of perhaps the most quaintly-furnished house in London, receiving the leading lights of the Liberal Party and their wives. What a crowd of beautiful women! I recall "a Bernhardt night." Doña Sol thrills us with "Le Passant"; we get a glimpse of those lucky people in the front row of chairs; and note that the guest who is most attentive to the actress is an elderly gentleman whose straggling grey hair and high collar can surely belong to but one person in the United Kingdom, best remembered as the "G.O.M." As Sarah Bernhardt tells us the story of the poor lad who followed the

Digitized by Google

Traviata, the gentleman in the high collar listens as intently as I often saw him listen to an opponent in the House of Commons, leaning forward, with one hand to his ear, as if unwilling to lose a syllable of Coppée's verses, and at the close clapping his hands as vigorously as Jack and Bob at a Drury Lane pantomime. At the late Lady Brassey's, if there were fewer Duchesses than elsewhere, there were more pretty women and girls; if Marquises and Earls were not always of the company, there were Prime Ministers and Foreign Secretaries. A charming and highly accomplished woman, who gained literary fame while still in her prime, beloved and respected by hosts and friends at home and abroad—wherever, in fact, the "Sunbeam" had dropped anchor—Lady Brassey could well afford to smile at the gibes of her anonymous detractors, very few in number, but wielding satirical pens.

In the late 'seventies and until the early 'eighties Lady Freake and her gatherings at Cromwell House were the talk of the town. Many will remember the famous tableaux vivants, arranged by Millais, Desanges, and other artists, and given in the spacious theatre on whose stage "Boz" had acted shortly before his death. With the exception of Sir Percy Shelley's amateur playhouse in Tite Street, Chelsea, the art quarter, there was nothing in London to compare with the Cromwell House theatre. There had been concerts, comedies, and even one féerie long before the tableaux were given; but the "Waverley Pictures" caused most talk, and immortalised Lady Freake. How could

Digitized by Google

it have been otherwise with Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Wheeler, and other beautiful creatures in the cast? Mrs. Langtry posed as "Effie Deans." What applause greeted her appearance as the curtains fell back on either side, and revealed the superb form of the "Jersey Lily"! The then Prince and Princess of Wales and their family attended that performance, and so packed was the theatre that you could not cross or uncross your legs without damaging a robe. In a tableau devised by Desanges I figured as an executioner, and was told that I looked the repulsive part to the life. Colonel "Tom" Calley and another Guardsman were highly ornamental.

Cromwell House on a great occasion had a regal look. Many servants lined the hall; the hostess—rather short and plump—had learnt her business thoroughly. You walked through a grove of plants into the theatre, spacious and very handsome, with its frescoed ceiling. One afternoon in June, 1879, when everybody was talking about the death of the "little Prince" at Blood River, there was a theatrical performance on behalf of the Schools for Officers' Children at Lansdowne and Roehampton. Mrs. (not yet Lady) Freake was all smiles, for Royalty had again honoured her. Princess Mary (mother of King George's consort), the Duchess of Connaught, Princess Frederika of Hanover, and the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz were there. The hostess's comedietta, "Deeds," and "The Critic" (with "gags" by Burnand) were performed. "Sam" Brandram (a wine merchant and proprietor of the Junior St.

Digitized by Google

James's Club, who had turned "reader"), Edward Fairfield (Colonial Office), Charles Colnaghi (British Museum), and Horace Twiss took part in the pieces. The latter three were in great demand at the time. Percy Armytage (now, and for long, a member of the Royal Household) was the director-general of entertainments at Cromwell House, and very well he did it. It enlivened us to see him walking backwards up the stairs in advance of the Duchess of Teck, who, as ever, was all smiles and graciousness. Burnand, it was said, saw little fun in the second act of "The Critic," but we all saw much fun in Burnand.

How everybody laughed at these "gags"!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.— . . . And if we fall, we'll fall in glory—Whack!

PUFF.—No, no! Mr. Twiss; glory's "wake!" *wake!*

SIR WALTER.—What's a "wake"?

PUFF.—What you're *not*, sir!

* * * * * *

WHISKERANDOS.—But thou art false, and Whiskerandos is underdone.

PUFF.—No! No! No! Mr. Brandram. "Undone"—not "underdone."

WHISKERANDOS.—I know, sir; but you must allow for the emphasis on the consonants.

PUFF.—Büt you over do it, sir, and you're not a *raw* actor, Mr. Brandram.

The "morning gun" was a toy pistol, and the under-prompter, being called on for an explanation, urged in excuse, "The regular man's not here to-day." "Then he's *not* the regular man. He's the *irregular* man." And so on, until we were

Digitized by Google

glad to get downstairs to tea. £260 accrued to the schools' fund by this one performance, and the hostess was made happy by the thanks of the Royalties.

Not to crowd my canvas, I have selected a few ladies as typical hostesses, whose doings were published urbi et orbi; and among a hundred others of the period I need only mention the Marchioness of Downshire's "Afternoons," at which the works of composers like Lady Arthur Hill were represented by the fine fleur of the amateur musical and dramatic world; Mrs. Waring's parties in Grosvenor Square, where the flowers alone cost "a mint of money"; Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck's soirées, with their sprinkling of artistic guests; Lady Lawson's[1] semi-Royal entertainments; the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's monster gatherings in Stratton Street; and Lady Spencer Clifford's amusing omnium gatherums at Rutland Gate, where you met anybody, from the then Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, Mr. W. H. Smith (of the great-newspaper-distributing firm and a member of the Government), and the Archbishop of Canterbury, down to the newest vocalist, the youngest reciter in vogue, and the reader's humble servant.

The sale, in 1888, of Lady Charlemont's jewels at Christie's, by order of the Irish Court of Chancery, sent our thoughts back to one of the most brilliant and kind-hearted Irishwomen who ever lived. Lord Beaconsfield had the greatest admiration for

[1] Wife of Sir Edward Lawson (subsequently 1st Baron Burnham).

Digitized by Google

her and she for him, while to say that she hated Mr. Gladstone is to put it mildly. You saw her at her best, not in London, but at Roxborough Castle, Moy (Tyrone), where, every autumn, she and her husband used to entertain a large number of friends about the time of the Earl's horse sale. There was not a dull hour for the guests staying at the big house on the hill overlooking Armagh and its Cathedral and the picturesque country around. An agreeable item in the week's programme was the trip in the steam launch up the Blackwater to the great lake and the picnic on the island. The dance which wound up the week resembled a family party more than anything else, the constraint which, until recent years, characterised London "hops" being entirely unknown at Roxborough. (The disgusting negroid huggings and bunnyings were undreamed of.) The late Lord Falmouth (who in the early 'eighties was aide-de-camp to General Sir John Michel, Commander of the Forces) was a favourite guest; so was Mr. Synge, the champion story-teller, father of the late well-known Foreign official.

No one was better versed than Lady Charlemont in all the subtleties and refinements of entertaining, while the extent of her culture was amazing. She combined the learning of a tête-forte with the amiability and charm of a mondaine whose only reading is that ephemeral literature which used to be known as the "yellow-back." She was an assiduous reader, and got to the heart of a book quicker than most clever women. In Upper Grosvenor Street, or at Mansfield House, she was

Digitized by Google

absorbed in politics and a variety of patriotic schemes. When Russia and Turkey were at war the forces of the "Unspeakable" one had no more devoted friend than the châtelaine of Roxborough, who busied herself in many ways on behalf of the sick and wounded Turks, and was one of the many ladies who actively promoted that memorable entertainment at the old "Canterbury" in aid of the funds for succouring the Turks. When we were vowing, more or less melodiously, that the Russians should "not have Constan-ti-no-ple," and pro-Turkish meetings were being held weekly at Stafford House, Lady Charlemont's "Jingoism" verged on the fanatical. She subscribed money, although she had not, in those days, a plethora of it; wrote "scorching" paragraphs, and composed rousing songs glorifying the Turks, to the amused delight of Musurus Pasha I., whom I have reason to remember for many courtesies. She was a repository of all the political and social gossip of the time; and if "Dizzy" ever revealed secrets to anybody, it was certainly to this fair "Jingo" enthusiast, who whispered some of them in my ear. One of her greatest allies was the venerable "Charley" Villiers, then Member for Wolverhampton. Those two were chatting over old times in Cork Street the last time I saw her. She was evidently failing, while he, the octogenarian, was as brisk as ever.

She was very thorough in her friendships. When, with the Turkish titles of Pasha and General, Valentine Baker returned to London, after his first period of service in Turkey, Lady Charlemont gave a dinner-party in his honour, and invited some

Digitized by Google

of the most influential people to meet him. I had seen the ex-Colonel of the 10th Hussars once previous to that evening, when he was in Horsemonger Lane Gaol,[1] over which I was piloted by everybody's friend, the Chairman of the Surrey Sessions, the much-regretted Sir William Hardman; and when I came to close quarters with him I was rather disappointed to find myself in the presence of a very heavy man, whose main desire was to avoid conversation. Few women occupying her position would have had the nerve to send out dinner cards "To meet General Valentine Baker," but her Ladyship's kind-heartedness "fulfilled itself in many ways."

After an interval of several years I met General Baker Pasha again under rather painful circumstances. It was on the day after the "Times" had announced that he had been selected to act as Chief of the Intelligence Department of Wolseley's Nile Expeditionary Force. Concluding that the "Times'" statement was correct, and knowing that General Baker was staying with a relative at Malvern Wells, I journeyed to Worcestershire, and on the following day (a Sunday) drove over to the "Wells," found the General at home, told him that I had brought him good news, and congratulated him on his appointment. Handing him the paper I watched him as he read the announcement. It did not move him in any way. "I have not received any intimation of this, nor had I seen the 'Times' until now," he said coldly.

[1] In 1875 he was sent to prison for twelve months for assaulting a lady in a train.

Digitized by Google

The announcement of his appointment was, in fact, untrue. I remained with him for nearly two hours, during which he described in detail Wolseley's expedition, telling me what ought to be and what ought not to be done.

Baker spoke warmly of Lady Charlemont's kindness in arranging the dinner party for him, and in return I told him what her Ladyship, next to whom I had been placed, said to me on that occasion. The conversation had turned upon the Juden-Hetze, and this impelled her to say, in an undertone, "Be sure *you* never say anything against the Jews; *I'm a Jewess myself, you know!*" But I had *not* known it until then.

Lord Charlemont—a member of "Brooks's"—re-married, in 1883, not long after the death of his first wife (née Caulfeild). At his death, in 1892, the earldom became extinct, the viscountcy descending to his cousin, Colonel Caulfeild, who served in China and the Crimea, and from 1868 until 1895 was Comptroller of the Household to the various Lords Lieutenant. He took me over Dublin Castle and showed me what we now call the stolen jewels. I envied the late Earl his complete set (very rare) of "The Queen's Messenger," the journal in which Grenville Murray scarified the peers and the bigwigs of the "F.O.," from Lord "Fusby" downwards.[1] Lord Carrington failed to appreciate Murray's pleasantries and struck him in St. James's Street in front of the Conservative Club. The Peer was charged with assault, and there were initial proceedings at Bow

[1] Lord Derby, a supposed kleptomaniac.

Digitized by Google

Street. Murray gave evidence, and the case was adjourned. When the day for the next hearing arrived Murray failed to appear, the summons was dismissed, and the "prosecutor" turned his back upon England. He lived in Paris until his death in 1881.

Mrs. F. Thistlethwaite was one of my earliest recollections, and I never pass through Grosvenor Square without glancing at the house which for so long was "Laura's" home. She was one of the most remarkable women of the latter part of the nineteenth century. Her intellectual capacity was almost phenomenal, and to this was added a very poetical imagination. The artistic element in her nature and her generous impulsiveness culminated in her development into an ardent missionary. One of my friends, feeling some doubt as to her power as a lay-preacher, went to hear her address a crowded audience at the old Polytechnic. Great was his astonishment when, instead of giving a rhapsodical recitation of the familiar description Mrs. Thistlethwaite delivered an address consecutive in its argument, and, granting her premisses, brilliantly illustrative. His opinion was that, making allowance for the many advantages possessed by Charles Spurgeon, Mrs. Thistlethwaite was not much inferior to the Nonconformist preacher. "Laura's" religious fervour did not cause her to drift into lugubrious asceticism; rather did it incite her to diffuse the happiness which she herself enjoyed, and to dispense hospitality to an ever-increasing circle, in which Mr. Gladstone was occasionally to be found. Some of

Digitized by Google

her aristocratic admirers made the Thistlethwaites' charming house almost their home. Her appearance on the platform of the Polytechnic was a realisation of beauty and art. She had fair hair, luminous glittering eyes, and a superb figure. Her dress on these occasions was of black silk, and her sympathetic, pleading voice never failed to stir even those who were most unwilling to yield to the influence of a woman-speaker. It will be long ere the memory of " Laura " fades from the minds of those who were proud to be reckoned among the friends of the Thistlethwaites.

It was fairly certain—so they said at the Reform and hinted at the Carlton in 1907—that Sir James Blyth would be in the " Honours " list, for he had long been a favourite in high quarters, and his good deeds were many in number. He has been prominent in the great work of combating tuberculosis, placing farms and other accommodation at the disposal of the Government for the use of the Royal Commissioners. Further, he has been associated with a number of important educational and other organisations connected with stock-breeding and husbandry; and he pushed forward the " Franco-British " which drew all England to Shepherd's Bush. This amiable Peer (one of the four Edwardian creations) was long known to us as Sir James Blyth, made a peer in 1907, and in 1919 was not " too old for work " at eighty.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VII

A GROUP OF NOTABILITIES AND SOME EPISODES

Lord Henry Lennox—Chevalier Desanges—Nicholas Chevalier—Lord Newton—Mr. W. B. Bromley-Davenport—George Whyte-Melville—Lord Wolverton (Mr. Gladstone's George Glyn)—Lord Grey de Wilton—Sir John Heron-Maxwell—Lord Cadogan, Viceroy of Ireland—Lady Cadogan's mot—The Duke of York's humorous device—A catastrophic incident at the Viceregal Lodge—Duke of Norfolk—Episodes of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's marriage—Lord Alfred Paget—"Jack" Murphy—Mr. John Delacour—Colonel Fred. Wellesley—Kate Vaughan—Mr. Spencer Brunton—Mr. G. B. Wieland—Madame (now Dame) Melba (Mrs. Armstrong)—Sir Thomas Lipton.

"Poor old Henry Lennox is dead!" Not a club but had its sympathising group discussing the sad news in the summer of 1886, and everywhere the refrain was the same—"We could have better spared a greater man." Political friends and political foes were always in harmony when the merits or demerits of "Henry Lennox" came on the tapis. A more amiable mortal never lived; yet even this "good fellow" had his detractors, not to say his enemies—men who were the cause of his retirement from office not long after Mr. Disraeli had made him First Commissioner of Works; though, to speak quite frankly, the salary attached to the position was a godsend to this

Digitized by Google

terribly impecunious younger son. Lord Henry was cruelly attacked in certain quarters outside the House, and with a redundance of chivalrous unselfishness he placed his resignation in the hands of the Tory Prime Minister, who, rather to the general surprise, accepted it, and the First Commissioner "went out" and never "came in" again. Almost about the same time that "Dearest" was being assailed on grounds utterly inconceivable to the public generally, and only partially understood even within the walls of Parliament, one of his senatorial colleagues was also shamefully attacked; this was Lord Eustace Cecil, the allegation against the Marquis of Salisbury's brother being that he had used his official position (he was Surveyor-General of the Ordnance) to advance his private interests—an innuendo which had not a soupçon of truth, and was proved to be glaringly inaccurate. One would have thought that a man in the position of Lord Henry Lennox—a leading member of the Conservative Party, a Duke's brother, and an intimate personal friend of Lord Beaconsfield for considerably more than a quarter of a century—would have found it the easiest thing in the world to obtain a lucrative post of some kind or other; but "an idle man" he was born, and "an idle man" he practically remained, and it is a fact that, except when he was drawing the salary attached to the post of First Commissioner, this cadet of the powerful house of Lennox had about £500 a year to live, or rather to starve, upon, and even that he owed to the generosity of a brother, at whose death the allowance ceased!

Digitized by Google

Lord Henry had been a member of Parliament for close upon forty years when he married the wealthy Mrs. White of Arddarroch, and it was but reasonable to suppose that at length his financial embarrassments were at an end. It was not so, however. He had, as the newspapers reported, "given bills" a few years before his death; the holders of this "accommodation" paper were clamorous for payment; the money was not forthcoming, and the truly unfortunate and luckless Lord Henry was made a bankrupt. All that he was alleged to owe did not amount to more than some £11,000, and ultimately the creditors agreed to take £3,000 in discharge of all claims. During the bankruptcy proceedings Lord Henry's representative stated in court that his lordship had been made seriously ill by "the worry" arising out of this melancholy business; indeed, his solicitor went further, and declared that the anxiety caused his client by his adjudication as a bankrupt had actually imperilled his life. No doubt this was believed to be an exaggeration of the real facts; but the sad result proved that it was not so, for Lord Henry Lennox was simply and truly "worried to death." A brilliant parliamentary man he was not, but he was an eminently serviceable M.P., and exercised an untiring vigilance over all that concerned the navy. He was seen to the best advantage, perhaps, in Committee on the Naval Estimates, which, so puzzling to the non-professional mind, were the merest A B C to one who had passed so much of his time afloat and in the study of naval affairs.

Digitized by Google

The modern Joseph Humes—the carpers who consider it sinful waste to apply the proverbial "ha'p'orth o' tar" to a ship's side—seldom, if ever, "got a rise" out of Henry Lennox when it was his agreeable duty to explain or defend the estimates. Where ships and sailors were concerned he was a really first-rate debater, and his precise explanations, his good-natured, if rather effusive, manner, and his evident earnestness often helped to relieve the tedium of a debate on "dry" technical matters. It is often said of a man that he "knows everybody and is known by everybody." It was emphatically so with Lord Henry Lennox, who, the res angusta domi notwithstanding, was for years a familiar figure at all those gatherings which "Society" delighted to honour, from "a tournament of doves" at Hurlingham and "the Eton and Harrow" at Lord's, to an Easter Volunteer Review on Brighton Downs and the distribution of prizes on Wimbledon Common. He was "everybody's friend." Yet, as often happens, when the cruellest pinch came there was a general tightening of purse-strings. During his last ten years his existence must have been inexpressibly sad. Even if, prior to his "good marriage," Henry Lennox was not in want of what to a man well born and highly placed as he was are absolutely "necessaries," he at least endured the pangs of genteel poverty. He must have been sore put to it when at his brother's death the allowance which he had been receiving stopped; for, according to the official statement in the Court of Bankruptcy, he had no other source of income whatsoever—the

Digitized by Google

Duke of Richmond and Gordon's brother was in fact a pauper.

An artist who had a great vogue for many years was my friend, Chevalier Desanges, who obtained celebrity by his large canvas depicting the Park and its habitués, "the Prince" of course among them. The Chevalier painted a great many portraits of ladies of the classe élévée; several of these he allowed me to have reproduced from his own drawings on the lithographic stone—a feat not, I think, achieved by many artists of note. Our painter was a man of the utmost modesty, genial temperament, and wide range of conversation. It annoyed him to read foolish paragraphs in the social papers referring to his daughters as "des anges"; it was not so much impertinent as banal. The Desangeses knew everybody, and everybody knew (and liked) the Desangeses.

Among my artist-friends of the long ago was the late Nicholas Chevalier, whom I first met in the chapel of the Winter Palace at Petersburg making sketches for the large picture of the Duke of Edinburgh's marriage which I saw him painting for Queen Victoria. Works of this class, and "command" portraits of Sovereigns, give many art critics golden opportunities of displaying their ignorance; but, if I remember rightly, Chevalier had not much to complain of in the published criticisms of his picture. Another artist with whom I enjoyed many talks in his studio was the veteran Herbert, whose frescoes at Westminster and other huge pictures, chiefly of sacred subjects, aroused the ire of more than one Aristarchus.

Digitized by Google

Their jibes moved him to pity rather than anger.

Could the shades of "Dizzy," of Clarendon, of Granville, of Redesdale, and of Derby, "the Rupert of debate," have looked down on the scene in the gilded chamber, they would have been petrified, made "silent Saints" indeed. For they would have heard one of their order submit for second reading his Bill for reforming the House of Lords! The manner of his speech was decidedly good—the matter excellent; and that evening and the next day this entertaining would-be reformer of one of our most cherished institutions had the lion's share in all the papers, while at the clubs his name was on every tongue. Who but he would have dared to tell his fellow-Peers (in 1913) that they had a moneylender in their ranks? Until 1898 this spirited orator, who has in his composition much satiric devilry, was Thomas Wodehouse (familiarly "Tommy") Legh, and before making his appearance in the inferior Chamber he had devoted himself to the carrière; they remember him still at the Embassy in the Faubourg.[1] Some eighteen years before he began to sign his letters "Newton" he married Evelyn Caroline, daughter of one of the truest-hearted country squires and most charming of men that the records tell of—Mr. W. B. Bromley-Davenport, whom some of us remember in the "House," and all admired for his skill as a versifier. No one

[1] In 1918–19 Lord Newton was again a prominent figure in matters relating to the war; and in July, 1919, he obtained £5,000 damages for a libel upon him in the "Daily Mail."

Digitized by Google

who has ever followed hounds can forget his rhymed story of the famous run with the Cottesmore ('twas in 1877) when they met at Ranksborough Hill and drew the noted gorse:

I am old, I am old, and my eyes are grown weaker,
My beard is as white as the foam of the sea;
Yet pass me the bottle, and fill me a beaker,
A bright brimming toast in a bumper for me!
Back, back through long vistas of years I am wafted,
But the glow at my heart's undiminished in force;
Deep, deep in that heart has fond memory engrafted
Those quick thirty minutes from Ranksborough Gorse.

Besides Lord Newton's cheery and universally-popular father-in-law, there were among the first-flighters in "those quick thirty minutes from Ranksborough Gorse" George Whyte-Melville, Lord Carrington, and Gladstone's George Glyn (second Lord Wolverton). The latter was seen standing over his horse. "Are you beat?" cries Whyte-Melville, struggling on. "Yes, George; but I'd give five hundred for another horse!" Les morts vont vite! The author of the verses died after some Yeomanry cavalry disturbances at Lichfield; George Whyte-Melville broke his neck in the hunting-field (you remember his "Good-bye," set by the late Paolo Tosti); Lord Grey de Wilton died from the effects of a fall from his horse; and George Glyn passed away, very unexpectedly, at a Brighton hotel. He is best remembered by me as the Liberal "Whip" in the brave days of the "Grand Old Man." He was one of the invariably frock-coated Old Brigade; light-hearted, smiling and chirpy, even when dis-

Digitized by Google

aster threatened his Party; a humorous and lovable man, who had a legion of friends and never made an enemy. As Lord Wolverton he was, I think, a trustee under the will of Adelaide Neilson, the actress, and I seem to remember newspaper talk about him and Clement Scott, the dramatic critic, a legataire.

Among the legion of my old friends was one who (so they said) had the largest circle of acquaintance of any man in London. He was clannish, very, as befitted a Royal Archer and an adept at curling. The prosperity of St. George's Hospital greatly interested him, and he was one of those Governors in favour of removing it from the historic "Corner" and building elsewhere a brand-new hospital, brought entirely up-to-date. For long he was to be found daily at the "Alliance,"[1] which, shortly before the war, changed its quarters from the Pall Mall corner of St. James's Street to new offices over the way. For some time he had had a seat on the Board of that same Alliance Assurance Company. Nor was this the only directorate which the ever-busy Sir John held. The affairs of the venerable Merchant Taylors Company occupied his gratuitous attention; and altogether he was one of the most active-minded of men. This old member of the Junior Carlton and the Carlton, Sir John Heron-Maxwell, Bt., had had long acquaintance with "the Prince" ere we hailed him as Edward VII., and died within a few days

[1] Lord Rothschild presided over this noted enterprise until his death, and was succeeded in the chairmanship by his son, the present peer.

Digitized by Google

of the King. Of Sir John's three daughters one is Mrs. Cazalet, who has a palatial place in Kent and also a home in town; another has been for long one of the Duchess of Albany's "ladies"; and the youngest is gentille in every sense of the word.

During the Viceroyalty of Lord Cadogan King George and the Queen (as Duke and Duchess of York) were entertained at the Viceregal Lodge. In the intervening years I heard much about this memorable visit, which was not without its incidents; some amusing, others the reverse. . . . The Royal Duke was inundated with "addresses" by public bodies, their representatives (and small blame to them!) displaying the keenest desire to be presented to H.R.H. individually, so that each one might see "what he was like," hear how he spoke, and so "reckon him up." As, considering their number, this would have occupied a couple or three hours—a sheer waste of everybody's time, that of the Duchess, his "Ex.," and his staff included—it is not surprising that the Duke rather "jibbed" at the prospect. So, in his pleasantly-quiet, practical way, he suggested that the representatives of councils, boards, and other bodies should be brought into him en masse. Which thing was done, to the delight and amusement of all and sundry, with the exception of the would-be spouters, who saw in it "another injustice to Ireland."

One day there was commotion in the Viceregal abode. Something catastrophic had occurred. The illustrious guests were the first to be told of

Digitized by Google

the facts, which, I am credibly informed, have never been publicly stated. Those facts were confided to me long ago, and have remained, and will continue to remain, untold. But I may record the nobility of soul displayed by the Duchess, whose tender words of consolation were enshrined in the hearts of their Excellencies. . . . The hostess of the Duke and Duchess of York was a woman of much esprit. How closely and with what interest she noted the personal attributes of all with whom she came into contact was revealed, on one occasion in particular, and Lord Morley cannot fail to be amused at one of her sayings. A commoner at the time, he was on a visit to the then Viceroy and Vicereine, and those who were nearest to him at the dinner-table noticed the beauty of his hands. But they did not all hear Lady Cadogan's comment, in an "aside" to the personage on her left: "What a pity that delicate white hand never, I am sure, had a cricket-ball in it!" So I was told by a friend who heard the words of the Vicereine.

A slightly-built, well-knit figure passed us (in 1914) as we were chatting in the hall of the great Tory club in Pall Mall—a man who was for many years the Catholics' rock of defence, whose life was spent in doing good deeds. As he vanished into the Carlton coffee-room for lunch I remembered that at the Duke of Norfolk's[1] first marriage —of course at the Brompton Oratory—I saw the author of "Lothair" stroll leisurely up the aisle much as if he were entering the House of Commons.

[1] Died 1917.

Digitized by Google

I chanced to be among those friends invited by the bride's father, who later became Lord Donnington. Many remember the Duke's patriotism in going to the Transvaal and taking his place by the side of Tommy Atkins when we were "muddling through" a two and a half years' campaign which in money alone laid upon the country a burden of close upon £223,000,000; but that is a bagatelle in 1919. What a shining example to the inert at home was that set by this gallant scion of the Howards! Many sorrows were his, but he bore them with fortitude and without complaint. The roll of British aristocracy is decked with very many admirable examples of manhood, and the name of the late Earl Marshal deservedly stands high on the list. Even Lord Mowbray, Lord Petre, and the Baroness Berkeley agreed with this, although they were once on a time at legal loggerheads with him.

Some of the recorders of the Earl Marshal's career, wishing to infuse a little "colour" into their for the most part excellent memoirs, revived the threadbare legend that he was "the worst-dressed man in London," supplemented by the grotesque assertion that even "his boots were not too well polished." Now, the Duke was in reality a dapper little figure, always alert and full of life, energetic even sometimes to the bustling point, with a kindly word and a winning smile for all his friends and acquaintances. Very often he was seen in all black clothes—always in a dark-hued morning coat, with trousers to match. Some would have had us believe that his silk "topper"

Digitized by Google

not seldom required brushing! Indifferent to appearances he very possibly was, but, whatever his attire may have been, he bore the stamp of the English gentleman. When he was Postmaster-General he became a daily familiar figure between St. James's Square, Regent Street, Oxford Street, and St. Martin's-le-Grand, for he invariably walked the whole distance to and from the office. He strode through the crowded streets at a four miles an hour pace, carrying, but not using, his stick. Never did I see him wearing gloves; this was his "signe particulier"—not his absurdly described "shabby clothes." He passed through the indifferent throng unrecognised by one in ten thousand. This was altogether to his liking; for on many points he was truly, and admirably, an aristocrat-democrat. It passed unrecorded by the papers that only about two months before his death the Duke, while staying at Abbotsford, went, with his host, Mr. Maxwell-Scott, to Selkirk, to see the County Court House in which Sir Walter had administered justice, and sat for a while in Sir Walter's chair.

It was reserved for Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., to make us acquainted with many characteristics of the Duke.

The first notice I took of him was when he was on the London County Council. They were selecting committees, and one of my colleagues wanted to get on the Parks Committee. Immediately in front of us was the Duke. "I suppose," said my friend, "I might as well ask to become the Pope as a member of the Parks Committee." The Duke turned round and said, "I wouldn't vote for you for Pope, but I will for the Parks Committee." I went some years ago to the Duke to

Digitized by Google

induce him to take the chair at a dinner in Poplar for a local charity. At that time I was not popular with the élite of Poplar. The dinner came off in the council chamber. The local magnates who spoke seemed to be short of a peg on which to hang their speeches, so they all denounced me. At the end there was the toast of the visitors. The Duke asked them who was selected to respond. A local doctor, they said. "That won't do," answered the Duke. "Mr. Crooks must have his chance." I had it, much to the disgust of the local magnates.

The greatness of the man in small details came out in many ways. I remember an instance in the middle 'nineties. I received an invitation to a grand reception in the West End. Like a foolish and innocent young man, I accepted it. I went in my ordinary blue pilot suit. The host said, "Very good of you to come." A lady by his side drew herself up to an abnormal height, and gazed at me through a lorgnette. I said to myself, "Bill, you were foolish to come here. This is no place for you." I wandered all alone round a big room. No one seemed to have any desire to speak to me or to know me. Presently I heard a voice announcing "His Grace the Duke of Norfolk." I stood in a corner and watched to see the difference between the duke's reception and my own. To my astonishment, the duke walked straight across the room to me, linked his arm in mine, and said, "You and I, Crooks, seem to be the only two without a companion."

One day I was in Chandos Street, Strand. I had just come out of a coffee-shop when I saw the duke coming along the pavement. I stepped into the road. He stepped into the road too. "Were you going to pass me by?" he asked. "I didn't think you wanted to see me," I said. "I've just accepted the position of Postmaster-General," said the duke. "Have you anything to say to me?" "Yes, I'm told that petitions from employees in the Post Office remain in pigeon-holes eighteen months and two years, and are not seen. What I want you to do is to have all petitions dealt with in three months." "Anything else?" "Never sign a man's dismissal without giving him a chance to state his side of the question." He smiled, and said he would carry out these things. I

Digitized by Google

understand that he did. During the struggle over the Parliament Act I met the duke, and he said, "Well, Crooks, what are you going to do with us?" "We're going to abolish you—but there'll be room in the Commons for you," I said. He only smiled. I've seen him going about with the nap of his silk hat the wrong way and one leg of his trousers turned up about five inches. "I'm a duke, so I can dress as I like," he said.

In 1892 the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and her husband raised a monument to their attached friend, the Rev. Henry White. Those who described the chaplain of the Savoy as a teller of good stories did his character only half justice; what attracted those who knew him best (myself among them) was his wide and intimate knowledge of practically all that was going on in the world. He was, in fact, as great a receptacle of news in all its forms as any man with whom I have been acquainted. Tap him judiciously, and the stream of varied intelligence flowed most pleasantly and smoothly until something or other, or some one, diverted it. He was reticence itself until he found he could rely on your discretion and tact (two qualities which he possessed to an exceptional degree), and then you had but to ask and to have. At one time he was concerned in the endeavour to solve some important ecclesiastical question at Malta, which station he visited more than once; but what brought him into social prominence was his participation, as a friendly and philosophic counsellor, in the preliminary arrangements incidental to the marriage of the Baroness.

When the Baroness and the young man who afterwards became her husband were first engaged

Digitized by Google

certain people and papers spoke of the affair in very plain, not to say vulgar, terms. Being (rightly or wrongly) supposed to exercise a little influence over the public, I was asked by Henry White to explain the facts, and I remember an interview in the Church of the Savoy, on which occasion I was put au courant (but not by White) of the actual circumstances connected with the betrothal. Ordinarily so calm and equable in temper, White got excited over the ante-nuptial business. More than one delicate commission did he fulfil; and he gave me a long account of a journey "down East." That he was able to do, and did, good suit and service to his worthy friends, who just then were being vilipended in print and in private merely because they chose to act according to the dictates of their own hearts in preference to being bullied out of their intentions, I can answer for; and I know how beneficial was the influence which Henry White exercised over those in whose temporal or spiritual affairs he took an interest.

Henry White preceded and succeeded in the House of Commons Chaplaincy the Hon. and Rev. Francis E. C. Byng, a scion of the Torrington family, and vicar of St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, South Kensington. The Speaker of the day came in for much criticism when he appointed Byng instead of continuing White in the Commons' Chaplaincy. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli concurred in the opinion that White had been very scurvily treated, and both statesmen, in turn, offered him some valuable Crown livings, which he declined, declaring that nothing would separate

Digitized by Google

him from the Chapel Royal, Savoy. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts vainly offered him the vicarage of St. Stephen's, Westminster. Time went on, until one day it was announced that Mr. Byng had resigned the Parliamentary Chaplaincy, his vicarage at St. Peter's, and his post of chaplain-in-ordinary to Queen Victoria, and had gone to Algiers for the benefit of his health. Mr. Byng became Earl of Strafford, and died at Wrotham Park, Barnet, on January 18, 1918, aged 83.

"Best of World" in my time (1870–1920) numbered no more striking a figure than Lord Alfred Paget, everybody's friend. When his will was proved in October, 1888, it was seen that the personalty amounted to the highly respectable figure of £107,820. The seven daughters each inherited a lump sum of £10,000, and the six sons were to get £5,000 each on the death of their mother, which occurred in 1914. To Mr. Roger Eykyn (at one time an executor) Lord Alfred left his gold watch and appendages and the piece of plate won by the yacht "Rosalind." The executors were Lord Listowel and Mr. Frederick Cox, the banker, of Charing Cross; and the will was dated January 11, 1865, with a codicil made on December 11, 1880. There are still with us many who can recall Lord Alfred making his way behind the scenes of the old Gaiety Theatre provisioned with lobsters and haddocks for the refection of the ladies of the company. He was bon diable, and liked to make life as agreeable to others as it was to himself. His high black stock (such as no one else wore) and the large red coral pin made him

Digitized by Google

conspicuous wherever he went. One of his constant companions was a man I knew very well—"Jack" Murphy, of the Conservative Club, who had the felicity of picking up the daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales when their ponies bolted in the Mall and were only stopped in St. James's Street; and another "pal" was Albert Levy, brother of the late and uncle of the present Lord Burnham. You met them in the autumn at Margate, not precisely the place in which you would have expected to find one of Queen Victoria's most cherished friends.

It was said of Mr. John Delacour, when he died (1910), that "he would probably have been the last man in England to fight a duel had he had his way, but the affair was neither settled in the field nor in the Law Courts." The "affair," it might have been added, was a quarrel between Delacour and Colonel Frederick Wellesley—"affair" of an actress, the very attractive Kate Vaughan, whose black gloves and black stockings worked havoc with the "crutch-and-toothpick" brigade, otherwise "mashers," and later "Johnnies," who were John Hollingshead's most constant patrons at the old Gaiety.

It has been told of Delacour that:—

> He remained to the end the pure man about town of the 'seventies. He never went in for anything. If he can be said to have done anything, he introduced the wearing of black gloves at night, in sympathy, the tradition is, with the actress-friend who wore them on the stage. The fashion died, however, in six months. [An inexactitude.] A romantic mystery that is fairly well known surrounded his birth. He entered the army, retired early, and settled down as a man about town.

Digitized by Google

He was a friend of Lord Hastings, Lord Gerard, Lord Randolph Churchill, and other men of a definite set. He had no special gift for ties and waistcoats, but was thought one of the best-dressed men of his time. His gift was not for doing things. He would come into a billiard-room and spend a pleasant hour, but he never played billiards. He went into the card-room, but he never played cards. No one could explain it, but he was always in the company of notable and important persons. He was a triumph of negative qualities. Probably people liked him because no one could give such a sense of leisure and of the unimportance of modern hustle as could John Delacour.[1]

There were other members of the Orleans Club besides Delacour who will be long remembered as being of the genus "good sort." Such was little Albert Levy (brother of the "largest circulation"), who had everybody's good word. Such, although of a different type, was my friend, Spencer Brunton, for many years a much-admired figure of the Stock Exchange. He worked hard, and he played hard. Like Albert Levy, "Spencer" was everybody's friend. He was rich, and delighted to spend his money upon his friends. He was concerned in big City affairs, and one heard him talk much about the Forth Bridge and the North British Railway Company. "Spencer" had a valued acquaintance in that charming man, the Hon. Robert ("Bobby") Bourke, when he was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and one of his closest business friends was G. B. Wieland, secretary, afterwards manager, of the North British Railway Company. Both were gourmets, both lavish of their hospitality, and both favourable

[1] "Manchester Guardian."

Digitized by Google

types of the age of New Money. The former had always a goodly roll of "fivers" and "tenners" in his pocket, and if a little dinner for three (of whom I was often one) at the Café Royal or the old "Bristol" ran closely into £10 it was all the same to "Spencer." He broke down in health, and when the end came he might have truthfully sighed, "I have lived my life. I have had a good time."

When (May, 1913) I read that the King had telegraphed to Mme. Melba his congratulations upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of her appearance in London, I turned to my Diary and found this announcement, dated March 16, 1888:

> Mr. Augustus Harris has secured for his opera season at Drury Lane the new Australian prima donna, Madame Melba, who recently made a furore in Brussels by her exquisite singing. A pitched battle was fought by M. Gailhard, of the Paris Opera, and Mr. Harris for possession of this lady, who is the first of her countrywomen to secure so high a rank in the musical world, and is well-known to Australian society as Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Nellie Mitchell.[1]

Much getting about the world, long spells of cruising in home and foreign waters, have bronzed the mobile features of the founder of "Lipton's," and no one will deny that he is "a fine figure of a man." He may well pride himself upon his career, not less triumphant than marvellous; for

[1] Thirty-one years later (May–July, 1919) this great artiste was again appearing in London, this time as "Dame" Melba, a title conferred upon her by King George, who, on the 31st of July, with the Queen, attended a gala performance at Covent Garden Theatre, when the "Star" was Dame Melba.

Digitized by Google

he, with some few others, can say, "Alone I did it." Beginning life without even ordinary advantages, he has attained a position which many must regard with no little envy. A millionaire merchant, whose name has become a household word in the literal sense of the phrase, he is a courtier par-dessus le marché; and he has known how to gain the coveted smiles of a King and a Queen. Did he not found the Alexandra Trust for providing the poor with cheap and wholesome meals? Has he not been free with his purse whenever Charity knocked timidly at his door? We do not need to recall his gallant attempts to "lift the Cup." And it is by means of that other cup—one of those cups "which cheer, but not inebriate," and of late have been all the talk—that Sir Thomas Johnstone Lipton, knighted by Queen Victoria and made a baronet by King Edward, has mainly achieved success, although I suppose such edibles as bacon, pork, poultry, butter, and jam have also counted for something in connection with his bank balance.

No silver spoon, I believe, was observed in Sir Thomas's mouth in the year preceding the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park which witnessed his birth; nor does any fairy godmother seem to have been particularly in evidence in Glasgow at that period. In these latter days, however, Fortune has lavished all her gifts upon the Scottish laddie of the cheerful countenance and humeur débonnaire; and I imagine that he has known all the delights of being surrounded by a bevy of the fairest of the fairy sisterhood, an Empress included—the Lady of

Digitized by Google

Farnborough Hill. He is no stranger to uniforms—the scarlet donned by the gallant Lieutenants of the City of London, and the soberer garb appertaining to the Honorary Colonel of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of Highland Light Infantry (which sounds rather warlike for so eminently peaceful a citizen). But, as his tailor would say, what best becomes him, what he feels most at home in, is the yachtsman's trim white "comfy" suit. How he built up his mammoth business by untiring labour, indomitable energy, incessant perseverance, intelligent foresight, and prudence, aided, perhaps, by some luck, is an episode in the history of commerce which I need not recount. He has an Arcadian home at Southgate; and no heir. Our Serbian friends had reason to cherish him for his good deeds during the war.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VIII

MORE NOTABILITIES

Consuelo Duchess of Marlborough—Lords Dunmore and Ashbourne—Oscar Wilde and M. Henry Bauer—Marquis of Queensberry's prosecution of Wilde—Sir Alexander Condie Stephen and the Empress Marie Feodorovna—Lord Arthur Clinton, brother of the Duke of Newcastle—Lord Knollys—Sir Dighton Probyn, Queen Alexandra's Comptroller; his opinion of Sir Sidney Lee's "Dictionary" Memoir of King Edward—Late Countess of Rosebery; Lord Rosebery and his gallant son, the late Mr. Neil Primrose—Mr. "Johnny" Woodford, Queen's Messenger—Major Byng-Hall—Late Lord Rothschild—Mr. Joseph Moses Levy ("Daily Telegraph")—Captain "Bay" Middleton—Sir Edward Clarke and Lord Russell of Killowen—Sir Henry Hawkins (Lord Brampton)—Lord Chief Justice Sir Alexander Cockburn—Miss Lætitia Probyn.

THERE flits across the scene a radiant vision bearing the poetical pré-nom (and I know of none prettier) Consuelo. We hear of her as one who pleads for the sympathy of her sex with our working-girls, with whose "physical exercises" she seems to have been greatly taken. Her Grace of Marlborough (for such is her style and title; and she is from "the other side"—but that you know) confided her ideas to a pertinacious inquirer. "English women," she confessed, "have taught me a lot. There are crying needs for bettering poor working-girls' condition in London, and since

Digitized by Google

I have realised how much there is to be done I gladly assist in every little way I can." This is indicative of the possession of a good heart, and a desire to "do something" for those whose lot is cast in——well, not exactly the brightest and most sunshiny places in the world. "Consuelo" let drop some other verbal pearls of price, which, as coming from a Duchess—and a very wealthy one—were doubtless noted by others of "her order," as "Ouida" would have said. "The beautiful enthusiasm of these girls to-night—splendid, well-developed girls—is positively inspiring, and I shall go away with a greater desire to help them than I had before." Ah! Duchess, it is you, and such as you, who can mitigate the condition of those working-girls whom you saw at the Northampton Institute, if you will only set your white hands to the task; for, in your own phrase, there must be "a lot of women who have time and opportunity, and would eagerly enter into such work if they realised what a tremendous help it would be to hundreds of less fortunate women and girls."

The two men in "Best of World" who had the loudest voices I ever heard were both Peers, and both died suddenly—one (Lord Dunmore) in August 1907; the other (Lord Ashbourne, whom I remembered in the House of Commons as Mr. Gibson) in Hyde Park, in May, 1913. The wives of both notabilities were with them at the time of death. Lord Dunmore, a fervent Christian Socialist, an amiable, incessant talker, was chairman of a Siberian gold-mining company in which friends of mine were concerned, and I often met him. He

Digitized by Google

was invaluable; for any obstreperous member of the board shrank into his shoes the moment Dunmore opened his mouth and told him he was making an ass of himself. When he knocked at a street door (I speak of what I know) it was with a violence that made the people in the house think the Day of Judgment had come—or that the chimney was on fire. To see this burly Scottish Chief in the garb of Old Gaul was a delight. The servant who opened the door at Lancaster Gate was always kilted. Lord Dunmore was concerned in Russian affairs, and had much influence in Court and official circles at St. Petersburg. His maternal grandmother was the daughter of a Russian noble, Count Woronzow, or Woronzoff, as you may elect to spell it (both are right). King Edward was the present Peer's godfather, and the late Earl had been a Lord-in-Waiting (1874–80) when "Dizzy" was in power. The peer of to-day won the Victoria Cross during the operations on the North-West Frontier of India (1897). Stock Exchange wits said his father also deserved a decoration of some kind, for on the door of his office in the City might have been seen, writ large, "Lord Dunmore"; but he did not adopt a waggish suggestion that he should add "Company Director," in which capacity he was a pluralist.

[DIARY.—July 7, 1892.]

There should be a general expression of satisfaction at the refusal of the Examiner of Plays to sanction the production of Mr. Oscar Barnum

Digitized by Google

O'Flaherty Wilde's "Salomé," which, even with the great Bernhardt in the leading character, would have disgusted nineteen out of every twenty spectators. Sarah Bernhardt was to have been the Salomé, in which *rôle* she would have had to make odious "love" to John the Baptist, with whom she is infatuated on account of his "thick black hair" and his "*marble white skin, exposed* in the intervals of perambulatory asceticism!" John the Baptist is naturally disgusted with her, and unmistakably "shunts" her; and in revenge the delightful woman makes Herod send in John's head on a charger; which sanguinary head Miss Salomé proceeds to smother with frenzied kisses! Herod, by the way, having already murdered his brother and his brother's wife, "conceives an incestuous passion for his stepdaughter!"

M. Henry Bauer, one of the most skilful of the Paris critics, gives us his opinion of "Salomé," which he saw during the rehearsals. M. Bauer hints that Mr. Wilde has read Maeterlinck's "Princesse Maleine" very attentively, and has not neglected the study of Flaubert, Hugo, and Huysmans; despite imitation, however, M. Bauer says the work of the would-be Frenchman (O joy!) has an original colour and a literary taste très personnelle, and his "Salomé" is indeed "the legitimate offspring of his artistic imagination." English people do not, however, look at dramatic works through the spectacles of M. Henry Bauer. We have no Théâtre Réaliste as yet; and the best thing Monsieur Oscar Barnum O'Flaherty Wilde

Digitized by Google

can do is to reserve such plays as "Salomé" until he is a naturalised French citizen, when he will be able to produce any kind of literature he pleases, though, with the example of that eminent pornographist, M. Chirac, before him, he will do well to look before he attempts to leap over the bridge which separates pure art from drivelling blasphemy.

The expense of the late Marquis of Queensberry's defence, in his prosecution by Oscar Wilde for alleged libel (1895), totalled to close upon £2,000; so the Marquis told me at "Carter's," Albemarle Street. Wilde was ordered to pay Lord Queensberry nearly £700, but not a penny of that sum was ever paid. The cost of getting together the evidence to support the plea of justification with which Lord Queensberry successfully met the abortive charge of libel was alone between £500 and £600. The Treasury sent "Q.'s" solicitors a cheque for £100, of which sum £79 15*s.* was in part payment of the expense incurred by the Marquis in procuring evidence, but he declined to accept such an inadequate sum. Considering the great public service he rendered it was surprising that no "whip" was made on behalf of the Marquis, who was subjected to the indignity of arrest and incarceration in a prison cell at the instance of the person whom he subsequently unmasked. Perhaps no other man in the kingdom would have had the courage to act as Lord Queensberry acted. He was profusely thanked by the Press and by innumerable private correspondents of both sexes; but the fact remains that he had to bear the whole of the heavy expenses incidental to the getting up

Digitized by Google

of his case against the wretched man who expiated his crime in a convict prison and died a miserable death in Paris. (In November, 1917, we were again reading about Wilde in the "Fortnightly.")

When the Dowager Empress Marie of Russia visited England in 1908 she missed one whom she had known for many years—Sir Alexander Condie Stephen,[1] a portion of whose diplomatic career had been passed in Russia. "Alec" Stephen, whom I had known before he entered the ranks of the diplomatists, and with whom I had not a few very agreeable meetings at St. Petersburg, owed much of his success in "the career" to his knowledge of the Russian language. When, shortly after King Edward's accession to the throne, he became one of his Majesty's "Grooms," he was selected to be "in attendance" on the Dowager Empress when she came to England in 1907. Before he devoted himself to diplomacy he translated two or three well-known Russian works—among others "The Demon," by Lermontoff. My friend had literary talent, as well as the "gift of tongues," which proved so useful to him in his diplomatic calling. He spoke French and German fluently, and it was agreed that in Russian he was unexcelled by any of his colleagues; subjects of the Tsar, of course, excluded. While Stephen was studying Russian, and preparing to enter the Foreign Office, he had a craving to dabble in a little journalism. His wish was gratified by the late Lord Glenesk (the Mr. Algernon Borthwick of those days), who gave him the opportunity of

[1] Died 1908.

Digitized by Google

going to St. Petersburg to chronicle the Duke of Edinburgh's marriage.

The offer was at first accepted by Stephen, who, however, as schoolboys say, "funked" it at the last moment, with the result that I was given the chance of a trip to St. Petersburg, replacing the future diplomatist, who, while I was in Russia, made me known to Ambassadors, Ministers, and other useful personages. My old friend was a great favourite wherever he went, for he had a charming manner, made all the more attractive by his characteristic modesty. "Alec" Stephen was in high favour with King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and the Empress Marie. There was a time when we passed hours together several days a week in my bachelor's rooms. He was very easy to entertain, for he did all the talking, and my rôle was that of an amused listener. He would speak of Russian literature with the most intense enthusiasm, and recite pages of "The Demon" until I almost learnt some of them by heart without being at the trouble of reading them! From the outset I predicted great things for Condie Stephen, who, although elegantly slim in figure, and apparently delicate in constitution, had a head as strong as Bismarck's, and could drink a bottle of "natural" port in the afternoon (!) without turning a hair. For myself, I drank nothing but tea in those days, and Condie Stephen's strong head filled me with the greatest admiration. The wine of Portugal had no more effect upon him than water; one glass would have given me a violent headache for the rest of the day. I have often asked myself the

Digitized by Google

cause of this difference in men's constitutions, and probably I shall continue to meditate on the point until I, too, "shuffle off this mortal coil."

A good-looking, well-dressed young man, whom I often saw in the Park, at "Evans's," and "about" generally, in the early 'seventies, was, they told me, a brother of the Duke of Newcastle and of Lord Arthur Clinton, one of the idlest of the idlers. Lord Albert was an indefatigable flâneur, but was born to better things. Arthur got into financial difficulties, and was ordered by the Court to set aside £180 a year until his debts, £33,984, were paid. His friends (and he had some queer ones) told him he could not complain of the order, as it gave him a hundred and eighty-seven years to pay what he owed! "That is not quite correct," said another, "for at the end of that time dear old Arthur will still owe 54 'quid.'"

Leaving Rumpelmayer's (they call it a salon de thés), where we have had the happiness of giving Verena a cup of chocolate and some brioches (not to be found everywhere), we stroll into the Mall by way of Stable Yard on the off-chance of catching a glimpse of one whose name has been echoed in all the capitals and at all the Courts these many years. In one angle of the Yard, opposite what until 1913 was the Sutherlands' mansion and exteriorly in need of a little smartening-up, there is a house, and on the door of that house a brass plate, and on the plate the name of the occupant. He is the junior of Sir Dighton Probyn and of the Lord Suffield we knew, and, after nearly half a century's service as Private Secretary, is long since

Digitized by Google

quit of his labours, as is right and proper. As he drives off to Buckingham Palace, or possibly to Marlborough House, to see Queen Alexandra and pass the time of day with his sister, the incomparable Honourable Charlotte, we may plume ourselves upon our good fortune, for, although you may not think it, Lord Knollys in the flesh has yet to be seen by not a few of those to whom London is as an open book. The personages whom I have signalled could tell us more of King Edward's manifold qualifications for rulership than any other two men; but the Private Secretary that was could tell us most, for he was the holder, if anybody was, of the King's Conscience, although your history-books will tell you that it is in charge of the Lord Chancellor. The P.S. knew everything, and you may rely upon it that none other enjoyed the King's full confidence. The secrets of the Palace (and of Marlborough House) will be buried with him. Such of them as the widowed Queen may think might be advantageously made public may possibly appear in the official "Life"—when, if ever, it is issued.

As the carriage from the Royal Mews, or oftener his own cosy brougham, passes, going to or returning from South Kensington, a head sometimes appears at the window, and perhaps the "long grey beard and glittering eye" of the veteran General Sir Dighton Probyn may evoke recollections of the Ancient Mariner. The occupant of the carriage is no chicken. He is well in the eighties, and of late years has had recurrent spells of ill-health. Not only has our aged friend had a

Digitized by Google

brilliant military career (it is outlined in all the books), but he has stood well with three Sovereigns and has long been indispensable to the Royal Lady of Marlborough House to whom he is Comptroller, or business man. So he is the happiest, as he is one of the most favoured, of mortals. Let me tell you something which, as the papers say, is not generally known. He was a familiar of one whom many still speak of with tears in their eyes—King Edward the Seventh. Ask this old soldier if all that the "Dictionary of National Biography" first said of the King is true: that he was "no reader of books—could not concentrate his mind upon them"; that his writing, in his later years, was difficult to decipher; and (worst and cruellest of all) that the title "Peacemaker," conferred upon him by the world at large, was only "symbolically just." I know what his answer will be, but I should like my readers to have it from his own lips.

To the grief of her husband and young family, Lady Rosebery succumbed in 1890 to the attack of typhoid fever which had prostrated her for several weeks, but from which at one time there seemed every reason to hope that she would recover, dowered as she was with a good constitution and that which is only of secondary importance, a cheerful temperament. And so the world lost one of the noblest-hearted women of the last century, and the Lord of Dalmeny a wife who was "a crown to her husband."

Before her marriage Lady Rosebery had been anything but one of those meteoric figures which

Digitized by Google

so often shoot across the stage of life and dazzle for a time, then are lost to both the physical and the mental vision for ever, leaving in their wake naught to cause remembrance save fleeting memories of lavish display and selfish prodigality. It may have been that the accident of birth tended to cast a certain glamour over her. She was one of the most liberal-minded of women, appreciative of all that is good, and gifted with a toleration of others' weaknesses, and even indiscretions, that endeared her to, and made her reverenced by, all who were brought into contact with her.

I had occasion to place myself in communication with her Ladyship when she was Miss Hannah Rothschild, and I received some charmingly courteous letters from her; and what especially struck me was the frank, unaffected manner which pervaded them. Genuine simplicity and thoughtfulness for others breathed in every line of her writing. A "leader of Society," in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, Lady Rosebery, despite her manifest qualifications for such a rôle, was emphatically not; it was a position to which she not only never aspired, but which was distasteful to her even in thought. She was made for infinitely better things. What, in the fulness of time, she would have probably developed into may be only lightly touched upon. She married one of whom great things were predicted, and who has accomplished great things. Had she lived we should have seen the only daughter of Hebrew parents the wife of a Prime Minister of England,

Digitized by Google

thus falsifying all political and national traditions. Lady Palmerston would have had a replica in Lady Rosebery, plus the advantages which youth and vast wealth confer on their possessor. Such a political salon as the wife of "Pam"—the "terrible Palmerston" of the Continent—presided over in the great days of Liberalism and do-nothingism at Cambridge House, Piccadilly, Lady Rosebery would have held in Berkeley Square. A revival of the political salon as it was in the days of Delane and Charles Greville of "Memoirs" fame might have been brought about by Lord Rosebery, with his literary genius, and Lady Rosebery, with her large-mindedness, tact, and generous thoughtfulness for others. But the large-hearted châtelaine of Dalmeny disappeared as a flower that is plucked. Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, rich and poor—all mourned her. The war bereft the widower of a son—a hero, beloved and mourned by all. Neil Primrose "died of his wounds" in 1917. His father, our delightful Archibald Philip Primrose, was seventy in the spring of that year so full of fate. But "age doth not wither, nor custom stale his infinite variety": witness his defence of millionaires at London University (1907) and his admonitions to the newspaper men (1913), who may not all have anticipated such a talking-to. As the brougham turns out of Piccadilly into Berkeley Street he looks the embodiment of intellectual and physical fitness. And he was Prime Minister at six-and-forty.

The club world lost one of its brightest spirits

Digitized by Google

by the death (1889) of Mr. John Woodford, for many years a Foreign Office Messenger and one of the oldest members of the Travellers' and Marlborough Clubs. "Johnny" Woodford was sufficiently artistic—one might say Bohemian—in his tendencies to have known the leading operatic and theatrical personalities of his time, and many were his stories of stars of the stage and their worshippers. He was one of the "hail-fellow-well-met" detachment, known to and popular with everybody, from "H.R.H." (King Edward) down to the youngest clubman. Mr. Woodford had severed his connection with the F.O. two or three years before his death, not on account of ill-health, but because he had "had enough of it" and was quite ready to give place to younger men. I got many good "tips" from him. "Johnny's" bag, on his return from a journey to the Bosphorus, generally contained a few thousand Sossidi cigarettes for his friends, who, in the 'eighties, found it difficult to obtain this much-appreciated brand in London. Mrs. Woodford and her daughter were among the most beautiful women and girls to be seen at Court. One of Woodford's contemporaries was my old friend, Major Byng-Hall, who, during his Messengership, lost his bag of despatches, etc., etc., but was lucky enough to recover it.

Few would have given Lord Rothschild his years, yet he had lived seventy-five of them when he died unexpectedly in March, 1915. I seem to see him as he appeared in the Peers' Chamber that July day when he took the oath and signed the roll. The ermine robe became him well, and

Digitized by Google

"strangers" who chanced to be in the galleries at the moment marvelled at the unique spectacle of a member of their Lordships' House standing there, with covered head, to be sworn in. I have his portrait before me—a masterly picture, bearing the artist's signature, "B. S. Marks"; the United Synagogue is proud in its possession. He had entertained, and been entertained by, Royalty. He was a great social force, but his power was revealed to its fullest extent only in the realms of the haute finance. There he was autocrat, benevolent, despotic. Emissaries of foreign States bent the knee before this man of the intellectual, placid, somewhat sad countenance; the mouth and chin hidden by the full beard, which was raven-black when he donned his peer's robes for the first time. You may remember that famous passage, written by Sydney Smith over three-quarters of a century ago—"The warlike power of every country depends on their Three per Cents. If Cæsar were to re-appear on earth Rothschild would open and shut the Temple of Janus." The millions wherewith "Dizzy's" Government purchased Khedive Ismail's "Suez" shares, and those further millions which we wanted for Egypt about 1882, all came from "New Court," under whose porte-cochère Lord Rothschild daily passed, followed by the admiring gaze of the curious.

To see the controller of hundreds of millions sterling who passed away with such startling suddenness (for even at the clubs it was not known that he was ill, or even ailing) standing against one of the pillars of the Royal Exchange, which

Digitized by Google

had come to be known as "Rothschild's pillar," was, I am told, "quite a picture." To all who approached him he displayed the same charming cordiality; one and all were treated in the same courteous manner, so that the "small" men and the "big" men proudly regarded him as a friend—one of themselves. And this has been one of the many secrets of the success of the Rothschilds, from the time of the Battle of Waterloo down to that of the Aisne in these days. "Pas de hauteur" might have been said of all of them, and notably of the one who was taken from us so suddenly. The same humanity characterised one and all. There was, at least among the modern members of the family, nothing of that "squeezing" which has marked so many of the modern tribe of millionaire financiers.

Those who passed the house next to the Duke of Wellington's every morning of their lives always threw a glance in the direction of Lord Rothschild's residence on the chance of catching a glimpse of the great banker himself. Before the automobile craze set in he rode to the City in a hansom cab called off the rank, like any ordinary member of the Stock Exchange, or any "City man." He was simplicity itself. In the conventional sense of the word he was no clubman, although clubland was as familiar with his striking figure and his face brimming over with goodwill to all and sundry as it is with that of Queen Alexandra's Comptroller or of Lord Knollys.

The mention of Lord Knollys brings to mind

Digitized by Google

King Edward, who had in Lord Rothschild one of the most constant and most valued of friends long before Sir Ernest Cassel appeared on the scene. Upon Lord Rothschild King George's father knew he could always rely in moments of doubt or difficulty, or in any sudden emergency. This fact alone should endear the late peer to the memory of all of us. It was when he was hunting with the Rothschild pack that the then Prince of Wales heard of the unexpected death of his intimate friend and adviser, the Emperor Napoleon III., on January 9, 1873. The chase was at once suspended, and the Prince returned to Marlborough House a saddened man.

Lord Rothschild had his own particular coiffeur in the West End, a man who was very independent, and who saw no more in the great financier than in many a lesser light. When, one day, the peer entered the salon the coiffeur was engaged upon another customer's locks, and rather curtly asked the millionaire to "take a seat." The peer did as requested, but, as time wore on, got rather fidgety; to be kept waiting by a hairdresser was something quite new to him. When the man had finally finished with his customer, and taken his money, Lord Rothschild moved to the vacant chair, sat down, and waited for the long-delayed operation upon himself to begin. The coiffeur, however, had other ideas. Disappearing for a minute or two, he returned to the salon with his hat on, and nonchalantly remarked to his noble client: "I am sorry I cannot attend to you now. I am going to lunch!" Lord

Digitized by Google

Rothschild's rejoinder is unfortunately lost to posterity.

Chance acquaintances made at the barber's in somewhat similar circumstances to those here detailed have influenced men's careers before now, as this à propos story of Mr. Delane, editor of the "Times" from 1841 until 1877, proves. Delane's intimacy with the house of Rothschild dated from a very early period in his career, and had its origin in this incident, related by Mr. Dallas. Lionel Rothschild (the Sidonia of Disraeli's "Coningsby," and the Mr. Acton of the Turf) and Delane were in the habit of going to the same hairdresser's shop in the City in the early forties of the last century. One day the proprietor of the shop (it was not a "salon" at that period) was asked by Rothschild who his handsome young customer was, and, on being told that he was the new editor of the "Times," he soon made his acquaintance.

The late William Wilde (brother of Oscar), who was on the staff of the journal referred to, told me this story one night at the long-defunct Beaconsfield Club in Pall Mall: "Mr. Joseph Moses Levy, one of the founders of the 'Daily Telegraph,' who died in 1888 at a ripe old age, was rather proud than otherwise of his Hebraic descent. I remember once, after being introduced to him, he embarked on a long conversation—I might almost call it a soliloquy, as it was all about himself and 'the paper.' After a while something fell from me concerning his son's change of name upon inheriting the fortune left him by

Digitized by Google

his uncle, Lionel Lawson (whose real name was likewise Levy). I inadvertently addressed the patriarchal journalist as 'Mr. Lawson,' whereupon he remarked, with a wag of the head and a knowing smile, 'No, not Lawson—Levy. Ted is Lawson, but I am *Levy—old Levy, the Jew!*'"

It is often said that Captain William George (familiarly "Bay") Middleton met with his death in the hunting field. This prince of good fellows was, however, the victim of an accident in some Warwickshire Hunt point-to-point races. Captain Middleton was the Empress of Austria's pilot in the hunting-fields of Cheshire and Ireland, and from him I got original accounts of all the happenings. A monument was erected to his memory near Kineton, the scene of the fatality. "Bay" Middleton was stone deaf, and when he was in Dublin (12th Lancers) and on the staff of Lord Spencer (the "Red Earl," then Viceroy) his deafness made him irresistible with women. A Dublin lady declared that when his fair friends said, "Please don't," "I shall scream if you do," and so on, "Bay" couldn't hear a word they said, so remonstrance was useless. As the Italian humorist said: "Se non e Verdi e bene Trovatore."

Reading Sir Edward Clarke's highly entertaining and informative "Reminiscences" when they appeared in January, 1918, I thought of the part he played in the Tranby Croft, otherwise the Baccarat, case, when his opponent was Sir Charles (afterwards Lord) Russell.

There were legal giants centuries before Russell

Digitized by Google

and Clarke appeared in the forensic arena; but it may reasonably be doubted whether any of the luminaries of the law who lived in past ages were of greater intellectual stature than the heads of the profession in these our days. The final decades of the nineteenth century produced a considerable number of barristers who have been, and are, splendid lawyers and brilliant advocates —two qualifications which do not always go together. The names of Shee, Cockburn, Coleridge, Parry, Ballantyne, James, Kerslake, Holker, and many more too well known to be catalogued here, will occur to the reader without much, if any, taxing of the memory. Of those eminent jurists two must be bracketed. Very dissimilar in character, Chief Justices Sir Alexander Cockburn and Lord Coleridge had this similarity in common—that they possessed a consummate knowledge of law, and were endowed with remarkable oratorical powers.

Coleridge and Cockburn had voices of exquisite timbre, soft and flutelike, and of extreme flexibility. This is a valuable gift to those who aspire to oratory, properly so-called, but it is seldom, indeed, that we meet with it at the Bar, in the Church, or in the Senate. Even Lord Coleridge did not too often get an opportunity of showing what he could do in this respect, and there was consequently all the greater desire to hear him sum up the evidence in the baccarat case. It was, as might have been expected, a masterly performance, albeit his lordship's method of reading his notes did not recommend itself to every-

Digitized by Google

body. Lord Coleridge had withal a very sharp tongue, and that he could use it on occasion many knew to their sorrow. He was incisive, but not bitter; pungent and loftily ironical, yet not over severe; scholarly without being pedantic; humorous without degenerating into the "comic business." But it is not so much of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge that I desire to speak as of the two gladiators who wrestled before him in the interests of their clients, agreeing as I do in the "Chief's" estimate of those two illustrissimi. It is not too much to say that the eyes of the United Kingdom were fixed upon Russell and Clarke to see which would get the better of the other in their duel à outrance: who would "pink" the other first; and who, finally, would walk out of the arena triumphantly. The clients were almost lost sight of by the spectators of the fray in their anxiety to see who would ultimately "score," Russell or Clarke.

The difference between the two men was positively startling in appearance, in style, and in the conduct of cases. One had the Irishman's élan, impetuosity, and native cunning (using the word in no disparaging sense); the other, the Englishman's tenacity, force, energy, quiet determination, skilful marshalling of facts, shrewdness, and deep intensity of purpose. Sir Edward Clarke's attitude was usually one of rather cautious reserve, of apprehension, accompanied by a certain seeming nervousness. He won his spurs at the Old Bailey, and sometimes his old air of diffidence was observable. He conducted Sir William Gordon-Cum-

Digitized by Google

ming's case in a manner which extorted universal admiration. This was all the more remarkable because the technicalities of the gaming-table are admittedly hard to acquire by the novice, more especially if games of chance are not in his "line." Those belonging to the legal profession could not fail to see the uphill nature of the task which lay before Sir Edward, and they wondered how he would deal with it. They had not long to wait, for he threw himself into the work of cross-examination with a vigour and boldness which astonished Russell, adept as he was at this part of the business. After hearing the evidence of the first witness for the defence, most counsel would probably have either thrown up the sponge or shirked cross-examining the remaining witnesses at any length. Not so Clarke. His tactics were quite the reverse. He proceeded as if certain that he held the winning cards in his hand, and pursued the work of cross-examination with unabated ardour and consummate skill. Nor did his enthusiasm fail him even when the time came for him to make a supreme effort and to lay before the jury reason upon reason why their verdict should be given for his client and not for the defendants. Sir Edward was crystal clear and cogent, and possessed the faculty of being able to make difficult matters easily comprehended.

Russell, who had previously had his say, was, almost for the first time in my recollection, rather disappointing. It may have been because he thought he had a perfectly good case and would

Digitized by Google

win "hands down." He made comparatively little out of his cross-examination of the plaintiff, and his speech to the jury was not one of his successes. His manner was portentously solemn, and at times his voice deepened into such funereal gloom that one almost imagined the end of all things was at hand, and that the amiable advocate was only awaiting a favourable moment to announce the impending catastrophe. We must concede to Charles Russell and Edward Clarke the merit of being the two foremost advocates of their age.

Lord Russell of Killowen looked and filled the part of Lord Chief Justice of England to perfection, and richly deserved the enviable position accorded him by a grateful Liberal Government. His greatest triumph was his "smashing-up" of the "Times," which had been deluded by the "Parnell letters" forged by Pigott and purchased by the newspaper in the belief that the Irish leader had written them. Poor Lord Alverstone's face was a study when the blow came. Lord R. of K.'s faiblesse was his impetuosity. He was a frequent theatre-goer, and one night after the play he walked from the scene of his amusement to the Princes' restaurant in Piccadilly, bent on supping. The lights were being lowered as usual after midnight. The eminent one complained to the waiter of the feeble illumination. "It is by order, my lord," was the reply. "Send for the manager." This functionary hurried into the room, and to him the complaint was reiterated. "We are obliged to act as the law requires," was

Digitized by Google

the answer. "Oh, damn the law! Turn up the lights until I have finished my supper."

Most of the stories of Lord Brampton (better known as Mr. Justice Hawkins) with which the papers overflowed in October, 1907, were of a respectable antiquity. The old judge, who had retired from the Bench in 1898, after a judicial service of two-and-twenty years, died, "fortified by the rites of the Church," in his ninety-first year. He was born in 1817, took silk in 1858, and was elevated to the Bench in 1876, after thirty-three years' practice at the Bar. Eleven years before his retirement he married, as his second wife, Jane Louisa, daughter of Mr. H. F. Reynolds, of Hulme, Lancashire. An event in his career, which the majority of his biographers either overlooked, or noted only en passant, was his conversion to Roman Catholicism, concerning which he wrote: "My reception into the Church of Rome was purely of my own choice and will, and according to the exercise of my own judgment." It was said that his close friendship with Cardinal Manning may have exercised some unconscious influence over him; this, however, I take leave to doubt, more especially in view of his own declaration of his change of creed. The Catholic cathedral at Westminster contains a memorial chapel, dedicated to St. Gregory, the gift of Lord and Lady Brampton.

No one who had ever seen "Hawkins" could forget that square face and jaunty figure. No one who had ever heard him in Court could forget his savagery and unfairness.

In Sir Edward Clarke's "Reminiscences" Haw-

Digitized by Google

kins is described as that "wicked Judge," that "most unfair Judge." All honour to Sir Edward for his withering exposé.

On most mornings the subject of Sir Edward Clarke's denunciation was to be seen in the neighbourhood of the Park, his dog Jack invariably with him. For many years before his retirement he was known to all pedestrians in the Strand, for, as a rule, he walked to and from the Courts, just as, in earlier days, he had become familiar to the passers-by in Parliament Street when justice was dispensed at Westminster Hall. Although a member of the Carlton, the Athenæum, and the Turf Clubs, he was devoted only to the latter, for he had the sporting instinct strongly developed. Whilst he was at the Bar he appeared in most of the great cases—the trial of Sir John Dean Paul, the Tichborne case, the famous convent case (Saurin *v.* Starr), and many others; and when Simon Bernard was accused of complicity in the conspiracy against the Emperor of the French it was Henry James[1] and "Harry" Hawkins who defended the prisoner and secured his acquittal.

There are men towards whom you are irresistibly drawn at first sight, men for whom, although they are strangers to you and will always remain so, you feel an instinctive liking. One such was an elderly gentleman, yet very lithe and young-looking, whom I first saw in the old Law Courts at Westminster, and often met in the 'seventies in Mayfair. He was Sir Alexander

[1] The late Lord James of Hereford.

Digitized by Google

Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice of England, of whom I heard many stories—some amusing, others exasperatingly scandalous, related by those who envied him his success and sunny temperament. His ruddy cheeks and bright piercing eyes made him, I could quite believe, a favourite of women; moreover, he was galant homme; so everybody who knew him told me. As a judge, a very great judge, he was a model of suavity and good temper, humorous withal. One Sunday morning in the winter of 1880, from something I had heard, I strolled into Hertford Street, Mayfair, and found the blinds down at a well-known house. The "Lord Chief" had died suddenly the evening before; and I remembered what someone who must have known him intimately had written in his disparagement only two or three years previously. One would have thought that "Cockburn" had not an enemy in the world; but he had, and I have been told his name, a "big" one in his time, as none more fully admitted than King Edward, who had read the scandalous story holding the dear old "Lord Chief" up to derision. And the supposed narrator was one of Sir Alexander's professional friends, who died full of honours less than ten years ago!

My thoughts often dwell upon a "writing lady" who was snatched from us just as she was becoming a beneficent power in the land: Miss Lætitia Probyn, one of the two sisters of Major-General Sir Dighton Probyn. Out of her circle few knew of her incessant efforts to Christianise and civilise the poor, among whom she and her sister used to

Digitized by Google

go regularly every Sunday morning at an hour when most people were still abed. The scene of her Sabbath morning labours was the Whitecross Street Mission, an account of which was written by her. She was a woman in a thousand. Although by no means averse from joining in social pleasures, and well able to take her part in the badinage and small talk which do duty for conversation among the wiser as well as among the more frivolous of "Best of World," Miss Probyn was not an assiduous party-goer, being disinclined to fritter away in social enjoyment the strength without which she could not have pursued her philanthropic work.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER IX

DUKES, MARQUISES, AND THE OLD SCHOOL

Marquis of Hartington (Duke of Devonshire): letters to Lord Granville—A Gladstone Letter—The Marquis the sleeping lion of Parliament—Lord Sydney—Lord Lamington: chronicler of the "Dandies"—Lord Rosslyn's epigram on Charles Greville—Lord Armstrong—Duke of Rutland—Lord Courtney—The courtly old school: Mr. George Payne, Lord Wilton, Lord Winchester, Admiral Rous, Charles Greville, Sir Francis Seymour—Lord Lurgan—Story of a Guardsman and the East End poor—An aristocratic marriage-broker.

ONE August morning, three or four days before the fighting at Sedan (1870) and the consequential surrender of Napoleon III. and his army, I was watching the German troops marching through Clermont l'Argonne (made for ever famous by the Americans' smashing of the Huns in 1918), when I caught sight of King William talking to a group of his Generals and suite in the pouring rain. I thought the King's aide-de-camp a striking figure, and asked an officer who he might be. "Von Alten," was the reply; "he is the brother of one of your grandes dames, the Duchess of Manchester." The Duchess, who married the Duke of Devonshire en secondes noces the year after his succession to the title, was before her

Digitized by Google

first marriage Countess von Alten, daughter of a Hanoverian Count.

When Lord Hartington was a member of the Lower House (1857–91) he gave one the impression that "the whole thing" was very much of a bore, yet something that his duty to his Sovereign and country made it incumbent upon him to participate in, although at the sacrifice of much time which he would have had no difficulty in passing more pleasantly elsewhere. Such an impression may have been a false one, for he "buckled to" his work and got through it without any of that fuss which characterised many Ministers whom I remember. Moreover, "Hartington" could give not a few Ministers points in the matter of speech-making. I found him very pleasant to listen to, for his slight nervousness when addressing the House of Commons gave his voice a vibration which, to me, if not to some others, was very attractive. I never wondered at his aloofness, for the small fry of the Radicals swarmed round him like bees round a pot of honey, failing to see from his manner that he could very well have dispensed with their intrusive company. They were Radicals to the backbone, or what passed with them for such; but perhaps some of them thought it lifted them a little from their obscurity to be seen chatting with the son of the great Duke. The House of Commons did not contain a more unaffected, genuine, kind-hearted man than the Marquis. I can see him strolling from Devonshire House, Piccadilly, down St. James's Street, and across the Mall on his

Digitized by Google

way to the House of Commons or the House of Lords, one hand in his trousers pocket, the other swinging an umbrella; his hat slightly tilted on one side. A cutaway morning coat, with flapped pockets, was his usual wear, and it seemed to go better than anything else with his tall, lissom figure, the incarnation of graceful nonchalance, the living embodiment of the doctrine of laisser-aller. Lord Granville wrote to the Duke when he was Marquis of Hartington (April 10, 1878) :—

I met Gladstone just now in Regent Street. He had turned his hat in order to save the front part from the rain, but, in deference, I suppose, to me, on taking my arm he put it right. He then told me that I should not guess where he came from—and you will be equally surprised with me to hear that it was from a public meeting of working-men (the very last place to which he was likely to go). He then described to me his speech, which explained the effect of the debate, the impracticability of Wilfrid Lawson, and the hardship upon you.

What manner of man Lord Hartington was before he became Duke of Devonshire is revealed to us by these extracts from his letters to the late Lord Granville, given by Lord Fitzmaurice in the vivid "Life" :

January 29, 1878.—I disagree with almost the whole of my late colleagues, and also with the great majority of the Party. I might very probably be silenced in argument, but I do not think that my opinion would be changed.

Mr. Gladstone could never be made to understand that people who listen to him and admire his speeches don't necessarily agree with him.

July, 1879.—The situation was worse than ever in the Commons, because I have had a row with Chamberlain and the Radicals.

Digitized by Google

September 10, 1885.—I have offered to go and see him (Mr. Gladstone); but am in hopes that he won't accept this offer, as I can never get on with him in conversation.

I am in good hopes that beween him (Mr. Gladstone) and Chamberlain I may shortly be released from active politics.

Gladstone incurred much odium by (so it was termed) leaving General Gordon to his fate. Granville wanted to recall him; Gladstone (alone, of all the Cabinet) was for sending him to Zebehr; other Ministers were half-hearted about the Wolseley relief expedition. It was a ghastly muddle all round, ending in the sacrifice of Gordon. The whole tragic business is thus summed up:

Mr. Gladstone wrote in reply to the letter of Lord Granville quoted above, which he considered gave a perfectly accurate account of what had occurred. The cause was insufficient knowledge of our man (Gordon), whom we rather took on trust from the public impressions and from newspaper accounts which were probably not untrue, but so far from the whole truth that we were misled.

The first sign of our difficulties was the affair of Zebehr, in which you may remember my fight against the Cabinet, I think the entire Cabinet, and my giving way only because I thought that our compliance would at once be followed by an Address from the House of Commons reversing it.

There came the time when you thought Gordon should be recalled, and here I am responsible for having advised you not to press an opinion which it was plain the Cabinet would not adopt. . . . He (Gordon) really remained in utter defiance of the whole mind and spirit of our instructions. . . . For us to have complied with his demands was madness and crime. In opposition to his (Gordon's) demands, Hartington made one of the two admirable speeches by which his career of 1880–85 was distinguished. After that period he had more leaning to the despatch of troops than some of us had. . . . We committed the error of sending Gordon; and I think another

Digitized by Google

in landing at Suakim. For neither of these are we blamed as we ought to be.[1]

The sun is shining, the blackbird in the garden over the way—his garden—is filling the amorous air with joyous trills, and the master of the great house and of the garden with its noble trees is at rest (March, 1908) by the waters which lave the shores of the azure coast, "Où les cœurs épris ont toujours vingt ans." And it happens that before me are portraits of perhaps his greatest friend—King Edward, who knew more intimately than any other Spencer Compton Cavendish, eighth Duke of Devonshire, best remembered by the many as the "Hartington" of the years that are gone. What was there in his composition that made him so lovable to his friends? Let me be pardoned for saying that it was not intellectual acquirements, nor surpassing gifts of statesmanship, which made his compeers swear by him; the tricks, the shallow artifices so laboriously disguised, of the consummate, plausible orator were not his. These meretricious aids to popularity he scorned, appraising them at their true value. No! he was esteemed for the one reason that he was British to the core—unpretentious, unaffected, knowing no guile. And so conscious was he of the defects of his abounding qualities that he eschewed the highest office in the State when they would have thrust it upon him.

We like to think of him as he was in the not long past. . . . There he is on the front bench, seemingly a picture of masterly inactivity, but

[1] Life of Lord Granville. By Lord Fitzmaurice. Longmans, 1905.

Digitized by Google

never so steeped in natural indolence that he cannot be roused from his apparent apathy. He was the sleeping lion of Parliament: his motto, "Pro aris et focis." . . . He mingles with the gay throng on Epsom Downs, deeply interested, but impassive. With the Garter ribbon across his shoulder he saunters through the brilliant crowd at Devonshire House—unimpressed, you would say, but impressive: a typical grand seigneur, who played the part to perfection, just as we Islanders like to see it played. He was cast in this mould. . . . In a tone of diverting badinage Grenville Murray, perhaps a little maliciously, wrote of the Duke of Devonshire forty years back: "He took up politics as other noble lords take up the Turf or Melton—for an amusement. He liked London life, and the nonsense going on in the House of Commons entertained him when he was in the humour for it. He took office, too, not because he cared to be bored by a posse of permanent official persons, always bent on having him perpetrate some official job, or defend some abuse which weighed heavily on their fellow-subjects, but because a very agreeable woman had said to him, 'Why are you not in the Cabinet?' 'Ah!' he replied, 'why not? Hang it, Lottie, you have given me an idea. Perhaps it will be good fun.'" Now "Lottie" had been Duchess of Manchester and died the widowed Duchess of Devonshire at Esher a few hours after leaving Sandown racecourse.

The death (1891) of Lord Granville deprived Queen Victoria and the Prince and Princess of

Digitized by Google

Wales of a true friend. In 1871, when I went to the Foreign Office to ask for a passport which would enable me to travel "on the Continent" without let or hindrance, our then Minister for Foreign Affairs was six-and-fifty, but as juvenile in manner, speech, and outward seeming as many of us are, or were, at five-and-thirty. Until a very few years before his death his step was as springy as a boy's, and his mental alertness was at least on a par with his physical activity. What surprised me about Lord Granville was that he seems never to have been one of the jovial literary band of brothers who produced for the amusement of the world generally the little "Owl." It is, I think, remarkable, inasmuch as "chaff" was his specialty, and he was certainly at least the equal of any of the group of (chiefly) Palmerstonians who filled the scanty pages of the journalette with those clever things which no writer seems equal to throwing off nowadays. Surely, if anyone was equal to travestying the diplomatic documents of Clarendon on our side, and those of De Persigny and De Morny across the Channel, that man was Granville George Leveson-Gower, second Earl Granville. Nor would anybody have rallied Lord Sydney more effectively. As the little sheet which was the forerunner of what are called the "Society" papers was born in the drawing-room of Lady Palmerston, at Cambridge House, Piccadilly, Lord Granville could not fail to have been "in the know" concerning it and its contributors; and I take it that if he had no finger in the pie (I am almost sure he had not) the reason is to be found

Digitized by Google

in his characteristic indolence and love of the dolce far niente. We know him to have been a good writer of despatches; and he could have dropped into the "Owl" style as easily as a duck takes to water.

That two cognate personages like Lord Sydney and Lord Lamington (as Mr. Baillie-Cochrane became) should have died (in February, 1890) at an advanced age, within a few hours of each other, is worthy of record, for both men were of the race of those "dandies" concerning whom as a genus one of the twain was recording his impressions in "Maga" almost up to the hour of his death. I remember the Lord Lamington I knew as long as I can remember any other prominent figure in London life, and I never ceased to regard him with a lively interest after learning that he was one of the choice band of those who created and carried on that most extraordinary, as it certainly was the most brilliant, journalette which ever delighted those who were sufficiently "in the swim" to comprehend the pleasantries which embellished the tiny pages of the "Owl." In stature Baillie-Cochrane was an Anak as compared with his brother littérateurs, Algernon Borthwick and Henry Calcraft, his figure somewhat suggesting (so I have heard) that of the renowned "Jacob Omnium,"[1] father of Mr. "Harry" Higgins.

In manner Baillie-Cochrane was a little deficient, his main idea being apparently to convey

[1] His letters so signed were features of the "Times" for many years.

Digitized by Google

to his vis-à-vis (which I had been at a dinner for two) that he (or she) was in the presence of a personality endowed with the attributes of a Brummel, a D'Orsay, and a Talleyrand. A more self-sufficient person I had rarely met. To hear him speak in the House of Commons was delicious when the question was a quasi-diplomatic one—so inflated was his method, and so diverting his well-assumed earnestness. His oratory was about as effective and convincing as that of the lamented George Bentinck, "Big Ben," whose scathing criticism of the navy estimates, accompanied by shakings of his stick in the direction of the Treasury Bench, always proved more amusing than old "Johnny" Toole in one of his wildest farces. Baillie-Cochrane, Mr. Eastwick, and Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff formed a mutual admiration triumvirate of the Gorst-Balfour-Randolph Churchill-Wolff order in the early days of the Fourth Party. The cheval de bataille of the first and second named was the Euphrates Valley: on that and kindred topics Mr. Cochrane, as he then was, might always be relied on by the Tory "Whips" for a forty minutes' discursive talk. He must have devoted days, if not weeks, to the preparation of one of those speeches of sound and fury signifying nothing, carefully written out with a view to its subsequent appearance in the "Morning Post," between whose gifted editor and the chronicler of the "Dandies" there was a close friendship, extending over thirty or forty years.

When Baillie-Cochrane was a young man he

Digitized by Google

was an habitué of Lady Palmerston's salon at Cambridge House; naturally, therefore, the wife of the great Whig statesman gets admiring notice in the sketches happily entitled "In the Days of the Dandies."[1] "There is not the least question that Lady Palmerston's dinners and receptions kept the party together. She was a perfect hostess. . . . Now all that is (sic) departed: the publican and Jew have jostled the aristocracy off the stage of London life. It is the hour of the speculator, the schemer, the stockbroker. They reign supreme." "B.-C." would have revelled in Mr. Maxse's thunderous articles in the "National Review" in 1914–19. It was a happy thought to reproduce some of these "scorchers" verbatim in the widely-read "Globe" in May, 1919. Baillie-Cochrane was a type of the English country gentleman of the old, yet not very old school, equally at home among his acres and when sauntering along Pall Mall. An accomplished flâneur, he had often "a good thing" to tell you, and would be delighted if you could cap his story by another a trifle better in your opinion, but not in his. In the sense that they were so familiar to our view, Lord Sydney and Lord Lamington were missed by all to whom the West End is an open book. Their characters were widely dissimilar: the first was somewhat of a fainéant; the second a feverish, restless kind of politician, who might have done something but never did much except write tit-bits for the "Owl."

[1] Published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

Digitized by Google

I knew men who dreaded having to see Lord Sydney, Lord Chamberlain for many years, on business, which is to say ceremonial, matters. He was one of those colourless men who, born with the traditional silver spoon in their mouths, go down to the grave without ever having "said a foolish thing or done a wise one." My recollection of this typical old Victorian character (he was eighty-five when he died in February, 1890) dated from early in 1871, a year when, having gone through the war of 1870, I was beginning to feel my feet and to imagine myself a much bigger man than I was. In 1871 he was Lord Chamberlain, as he had been twelve years before, and had made himself the object of much "chaff" by issuing a circular to the managers of theatres on the subject of ballet-girls' dresses. Writers in the "Owl" covered him with ridicule for that indiscretion, and I re-read their articles with gusto while I was deep in the construction of these chapters. As a praiser of the good old times I venture to assert that there is no such entertaining writing in the present Georgian reign as there was in the much-maligned Victorian era. Of Lord Sydney I will, however, say that he was seen to advantage as a country gentleman at his delightful home near Chislehurst. He reminded me of Lord Palmerston. Both men were more than common tall, and stalwart. In their prime I imagine that they were handy with their fists. Lord Sydney's idea of enjoyment, of perfect bliss, was to wander through the Kentish lanes and over the Kentish commons in grey shooting

Digitized by Google

coat, gaiters, and "pot" hat. In this guise I found him an attractive, even a picturesque, figure.

He was to be seen at innumerable functions—Royal marriages, Royal funerals, and the like; and I have an ever-present recollection of the tall, commanding form, clad in that Court uniform which became him so well, lending an attentive ear to all-comers, bending with courtier-like adulation over the head of some great lady to hear and be gravely tickled by the last new story fresh from the Palace, or receiving with stolid air the news, brought by a perspiring, breathless messenger, that "Her Majesty was coming," or that "their Royal Highnesses" (meaning the Prince and Princess of Wales) "were at the doors." I recollect him, too, an imposing figure, trapesing through the interminable corridors of the Winter Palace, standing in the Orthodox Chapel and in the extemporised drawing-room Protestant "Church," amidst the Tsar and his consort, Princes and Princesses from all parts of Europe, Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses, the "Metropolitan," and Anglican clerics (of whom Dean Stanley was the head) when Prince Alfred of England and Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna plighted their troth and were made one on that January morning (actually afternoon) in 1874. Take him for all in all, it would be churlish not to admit that he discharged his diverse functions, now of Lord Chamberlain, anon of Lord Steward of Her Majesty's Household, with diligence; which is more than can be said of all the high and mighty officials of Victoria I.

Digitized by Google

I recall the funeral service for the old man in the Parish Church of Chislehurst. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville were there, and the congregation had a surprise when the Prince of Wales led to a seat near his own the Empress Eugénie, to whom, eleven years before, Lord Sydney had, through the Duc de Bassano, conveyed the news of her son's death. Never before had, never since has, the Imperial lady attended a funeral or any other service in an English Protestant Church. Lord Sydney had been her neighbour and one of her friends for ten years—until she left Chislehurst for Farnborough Hill. The arrangements at the church were made by Colonel the Hon. Oliver Montagu—another vanished figure since 1890; and Sir William Hart-Dyke was among the mourners. The Empress and the Prince of Wales sat close to the coffin. When the Rector (Mr. Murray) began the opening sentences I saw Mr. Gladstone face outwards, towards the coffin. He followed the whole of the service from the Prayer Book which someone handed to him, using a little glass, as the type was rather small and the only light came from candles! Mr. Loftus seemed anxious that the wreath which he had brought from the Marquis and Marchioness Townshend should be placed on the coffin, not on the mountain of flowers and "crowns." I was told that Lord Sydney's features had been quite lifelike until, by the Queen's command, a mask was taken; then there was an immediate change. Lord Sydney was not a large landowner. His Frognal estate, of about 2,000 acres, had greatly increased in

Digitized by Google

value; and he had 1,000 acres in Gloucestershire. In 1915 his art and other treasures were offered for sale by his nephew and successor.

Lord Rosslyn, a handsome man, father of the present Peer, is remembered more for his geniality and amiability than for anything else, albeit he was something of a poet, and for a time Captain of the Sovereign's Body-Guard. When I last saw him his fresh complexion and upright carriage were as noticeable as ever. A more kindly-disposed man never breathed; one never heard a word said against him, while his friends thought his sonnets "charming." One regards "The Times" as a model of accuracy, and is accustomed to take its dates and such like without questioning; but it fell into a blunder in its obituary notice of Lord Rosslyn (1890), crediting him with having commanded the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms for thirty-four years; in fact, he was appointed to that post only in 1886, and resigned it in consequence of ill-health in 1889, the year before his death. He was a good all-round sportsman, a devoted yachtsman, and stepfather of "the beautiful Miss Maynard," the gifted Socialist, Lady Warwick. Lord Rosslyn unkindly wrote of the iconoclastic Diarist, Charles Greville:—

> For fifty years he listened at the door,
> And heard some secrets, but invented more;
> These he wrote down, and statesmen, Queens and Kings
> Were all degraded into common things.

Distinctly clever; but I fancy Greville took a different view of these sardonic lines.

Digitized by Google

Perhaps they know Lord Armstrong more intimately up in the North; yet you may often encounter him in the West End and in the City. You would hardly take him for past fifty, this millionaire grand-nephew of the man who invented the Armstrong gun. He became a Peer years ago, his title being that which had lapsed from the fact that his famous grand-uncle died some three years previously without leaving male issue. The Elswick Works—what memories they evoke! From those northern factories have issued death-dealing weapons which have "staggered humanity," "knocked" the Boches, and made the names "Armstrong" and "Elswick" renowned throughout the continents. This present bearer of the title was known until 1903 as Mr. William Henry Armstrong Fitzpatrick Watson, and he became a director of so many commercial undertakings that a great deal of his time must have been filched from him by the necessity of attending their meetings. Some men like this kind of amusement; others, with the increased responsibilities thrown upon them by the Act of 1900, cannot be induced to accept a seat on a board for love or money. In these enervating days it is good to see a wealthy man like Lord Armstrong devoting himself to the strenuous life instead of frittering away his time on unworthy objects like so many of what the Clerk of the Council (Charles Greville) pleasantly dubbed "the idiots of society." But even this amiable peer has had his battles to fight.

I have had personal experience of two sieges—first Paris (1870) and four years later Pampeluna.

Digitized by Google

And it was given to me to assist at the women's siege of Buckingham Palace in 1914, an event already forgotten. I should say the reporters had a hard task to describe the indescribable. It was a curiously composed crowd, as diverse and kaleidoscopic as that with which I once mingled at St. Petersburg on the great day of the blessing of the Neva; in the Prado of Madrid, when the people turned out en masse to see the new King; at Berlin, when the streets were black with a population gathered to cheer the victorious troops just returned from France in 1871. Every crowd has its specialty, and the crowd in front and at each side of the Palace in the Mall had its distinguishing feature, which was the good humour of those composing it. There were whimpering infants in perambulators, children in arms, old men bent with age, workmen who had left their shops, "flappers" in gorgeous raiment, "nuts" (as great a verbal atrocity as its prototype, the "mashers," with their crutches and toothpicks), a sprinkling of ladies belonging to our "great world," and two Dukes, while safe behind the Palace railings were to be seen the familiar, impassive faces of several Court officials. If you were equal to a three hours' promenade you saw everything and everybody. But neither you nor anyone else saw the Sovereigns, who had returned to the Palace four hours before the besiegers had expected them! One of the Dukes was his Grace of Rutland, whose father (when Lord John Manners) wrote the immortal couplet:

> Let laws and learning, wealth and commerce die,
> But leave us still our old Nobility.

Digitized by Google

The Duke's lithe form and sans-gêne make him pleasantly recognisable after you have once come under the spell of his talk. Not a few will recall him as principal Private Secretary of the last great Tory Peer-Premier, between whom and "Henry," now, by the ordinary process of nature, Duke, there was a bond of friendship; for to be a son of dear old "Lord John" (one of Grenville Murray's aversions—but so was another Duke, he of Buckingham) was a sure and certain passport to the favour of the masterful Salisbury. Moreover, the one-time Henry Manners is a man of parts, as his chief soon discovered. Yet the Duke of Rutland may not expect to attain the renown of his father, who, as one might say, imperceptibly drifted into fame with no apparent effort. True that Lord John Manners was a friend (if that can be said of any man) of "Dizzy," who yet could not refrain from the, perhaps apocryphal, gibe after the Berlin Congress, "Why should I not have made myself a Duke instead of an Earl? Rutland 's a Duke!"

Almost every member of the great club fronting the sunny side of the "Senior" (the other looks across at "H. S. King's") is a man of more or less light and leading; but none wielded a more potent pen than Lord Courtney. A glance at the powerful face sufficed to assure you that he was far removed from the ordinary type of clubmen. He had been a notable Parliament-man in the Commons. Some forty years before his death the Liskeardians sent him up to St. Stephen's, and next he appeared as representative of the Bodmin Division. Last of

Digitized by Google

all they made him a peer—only in 1906. Cambridge was proud of him. Lincoln's Inn raised him to Mastership of the Bench in 1889 (his "call" dated from 1858). 1872–75 saw him Professor of Political Economy at University College. From 1880 to 1881 he was Under-Secretary at the Home Office; thence he went to the "Colonies"; and then the Treasury made his acquaintance as Financial Secretary. He was Chairman of Committee and Deputy Speaker between 1886 and 1892. Altogether an honourable record. But he had another claim to our consideration, arising out of his many brilliant contributions to the great journal in Printing House Square; while long years have slid away since the late James Knowles enlisted him for the "Nineteenth Century." Literature and art, law and politics—all their secrets were known to Leonard Henry Lord Courtney, born a Cornishman, of the Athenæum and Reform Clubs. He preferred the Athenæum, but his brother is a constant Reform-er.

DIARY—October, 1889.

The very serious illness of Lord Falmouth cannot fail to cause great sorrow to all his friends, and their name is legion, for perhaps there is no Englishman who is "all round" so generally popular as Evelyn Boscawen, or more deservedly so. With him will disappear from our midst one of the very last of the type of old English gentlemen, and, alas! these splendid specimens of manly and delicate refinement cannot be reproduced, for the mould that formed them would seem to have

Digitized by Google

been unreplaceably broken. George Payne, the late Lord Wilton, the late Lord Winchester, Admiral Rous, Charles Greville, all belonged to the same courtly old school, and they had about them something of the ancien-régime flavour which made their society particularly delightful, and may still be found in Lord Granville, Sir Francis Seymour, and a very few others. These gentlemen would seem to have cultivated refinement, kindness, gentleness of nature in preference to more brilliant social qualities; and while they in no wise partook of the rather fire-eating swagger of poor Cardigan, George Wombwell, George Jenkinson, and worthies of that school, on the other hand they were in no wise tainted with the nervous effeminacy of men of a younger generation—say Carmarthen, Weymouth, Scarbrough, and the like. The effect of the old world training of which Falmouth and his friends were the most perfect types may be seen in those the more directly exposed to their influence, their dearest friends and nearest relations. Take Lord Winchester, for example. He is a mere lad of one-and-thirty, but there is in his manner (notwithstanding his taste for sparring) something old-fashioned and quaint which, if I am not greatly mistaken, is the result of the old days in the Albany, where as a lad from Eton he would associate with his father's friends—men like Lane Fox, George Payne, Wilton, Falmouth, and many others.

The difference between our young premier Marquis and another popular young peer of the same age, Lurgan—I am alluding, of course, merely

Digitized by Google

to general manner and bearing—will, to those who know the two, illustrate my meaning: Lurgan representing his generation, while Winchester is strongly influenced by the social traditions of the old days. Lord Falmouth is one of the few men who delights in doing good by stealth, and letting absolutely nobody know of his generosity save the recipients of his bounty. This is, indeed, rare and precious in the present day, when it would seem to have become the fashion to do good only as an advertisement. There is a fashionable and wealthy West End tradesman who owes not only his fortune but almost his very life to Lord Falmouth, who took him from a garret when his parents were dying of small-pox, and had the child cared for and apprenticed to a trade. It was something like the conduct of a well-known man who holds a commission in Her Majesty's Household Brigade, but whom I shall not mention by name, for it would cause him pain to have his goodness published to the world. This worthy gentleman—whose sisters, by the way, are famous for their beauty—has a mysterious way of disappearing from time to time, and it is generally supposed by his charitable and pure-minded friends that he is carrying on some intrigue sub rosâ, and that these strange disappearances are caused by his stealthy visits to his inamorata.

How many times have I heard him chaffed about this! The whole matter is simple enough: this dandy Guardsman, when he flies from the salons of Belgravia and Mayfair, does not proceed to Paphos, but to a much more prosaic

Digitized by Google

and unpleasant place, namely, the East End, and there, under an assumed name, and dressed in shabby clothes, he does his best to alleviate the sufferings and misery of his fellow-creatures; when the special task he has set himself to do has been accomplished he turns up again in the mess and club-rooms, and the chaffing begins again! Not even his beautiful sisters know that their Guardsman brother is an apostle to the poor. It is only during the season that his absences are noticed, but I have a very strong suspicion that during the winter, when he announces his intention to spend a fortnight in Paris, he goes no nearer Paris than Shadwell—at least, they never know anything about him on these occasions at our Embassy in the Faubourg St. Honoré, where he has many friends and where he always calls directly on his arrival in the French capital. The poor outcasts whom he tends and cherishes know nothing of his real rank and name, and as, of course, they never come West, the dandy of St. James's Street runs no risk of being identified with the Whitechapel night-school teacher and nurse.

Diary—November, 1889

The number of members of our aristocracy engaged in trade is much larger than is generally supposed. Of course we all know that many ladies have condescended to utilise their good taste and deft fingers for the sake of lucre by becoming dressmakers, milliners, and the like, but it was not at all to this that they were alluding at the club

Digitized by Google

last night. Many of our gilded youths—"the butterflies of fashion," as lady novelists term them—have put capital into different kinds of trade, and really are shopkeepers, although they have only representatives behind the counter. Thus, four young men well-known in London society—three of them titled and the fourth of far more noble blood, although he bears no title, than the other three—have been keeping for the last eighteen months a shirt maker's and hosier's shop in the West End; while another is successful as a perfumer and seller of cosmetics for ladies.

The hosiers are, I hear, coining money, which may account for one of them being able to meet his very heavy liabilities after the Sussex fortnight—a fact which astonished everyone at the time, his "d——d good-natured friends" whispering, "Cherchez la femme." It now appears that the many banknotes which he so promptly shelled out were the result, not of dishonour, but of honest toil, or, in other words, part of the profits derived by his lordship from the sale of shirts and neckties! These noble youths have got shirt-cutters from one of the leading West End houses, and the sewing is done by contract in the East End for a merely nominal sum—*three shillings a dozen*, I was assured; so that the profit on a guinea shirt is, of course, enormous. The noble perfumer's profits are relatively still greater, for perfumery is, I believe, supposed to be something like a thousand per cent. game. Why does not Mandeville take advantage of the experience of his friend Piesse, of Piesse and Lubin fame, and start selling "Opopo-

Digitized by Google

nax," instead of wasting his time hustling unpaid cabdrivers ? On the whole, if our smart men must make money, and do not care to adopt a profession, it is better for them to sell pomades and neckties than to keep private gambling hells or start as turf accountants or money-lenders' touts.

A very curious chapter in the social history of London might be written on how some men of fashion live. A. Z. makes on an average £5,000 a year by arranging marriages. He is greatly aided by a relative, one of the most intriguing of noble dames, with whom, I suppose, he shares the plunder. People say he has the audacity to advertise for young ladies with large fortunes anxious to form matrimonial alliances with members of the aristocracy; but this I hesitate to believe, although he certainly, under the ægis of his noble relative, presents to Society such curious specimens in the way of richly-dowered heiresses that one wonders where in the world he can possibly have unearthed them. But he does not merely content himself with making marriages between impecunious patrician youths and wealthy but plebeian damsels; he not unfrequently reverses, as it were, his system (at least, so far as the sex is concerned), and unites wealthy young snobs to maiden ladies of high rank who have discovered to their dismay that the fact of their having no dowry renders the continuance of their spinsterhood more than a probability.

American ladies have been a great source of profit to this individual and his partner, and so

Digitized by Google

have American men, for whom he obtains temporary admission as honorary members to some of our clubs, and who are ready to pay handsomely for the favour and honour thus conferred upon them. He and his relative are supposed to have correspondents in most of the leading cities in the States, who inform them of the things desirous of being published in London Society and the price they are willing to pay for this privilege. The matches that this aristocratic marriage-broker makes are for the most part happy enough, but there was one lamentable exception to this general rule. A well-known man married the daughter of a very rich tradesman, the whole matter being conducted by the young patrician in question and his clever relative. The nobleman was hardly a "flyer," and used to limp about Brighton a sad sight. The bride's dowry was made up of shekels amassed in the most extraordinary fashion, not entirely by legitimate trade, but for the greater part by sweating their many rich customers. The girl was rather nice, certainly simple, unaffected, and innocent, and far too good to be sacrificed by being given in marriage to a roué. This marriage has, of course, turned out a deplorable failure; the poor girl has discovered the truth, and it is only the strong influence brought to bear on her by her parents that keeps her from seeking refuge and release in the Divorce Court, where the case must certainly be heard in camerâ. Ten "thou." is reported to have been the sum paid for making the poor child the wife of this miserable object. The same

Digitized by Google

dauntless speculator is credited with having made a large sum of money one year by presenting ambitious and wealthy Yankees (men) to the Prince of Wales, the fact of an American horse taking the Blue Ribbon that year being a very plausible excuse.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER X

QUEENS, DUCHESSES, AND DIPLOMATISTS.

Queen Victoria and "the Duke"—Anne Duchess of Sutherland photographed after death—Caroline Duchess of Cleveland and the German Prince—"The Merry Duchess"—Dowager Marchioness of Downshire: the Combermeres—Dowager Lady de Ros and the historic ball—Gustave Doré—Lady Florence Dixie, John Brown, and a newspaper project—Lord Beresford—The Persian Minister—Marquis de Soveral—Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, Ambassador—Lord Augustus Loftus—Sir Gerard Lowther—Mr. Alfred Beit—Mr. Francis Ignatius Ricarde-Seaver—Sir Morell Mackenzie.

ONE September day I wondered where the presiding genius of Albemarle Street was passing his autumn outing; and I concluded that it could not have been more than a day's post or so from St. Martin's-le-Grand—some place where he could be sure of receiving, without an hour's delay, the proof-sheets of the three volumes which were to give us a closer insight into the life of the Great Queen than had been possible hitherto. "Letters of Queen Victoria"—think of it! Three mighty tomes full of these priceless writings! Most of us know something of the illustrious Lady's style of composition, for "the Duke's" Diary (edited by Canon Sheppard and revised by Queen Mary)

Digitized by Google

contains not a few specimens. The Queen's "style" was forceful, direct, leaving no doubt about the meaning which she intended to convey. She used the form of type known as "italic" very liberally. In some of the letters addressed to "the Duke" there was a profusion of that underlining in which many of her sex revel. If the Sovereign was as vehement in her conversations with her Ministers as in her letters to her cousin, "Prince George," more than one of them must often have been tempted to say, "God help us!" Louis Philippe, whom she had visited at the Château d'Eu, displeased her later; so, in one of her letters to the King of Prussia, poor "Mr. Smith" figured as "no gentleman"! Lord Palmerston did not assist at the apotheosis of the Prince Consort, and many a snub was the result; but snubs did not worry "Pam" overmuch.

Outside the circle of Royalties and the ring of official time-servers the Duke of Cambridge (Prince George) did not strike inferior beings like myself as a particularly attractive man. He was so irritable that what others would have regarded as trivialities aroused his ire. Little mistakes at reviews and inspections sorely perturbed, and often exasperated, him, and it was common knowledge that he considered hostile newspaper criticism tantamount to high treason. Archibald Forbes took a malicious pleasure in girding at him in unsigned, but easily recognisable articles, and there were other military (anonymous) critics of the Duke's capacity. Had a bomb exploded in the courtyard of Gloucester House (now the site of a

Digitized by Google

huge block of "flats") the Duke could not have been more staggered than he was one morning in 1888 by the appearance of an article in a paper whose editor was an old friend.

The Duke wrote in his Diary: "May 11.—Was much put out this morning at seeing a very sensational article in the 'Daily Telegraph' headed 'England in danger—no guns, no men,' and purporting to have been put forward under the auspices of the 'highest military authority.' I requested Harman [the Duke's Military Secretary] to go to try to find Mr. Lawson [subsequently Lord Burnham] and ask him what it meant, as I knew nothing of such a statement or announcement. On my return from my ride I called on Mr. W. H. Smith [Secretary of State for War] to express to him my annoyance. Harman returned saying that the 'highest military authority' was not myself. Went to the House of Lords, where Lord Hardinge put a question to me on this article, to which I replied, repudiating all knowledge of it."[1]

The memoir reveals the Duke as a man overflowing with affection for his kith and kin and his legion of friends. No one could have prepared the Diary for publication more skilfully and tactfully than the reverend editor. We cannot form an accurate opinion of the Duke without reading these two volumes, which abound with what are called "intimate" details of the lives of all "the members of our Royal Family." Queen Mary

[1] George Duke of Cambridge. A Memoir of his Private Life. Edited by Edgar Sheppard, C.V.O., D.D., Sub-Dean of His Majesty's Chapels Royal. Longmans, Green, & Co. 1906.

Digitized by Google

revised the work. An "official" life of King Edward, prepared on the same lines, would be something to be grateful for. And Mr. Sheppard, with his literary aptitude and gifts, could do it right well. He is one of King George's Knights, but ecclesiastical etiquette is against the use of the title, although it is not absolutely prohibited.

Anne Duchess of Sutherland, Countess of Cromartie by special grant, was the friend of the poor as well as of the royal, princely, and noble personages to whom the hospitalities of Stafford House, Trentham, and Dunrobin were extended. Few women have ever so beautified the privileges of class by unostentatious and graceful well-doing. The grace with which she entertained royal personages was only surpassed by the manner in which she personally ministered to the needs of the poor. Of deep religious convictions, she knew what was due to her position. When she was in London her barouche (with its attendant gillie) took her to the Belgravian chapel, which had in the Rev. Marcus Rainsford an incumbent of Evangelical views. In her later years the Duchess became a High Church sympathiser, with an inclination in the direction of Ritualism. She was as true in her friendships as she was courageous in her convictions. The woman who had the courage openly to wear the badge of teetotalism was not one to veer from a preconceived estimate of people she had known. The Duchess had not been dead many hours when the noted photographer Waléry was asked to go to Stafford House with his camera; and thus her friends obtained

Digitized by Google

precious souvenirs of one who passed to her rest (1888) ere her brow had felt the touch of Time's snows.

Caroline Duchess of Cleveland was one of those stately creatures who seemed to attune their lives to the measure of a courtly minuet, and whom one could never see without thinking of brocaded sacques, powdered locks, and decorated language. The Duchess once entertained at dinner a German Prince, whom she treated with all the elaborate courtesy which she considered to be his due. The Serenity was not very well acquainted with our language, and his vocabulary had scarcely been improved by the addition of sundry forcible expressions which he had picked up in a "fast" set without quite comprehending their meaning. During dinner the Duchess said to her guest, "I fear your Highness must find the weather very hot just now." "Duchess," answered the Prince, "it is damned hot!" The Duchess and the other guests had need of all that repose which is supposed to stamp their caste to conceal their shocked feelings, while the Prince, unconscious of having said anything outré, went on with his dinner as composedly as Charlotte, according to Thackeray, "went on cutting bread-and-butter" after her lover's body had been borne past her "on a shutter."

"The Duchess of Montrose's marriage makes London talk." The heading given in 1888 by the Paris "New York Herald" to the festive event at St. Andrew's, Fulham, did not adequately describe the effect produced in London by "Mr. Manton's" wedding. To realise the full effect of

Digitized by Google

the announcement made in the papers we had to carry our memories back to the day on which the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Mr. William Ashmead Bartlett were united at the church in Down Street, where I had seen Lord Rosebery and Miss Hannah Rothschild married in the presence of the author of "Lothair." News of the engagement of the Baroness had got wind months before the happy event came off, and some of the social journals had done their best to ridicule it on account of the disparity in the ages of the contracting parties. The subject had been discussed ad nauseam, and it was said that, acting on a hint from the most august quarter, the engagement had been broken off, but one Saturday morning came the news that the twain had been made one.

The fact that the intended marriage had been the subject of conversation for several months did not lessen the general surprise that an old lady should have successfully dropped the handkerchief at the feet of so young a man as Mr. Bartlett, and the comments in the salons and at the clubs were amusing and caustic. In the previous case of hymeneal eccentricity no hint of what was impending came from the Dowager Duchess, aged seventy-one, or from Mr. Marcus Henry Milner, whose four-and-twenty years sat lightly upon him. The shock was all the greater, therefore, when the news of the wedding was published. It cannot be truly said that people's criticism was more severe upon Caroline Agnes Duchess-Dowager of Montrose than it had been, sans rhyme or reason, upon Angela Georgina Baroness Burdett-

Digitized by Google

Coutts. The fact is that the lady "sport" who had escorted her third husband to the altar was regarded by some as un peu toquée. Nor was it likely that the blushing bridegroom would be more overwhelmed with compliments and congratulations than was Mr. Bartlett when he stood by the side of his septuagenarian bride in the Down Street Church. Not a few people were equally and, as I thought, impudently, "down on" the Baroness and her young spouse and the Duchess and Mr. Milner; but such carping criticism was in both cases ungenerous and unbecoming. It is an article of the British social code that young men with their way to make in the world should disregard age in their selection of a wife. Provided the lady be well provided with this world's goods all else sinks into insignificance. If a man chooses to marry a woman old enough to be his grandmother, who has the right to say him nay?

So in racing circles nothing was talked about but the third marriage of "the Merry Duchess," as they jocosely called her. It had been kept very dark, and was left out of all the lists of sporting fixtures. Her Grace continued to race under her nom de course, "Mr. Manton," and Sir George Arthur[1] continued to act as her commissioner. The bridegroom had attained his majority; and it was probably malice that caused some people to snigger at the difference in the age of the happy pair—only forty-six years. "Bob," as she was jocosely called, could not have been sorry that "Happy Home," "Willie Darling," "Sweet

[1] The devoted friend and biographer of the late Lord Kitchener.

Digitized by Google

Willie," and other horses affectionately named in remembrance of one of the dear departed, were not in training, and consequently out of the public mind. My friend M. O'Connor Morris (" Trivvy "),[1] who was good at epigrams and jeux d'esprit, perpetrated the following :—

Love mocks at years, at rank, at station ;
Love ever makes its own equation.
As fourscore years, plus one, will make
A hundred, let each fifty take !
Love will have years and goods divided,
Or else a match might be one-sided ;
So thought a timid, widow'd waif,
Who shelter found in Milner's safe !

The Dowager Marchioness of Downshire (died 1893) linked us with Wellington's days. She was the eldest daughter of the first Lord Combermere by his first wife. He was one of Wellington's fighting Generals throughout his Peninsula campaigns, and shared promotion and rank with his great leader. But it was in India, and in independent command, that he got his title of Viscount. The Duke had a great opinion of his pluck and staunchness, but did not estimate his generalship highly. In the second Burmese war, when he undertook the siege of Bhurtpore, doubts were expressed in some quarters as to whether he was the right man in the right place, and the Duke was referred to. " Combermere 's a fool," was his characteristic reply, " but he'll take Bhurtpore."

[1] Diminutive of " Triviata," his signature in the " Field." To the late Lord and Lady Waterford and the Irish sporting world generally he was always " Trivvy." He was one of the best classics of his day.

Digitized by Google

And he did. The second Viscount died about a year earlier from an accident in Piccadilly. He was his father's son by his second wife, who was subsequently divorced. He served for about twenty years in the cavalry, was a great authority on horse breeding, and reputed to be one of the best judges in England of horse-flesh. After the death of the first Viscount the name of Combermere was made familiar to the public principally by his third wife, a Miss Gibbings, "a beauty and an heiress," as she used in her old age to describe herself, who brought something like £100,000 into the Cotton family.

Lady Combermere was an original—linguist, musician, painter; a woman who gathered round her all the rising talent of the day, and encouraged every young aspirant to fame. Gustave Doré I remember always spoke gratefully of Lady Combermere's appreciation of his genius, and when he died his bequest to her of his easel and brushes spoke of his remembrance of her never-varying kindness.[1] Clifford Harrison, the reciter, whom I often met at Lady Freake's, owed his rapid success to her helping hand. To her receptions all the best people flocked. Ambassadors and Duchesses chatted with journalists and clever eccentricities, and the hostess kept the ball rolling with her bons-mots. The last Lord Combermere was by no means a rich man, and there is no doubt

[1] Doré was often in London for long spells in the late 'sixties, putting up at an old-fashioned hotel in Piccadilly, which disappeared years ago. It was there that the great French artist received Blanchard Jerrold (son of Douglas, of "Black-Eyed Susan" fame) and other friends.

Digitized by Google

he expected to benefit considerably by his step-mother's will, for she had no near relatives to whom to leave her wealth. But the Dowager had been disappointed in him; he had been extravagant; and when the will was read, and Lord Combermere anxiously waited to hear his name mentioned, he was mortified to find that his only bequest was—the drawing-room furniture of 48, Belgrave Square. "Oh! what a surprise!"

An imposing figure in the West End in the 'eighties was that of the second Viscount Combermere, from whom Generals, Admirals, Cabinet Ministers, and Ambassadors were pleased to get a word and a genial "how-'dye-do, Sir?" His father commanded Wellington's cavalry in the Peninsula campaign, and it was of him that the Duke exclaimed after Waterloo, "We must have Combermere, if he will come." The distinguished cavalry leader succeeded Wellington as Constable of the Tower, and when he was ninety acted as Gold Stick-in-Waiting at King Edward's marriage in March, 1863. The second Viscount, who died in 1891, is remembered as a fine sportsman, brimful of stories (some of them what are called "risky") of his father's career.

The Dowager Lady de Ros, whose death had been prematurely announced, died in 1891, aged ninety-six. As one of the daughters of the Duchess of Richmond, Lady de Ros (everybody knows this) was at the historic ball given by her mother in Brussels on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, where the beauty of Belgium "chased the glowing hours with flying feet" and "a thousand

Digitized by Google

hearts beat happily " in the breasts of " fair women and brave men," till a panting courier rode in with the news that the French were on them. She saw the revellers break up in a panic, and the officers mounting in hot haste, and she must have heard their fair partners, as Byron has it in " Childe Harold," whispering with white lips—" The foe! They come! They come!" Lady de Ros was twenty at the time, and the Duke was one of her partners on that eventful evening. When there was a controversy as to the identical place in Brussels where the ball was given, Lady de Ros published this memorandum in the " Times " (December 10, 1888): " The ball given by my mother, the Duchess of Richmond, June 15, 1815, took place in the Rue de la Blanchisserie, where we lived, in the lower part of the town of Bruxelles. There was no park attached to it, but a moderate-sized garden. The house had belonged to a coachmaker, and the warehouse in which he kept his carriages was converted into a long, narrow room, in which the ball took place. In 1868 I looked in vain for the house and street, and, after many inquiries, was told that the house had been pulled down, and the street no longer existed, or if it did that the name was changed."

One afternoon, in the long (oh, how long!) ago, Mr. Charles Adderley (Lord Norton) brought to me his relative, Lady Florence Dixie, sister of the " Q " that was (the late Marquis of Queensberry), and wife of " Beau " (Sir Beaumont) Dixie, to the rooms I then had in St. James's. A little woman, with a sunny face and sparkling eyes, very

Digitized by Google

proud of being commissioned by a well-known "Daily" to act as its "Special" during the Boer War. She was the first woman to undertake such duties, as, I think, the lady who "scored" in recent years by her despatches to the "Daily Chronicle" from Cettinje and thereabout was the second. Lady Florence, being of a high-spirited and even "dare-devil" nature, was voted unconventional; but she was pur sang, and if she despised the conventions (are there still any left in 1920?) she was of sterling metal, ever devising plans for brightening the lives of the humble. She originated seaside camps for poor children—sufficient of itself to make us cherish her name; and she was the friend of animals and birds. In her later years (she died in 1905 at her Scottish home, Glen Stuart) she suffered terribly from rheumatism, and often (as "Q" told me) was unable to hold a pen for weeks. Some may remember the Windsor hallucination story, and how John Brown was said to have caught a fatal cold by going to inquire after her by Queen Victoria's command. Those who, like myself, knew her ridiculed the tale as a sheer invention.

Lady Florence Dixie told me this story: "A rich gentleman approached me and consulted me as to the floating of a woman's first-rate morning 'daily,' which was to cost only a halfpenny and to become the 'Popular of All Populars.' I told him that the only paper I would undertake to edit would be one aiming at the elevation and enfranchisement of woman, and that with anything else I could have nothing to do. I told

Digitized by Google

him it would cost over £100,000. He said I might have what I liked, and asked me if £150,000 would meet my views. I asked for time to think the matter over, and then submitted an estimate of £135,000, which sum he said at once was at my disposal. To make sure on the one vital point (to me, at all events), I gave him a copy of my novel, 'Gloriana; or, the Revolution of 1900,' which he said he had not read, and I wrote to him that the contents would give him an idea of my views, and the lines on which I proposed to conduct the paper. He read the book. A long correspondence ensued, in which it became clear that, although my views did not scare him, he was clearly of opinion that, to ensure the success of the paper, considerable space would have to be devoted to fashion, fashion's dress, and other rubbish. I told him that if he insisted on this I would not conduct the paper, and he must ask someone else. He replied that he would not do so, as he had set his heart on my being at the head of it. I told him that not all the gold of the Indies would induce me to debase womankind by helping to pander to such degrading tastes as the many at present considered good enough food for her, and dished up for her by so many papers; and, finally, I sent him a short note resigning the position I had accepted. Whether the paper will arise in other hands I know not, but, as far as I am concerned, on those terms certainly not; and the would-be projector is at present, I believe, 'sulking in his tent,' Achilles-fashion."

The sudden death of Lord (Charles) Beresford

Digitized by Google

in September, 1919, while the guest of the Duke of Portland in Scotland, recalled old memories to me. Before Lady Florence Dixie's marriage she was a larky young lady, and on one occasion there were great "larks" at a well-known country house in Warwickshire, where she, "Charley" Beresford, and several other well-known people were staying. In a large lake in the grounds there was "mixed" bathing, and the fun waxed fast and furious when Lady Florence, a splendid swimmer, challenged "Charley" to "catch her (in the lake) if he could." Those who were standing on the bank screamed with laughter at the contest, which resulted in the "male man's" victory. In the 'sixties and 'seventies modish people had the "time of their lives." I have briefly told this story as 'twas told to me by a friend who witnessed the contest, and who, happily, is still among us.

I cannot forgo the pleasure of mentioning two members of the diplomatic circle. When I first knew the Persian Legation it was housed in a great mansion in Cornwall Gardens, South Kensington. Later I used to visit the Minister at Queen's Gate Terrace, and next at 47, Bramham Gardens. On or about the 21st of March, the Persian New Year's Day, his Excellency receives his compatriots and his English friends, among whom I have the honour to be one of the oldest.

I often receive, and accept, invitations to be present at the celebration of their New Year by the Persians living in London. The large rooms of the Legation in Bramham Gardens were

Digitized by Google

thronged, and Mirza Mehdi Khan, Minister Resident since 1909, was, as ever, a delightful host. Our "Happy New Year!" becomes, in mellifluous and ornate Persian, "May your festival be blessed!"—a hope fervently returned by the person addressed. In Persia it is the principal fête of the year. At Teheran (his Excellency told me, between the sweetmeats and the China tea) the festival lasts over twelve days, being brought to a close on the thirteenth day. The Shah gives presents of, inter alia, gold coins, which are preserved as souvenirs. Heads of families distribute gifts, and employees are well remembered. The bazaars are decorated with rich and brilliant-hued stuffs, and the gaiety is general. One whole day is devoted to a picnic, or, rather, to several picnics. A feature of this New Year festival is that everybody purchases new clothes for the occasion. You may have bought a coat only a fortnight previously, but this does not absolve you from the necessity of getting a brand new one, and appearing in it, on New Year's Day.

Many past and present members of the Teheran Cabinet have resided, and been well educated, in Europe; and the majority of those who were elected members of the Mejliss studied at European Universities. Nasr-ul-Mulk, the Prime Minister of some ten years ago, is an Oxford graduate, and had as a contemporary at Balliol Lord Curzon. Nezam-us-Sultaneh, who doubled the rôle of Prime Minister and Minister of Finance, is, or was, a skilled financier; and to this brief list of Persia's

Digitized by Google

knowledgable statesmen many names might be added. The present Minister-Resident here, who succeeded his father, studied at University College, and was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. He is, in particular, "well up" in Constitutional and Roman Law. While he was still Chargé d'Affaires the Shah conferred upon him the coveted distinction of Mushir-ul-Mulk (Counsellor of the Empire). He is probably one of the youngest members of the Diplomatic Body to whom the sole charge of a Legation has been confided. He was born at Teheran in 1877, and came to London as Third Secretary of Legation, then returned to his country to be employed in the Foreign Office, and was sent back to London as Councillor of Legation in 1901. Several times he acted as Chargé d'Affaires. The Persian colony in London is numerically small, but it has considerably increased within the last seventeen years, and its members are to be seen in full force at his Excellency's New Year's Day reception. During the Shah's visit in November, 1919, the Minister was too ill to leave the house. He was, however, visited by his sympathetic Sovereign.

On the roll of Portugal's diplomatists two names at least stand out in bright relief: those of M. de Souza-Rouza and the Marquis de Soveral. The first was the means of strengthening the bonds of friendship with France; the second earned the gratitude of his country by cementing the traditional amity of Portugal and Great Britain. "The Latin races," wrote one whose knowledge of Portugal is unchallengeable not so long before the

Digitized by Google

deplorable event of the First of February, 1908, "when under the influence of their passions, give themselves up to reckless movements of hate or of love, and have no longer a serious system of diplomacy. A small people like the Portuguese, no matter how courageous they may be, could not enter into strife with a powerful nation like England; it is necessary, therefore, to meet that country more than half-way."[1] Perhaps this was the Marquis de Soveral's guiding principle—I will not say. But it is certain that during the long period he has been among us he spared no pains to procure for his country the valuable, and valued, friendship of England. He has the great good fortune to bask in the sunshine of Royal friendship; in King Edward's reign he was on terms of enviable intimacy with their Majesties, and is a favourite in Royal circles to this day. This brought him its inevitable accompaniment, the friendship of the great world, so that he was, and still is, a welcome guest everywhere. It used to be chaffingly said of him that he had danced his way into popularity. His agreeable manner, and his faculty for amusing others while he is enjoying himself, have undoubtedly counted for much. The heaviest affliction which could befall the representative of a country came to the Marquis on the date cited above. How he was sustained in that hour, so full of tragedy and horror, by King Edward and by His Majesty's Ministers and ex-Ministers is well known; while it must always be to him a cherished

[1] This was prophetic, for among our valued Allies we counted Republican Portugal.

Digitized by Google

memory that the country at large hastened to express its detestation of the crime and its deep sympathy with the Royal Family and the people of Portugal, that real Garden of the Hesperides, which gave its name to the "Lusitania."

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, who signalised the closing years of his life by giving us his "Rambling Recollections," and had almost as many honorific letters after his name as Sir Dighton Probyn, was one of the very few Englishmen who could tell racy stories in perfect French, and as an anecdotist he excelled his sparkling relative Lady Dorothy Nevill. There was a time—between 1866 and 1869—when he was one of the sagest and blithest Birds in the "Ivy Bush," which chanced to be in Wellington Street, Strand. There, in a cosy room, the next number of the "Owl" was settled upon. It was "caviare to the general," but the elect raved about it, our "all-London" treasured it, Lord Palmerston voted it great fun, and Napoleon III., De Morny, De Persigny, Fould, Schneider, Fleury, e tutti quanti—well, I would give much to know what they thought about the "despatches" and the audacious communiqués which adorned the pages of that unique "Wednesday Journal of Politics and Society." Our Rambler and Recollectionist was himself, as he told us in 1908, of the party; and you may be sure that what he wrote was of the wittiest, for, like Sir John Falstaff, he was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others.[1]

[1] Further casual references to the "Owl" will be found elsewhere.

Digitized by Google

He was a rambler over many lands and among many peoples: one who recollected things which would have slipped out of the ordinary man's memory. First he entered the "F.O.," where he acquired the rudiments of the fine art of diplomacy, wherein he was later to excel. Clubs were few in those days, and our Rambler and the young "bloods," or "sparks," as I suppose they were called, of his coterie foregathered for dinner at the "Wellington" (which was in St. James's Street) or the "Blue Posts," or perchance at Verrey's, where they will still give you as fine a bouillabaisse as you can get outside of Marseilles. He entered full soon upon the carrière. He fared forth to the Ionian Islands; later to the "Winter City" of which Ouida gave us many pleasant pictures. Then he became acquainted with Sultan and Shah and Khedive. We heard of him in Parliament after a "disastrous failure" or two to gain a seat on the green benches of what, in his days, was accounted the finest club in the world, but in 1919 is so no longer. The time came when we heard a great deal about him at Madrid, where he was Ambassador. There they made much of him, and with reason. After 1900 he saw more of Pall Mall than of the Prado and the Puerta del Sol. He grew alarmingly stout, and those who, like myself, saw him alight feebly from the four-wheeler which took him daily to and from the Carlton Club were right in their prediction that the end was not far off. In a letter to me, written not so very long before his death, he said: "If

Digitized by Google

you want to know anything more about the 'Owl' send me a line."

Only the mordant satire of a Murray or a Greville could have adequately "hit off" the absolutely unique phenomenon of the appearance in the London Bankruptcy Court of an ex-British Ambassador. To that pass Lord Augustus Loftus came after exactly half a century's employment in our diplomatic service! "Hard lines" these, and none the less hard because Lord Augustus William Frederick Spencer Loftus had always been what Society calls a "poor man." How he came to be pitchforked into the expensive St. Petersburg Embassy always was, and probably will ever remain, a mystery; it may have been (Murray, a Duke's son, would have sworn it was) solely that he might furnish yet another illustration of the accuracy of the square-man-and-round-hole theory. The "Jingo" poseurs of the clubs and the terribly smart (and perhaps not altogether disinterested) scions of the bureaucracy in Downing Street affected to laugh Lord Augustus's diplomatic pretensions to scorn, and when he was sent to Russia exulted over the "dead certainty" that the Tsar's Ministers would put our unsophisticated, amiable representative "in their pockets." And all this, forsooth, because the poor gentleman was not a quarrelsome, hectoring, bellicose bully, but a Minister who, according to his lights, always acted in the interests of peace, instead of keeping the wires throbbing with cypher despatches conveying to our Foreign Office the alarming tidings that the Tsar's troïka

Digitized by Google

had dashed past him near the Riding School without stopping, and that the "Easter eggs" sent by the Emperor to her Britannic Majesty's representative were of such a trumpery character as to provoke the merriment of even the Embassy servants.

What made against Lord Augustus Loftus remaining at our Embassy in the beautiful town on the Neva was the expensiveness of the place as a residence, except to those blessed with a profusion of this world's goods. It was, not to mince matters, the res angusta domi which drove Lord Augustus from St. Petersburg. Having scarcely any private fortune, he found himself unable to make both ends meet. An ambassador who cannot afford to be "in the swim" socially is in much the same position as the small tradesman whom the great "stores" have swallowed up—he must put up the shutters and open a new shop elsewhere. From the financial point of view it was exceedingly unfortunate for Lord Augustus that the marriage of the only daughter of the late Tsar's grandfather and the second son of our Queen should have taken place during his term of office. That event was naturally made the occasion of innumerable fêtes and parties, and of course the British Ambassador was among the first to be caught in the whirlpool of gaiety. It is within my knowledge that his Excellency kept the violins going merrily. It was not exactly "open house" at our Embassy (for, after all, the residence of one who is "Amb. and Min. Plen." is a semi-sacred place), but it was next door to it. One found invitations "as plenty as blackberries." "L'Ambassadeur d'Angleterre et

Digitized by Google

Lady Augustus Loftus prient M. —— de leur faire l'honneur de passer le soirée chez eux Mardi, à dix heures." "L'Ambassadeur d'Angleterre prie M. —— de lui faire l'honneur de dîner chez lui Mercredi à sept heures." "Le Ministre des Etats-Unis d'Amérique et Mdme. Jewell prient M. —— de leur faire l'honneur de venir passer la soirée chez eux le lundi à neuf heures." Every day brought with it a card for some festivity or other, and everybody agreed that "the Loftuses did the thing well." No one family could have slaved more than "the Loftuses" to maintain the reputation of England for hospitality. The merest acquaintances were made as welcome, and felt themselves as much at home, as old personal friends; nor was it a slight advantage to those Englishmen present for perhaps the first time in the Russian capital to be afforded in this agreeable way an opportunity of conversing with eminent natives, and so get, at first hand, information on a great variety of matters concerning which we had all been much at sea. Thus much, at least, is due to the gentleman who for several years represented us at the Imperial Court; while none who ever crossed the threshold of the Embassy at the time I speak of are likely to forget the grace and abounding courtesy of the charming daughter of the house, whose marriage was destined to turn out so unhappily for her. It was necessary to find a "new shop" for Lord Augustus, and one was at length found, but not nearer than Australia. He became Governor of New South Wales in succession to Lord Carrington. One of the numer-

Digitized by Google

ous "gentlemen of the Press" entertained at our Embassy at Petersburg in 1874 was a not very well known reporter of the "Times," who some years later developed into Sir F. Napier Broome, K.C.M.G., Governor of West Australia. He was afforded exceptional facilities for chronicling the Duke of Edinburgh's wedding, and so succeeded in telegraphing to Printing House Square a six or seven column report, which was read in London before some of the Tsar's guests had gone to bed.

It takes a great deal to surprise those who pass the best years of their lives in the Diplomatic coulisses; but I imagine that at all the chancelleries there was not a little astonishment when the staffs read in their papers that Sir Gerard Lowther, for some time H.B.M. Ambassador to the Sultan of Turkey, had left estate of the value of £210,837, and that the net personalty was £99,971. I have cited the case of Lord Augustus Loftus; and I cannot forget that not so long ago another of our diplomatic representatives abroad publicly explained that he had been financially "cornered" because he could not pay his way out of his meagre salary and allowances for "ex's." What will go down in the history books as the "leading case" in these delicate matters happened in 1919, when for months our Government sought in vain to find a competent man willing to discharge the onerous duties of British Ambassador to the United States of America, vacant by the unexpected resignation of the late Sir Spring Rice. No one would "take it on." Why? Simply because none

Digitized by Google

of those to whom the appointment was humbly offered thought it "good enough" in regard to "screw" (Anglicè, salary)! Finally Lord (better known as Sir Edward) Grey accepted our Government's pressing request and went to Washington as the Temporary Diplomatic Representative of Great Britain, returning in January, 1920.

A black week![1] One day we missed the possessor of the millions; another day the man who worked for years alongside Rhodes and Beit had vanished, and the next day a beautiful woman[2] passed away at Carlton House Terrace, she who had "queened" it in India.

> Let the bell toll, another soul
> Floats on the Stygian River!

The breath was scarcely out of the body of Alfred Beit ere at the club and in the City men asked each other, "What has he left?" It was his money which interested them, as it had long made the man himself an object of curiosity. And they said it was worrying over his huge interests in gold mines and diamond fields which caused his breakdown in health and brought on the attack of apoplexy two years before the end came quietly and peacefully. The South African "magnate" left £25,000,000 or £30,000,000—it matters not which. What is good to know is that he was a liberal and charitable man—unobtrusive, genial, kindly, loathing display, living a quiet life, but

[1] July, 1906.
[2] Lady Curzon of Kedleston.

Digitized by Google

always harassed by the cares and anxieties besetting the makers of great fortunes. I saw that one publicist let loose a torrent of vituperation upon the dead millionaire a few hours after his death.

It saddened me, and I am sure many others in divers parts of the world, to read that Ricarde-Seaver had died the day before his old friend and associate, Alfred Beit. Only the "Financial News" noted it, yet Francis Ignatius Ricarde-Seaver was a notable man, a picturesque figure, whom many of us had seen any time for two score years in the City, in Bond Street, and in Pall Mall. He was of the Athenæum, as befitted one of his high scientific and literary attainments; but you found him at many a less serious institution in clubland, and often at the Savoy and Carlton, and at the "Palace." He was a citizen of the world, in many respects like Beit and Rhodes and others of the great mining and "company" fraternity. The gold mines, and the silver mines, and the diamond fields delivered up their secrets to him; with his indomitable energy and knowledge he tore them out of the bowels of the earth, nor could the yielding soil say him nay. Ricarde-Seaver, in his cosy chambers in Grafton Street (next door to what for years were Henry Irving's "rooms"), at a Savoy supper-table after a première, at a board meeting in St. Swithin's Lane or in London Wall, on a yacht in the Cowes "week," at Sandown on a "big" day, in the Park in the before-business hour, was ever the same cheery soul, now telling you a good story—a *very* good one—anon discoursing

Digitized by Google

on those mines and minerals of which he had such profound knowledge.

If he discussed mines, or scientific matters generally, you felt much as, I suppose, clay feels in the fists of the potter, or as "grey cloth" may be imagined to feel when it is going through the dyer's hands. Your mean intelligence seemed to shrink into your boots as from his mouth there poured forth torrents, cataracts of learning. In the realm of mining, metallurgy, and general science, I should say Ricarde-Seaver had not his equal.

Shortly after the death of Sir Oscar Clayton (an intimate of the Prince of Wales), Sir Morell Mackenzie passed away early in 1892, syncope following an attack of influenza. Mackenzie's surgical skill with the laryngoscope brought him fame, and his treatment of the German Emperor Frederick, undoubtedly prolonged the monarch's life, although powerless to avert a fatal issue. It was in recognition of this signal service to her son-in-law that the Queen conferred upon Dr. Mackenzie a knighthood in 1887. His death was deplored by the Empress Frederick, who wrote of him as her "dear friend." A peculiar man in many ways—reticent, yet frank; combative when crossed, yet by nature as tender as a dove. Like many—in fact, nearly all—great men, his character was a dual one. The professional Sir Morell was an entirely different man from the Sir Morell of private life. I knew him in both capacities. What an excellent fellow he was, and how truly he sympathised with his friends in misfortune only those know who were admitted into communion with

Digitized by Google

him. Though sustained by a high sense of duty, and even of mission, he was not a hopeful man in respect to his length of days. A vigorous thinker, full of energy, and with a dominating will, at times mysterious promptings came to him, suggesting that he would not arrive at old age.

After the event we can always philosophise. Yet, when we consider the fierce conflicts in which he engaged, the wearying days of anxiety through which he passed at the bedside of the Emperor Frederick, and how he, a stranger in a foreign land, breasted practically alone a torrent of abuse and antagonism; how, too, on his return from Germany many envious professional rivals turned upon him, we can realise that at times days were to him as years. Morell Mackenzie was thin, dark, and tall, with deeply set eyes, high cheek-bones, and somewhat sunken cheeks. He impressed me as a man of power and with a purpose. Had he not had both, he could not have fought Bismarck, backed by a rabble of Generals and Ministers, who were prepared to go any lengths to defeat him as the chief medical adviser to the dying Emperor Frederick, father, alas! of William the Bloody. Mackenzie, by his strategy and dexterity, made the wife of Frederick an Empress. She could hold her own as few of her sex could; but had not Mackenzie stood by her in her hour of need her husband would never have come to the throne, nor would she have been endowed with £40,000 a year for the use of herself and family, instead of a beggarly £4,000 per annum, a sum to which alone she would have been entitled had not her consort,

Digitized by Google

whom I will still call "Frederick the Noble," inherited the crown. Professor Leinhaas, the devoted friend of the Empress Frederick, did Mackenzie full justice in an article (translated from "Nord und Sud") published in the "Nineteenth Century" (June, 1913).

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XI

AN EX-KING AND HIS NEPHEWS, AND DIVERS CELEBRITIES

"I know thee no longer": The Duc de Montpensier to his uncle, ex-King of Bulgaria—Lord Beauchamp—Mr. Appleyard, of the Carlton—Lord Barrington—Ameer Ali, of the Reform—Mrs. Aylmer Gowing—Sir Edwin Arnold—Lady Molesworth (Lady "Moley") and the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.)—Countess Catherine Feodorovna Tiesenhausen and the "Edinburghs"—Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury ("Lady A."): the Countess of Cardigan's "infamous scandal" refuted—Joseph Chamberlain—Sir William Hardman—Sir Robert Peel—Lord Albemarle—Some Notabilities—Lawson Walton—Sir E. Marshall Hall—Mrs. Longworth—Paolo Tosti—Gounod—Francis Deffel—Sir F. C. de Trafford—W. S. Simpson—Lord Rayleigh—Percy Fitzgerald—C. E. Howard Vincent—Mr. William Gillett—St. George's Hospital—"The lovely marchesa of Manchester Square"—Prince Puckler Muscau's "London Clubs"—Colonel Paget Moseley—Mr. Poltikow of Petrograd—Mr. Walter Winans—Mr. Seymour Corkran—"Monty"—Lord Rosebery v. Vernon Harcourt—Georgina Countess of Dudley.

WHEN, in the autumn of 1915, the now ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria plunged recklessly into the War as the Ally of Germany and Austria, his two nephews, the Duc d'Orléans and his younger brother the Duc de Montpensier, addressed "scorching" letters to him. The Duc d'Orléans' epistle first appeared in the Paris paper, "L'Action Française," the French Prince-Pretender's own official

Digitized by Google

journal, edited, in deed and in fact, by himself. Nothing has ever appeared in it unless previously "passed" by him. His brother, the Duc de Montpensier, had the permission of his elder, Philippe, whom his adherents, in writing as well as in spelling, address as "the King" and "his Majesty" (just as the late Don Carlos's supporters used to style him the "Duke of Madrid"), to send his withering effusion to any paper or papers he might select; so it was published in the Royalist "Gaulois," the "Figaro," which is equally Orleanist and Bonapartist, and the "Temps," which is neither, but simply Republican, taking as its motto "La Patrie." This passage from the Duc de Montpensier's letter to Ferdinand the First was not printed in London, where it was written, and I append my translation of it :—

Thy revered [sainte] mother, my aunt Clémentine, daughter of a King of France, and so faithfully French; thy uncles, those noble and pure soldiers, Orléans, Aumale, Nemours, Chartres; could they hear what is passing on earth, would rise from their graves and curse thee to thy face. And I, who used to write to thee so often, especially on the fête day, which is also mine, offering thee my affectionate and tender congratulations—I know thee no longer.—FERDINAND D'ORLÉANS, DUC DE MONTPENSIER.

The Duc de Montpensier is one of the handsomest of young men, Spanish rather than French-looking, and not unnaturally, for his mother (who died in 1919) was the beautiful Comtesse de Paris, who saw her husband pass away, after terrible suffering, at Stowe, once the palatial home of the Dukes of Buckingham. This younger son of hers

Digitized by Google

is an officer in the Spanish navy, and with his brother Philippe and their sister, the ex-Queen of Portugal (an apparently permanent resident of Richmond), came in for a large share of the Countess's wealth, said to amount "in the round" to £6,000,000, bequeathed to her by her father, that Duc de Montpensier who looms so largely in Spanish history as a candidate for the Kingship after the enforced abdication of Queen Isabella, grandmother of the present King.

Lord Beauchamp's sudden death (1891) caused widespread regret, for, under the semblance of a hauteur which was more apparent than real, he concealed a most benevolent heart. Some fifty years ago he was regarded as a Ritualist of Ritualists, and the services at Madresfield Church were denounced by the "Rock" and the "Record" with "bell, book, and candle," as constituting acts of treachery to the Church of England as by law established. Mr. Skinner was the vicar in those days, and of course the principal part of the abuse fell upon his shoulders. Lord Beauchamp, however, was regarded as almost an equal offender because, had he set his face against the "Catholic revival," Father Skinner would have been unable to maintain his ground. In all my travellings Lord Beauchamp was the best-looking man I had met, a quick-tempered man withal. A local writer, one Morris, who pottered about Madresfield in the garb of a buccaneer to nose out private matters, kept out of the peer's way after getting a severe jacketing for a more than usual barefaced intrusion, which had brought him within an ace

Digitized by Google

of a "hiding." Before succeeding to the earldom he was the Hon. "Freddy" Lygon, the foremost of our good-looking men; the fairest of our women doted on him, and the world seemed at his feet.

I shall not err in describing Mr. Appleyard, of the Carlton, as a typical clubman after Thackeray's heart, a cheery companion, and "the best of all good company" morning, afternoon, and night. What "the Prince" did yesterday, and what he was going to do to-morrow, and next week, and next month—my cheery friend knew it all and would impart it to the chosen few. He was Major Pendennis without the somewhat priggish "swagger" of that estimable old gentleman, and with the best points of a Pall-mall lounger. An inveterate flâneur, like Montague Guest, he was acquainted with every move on the board, political and social; there was no disputed point of etiquette which he could not solve off-hand; if there was a mistake in any newspaper matter of heraldry, genealogy, or question of precedence, "old Appleyard" would be the first to discover it. His intuitive knowledge of all men and all things made him a most entertaining companion; and a stroll with him from the Carlton to "the Corner" would enlighten you on all the current scandals and intrigues of the day. It was an admirable trait in the character of this thorough man of the world that he rarely, if ever, spoke a bad word of anybody. Lightly he carried the weight of his seventy-five years; nothing ever seemed to ruffle his temper—he was always gay and jocose; but

Digitized by Google

most of us have our skeleton in the cupboard, about which we prefer to say as little as possible, and he for whom we grieved in 1886 was no exception to the general rule.

Three months later (1886) one of the Prince of Wales's cronies died suddenly—Lord Barrington. "Dizzy," in order to give his devoted friend with the black patch over one eye something to do, made him Vice-Chamberlain of the Queen's Household when the Tories came in twelve years previously. Lord Barrington did not exactly jump at this offer, as it entailed the not always agreeable duty of glueing himself to his seat in the House of Commons until Captain Gossett (you remember Furniss's sketch?) shouted, "Who goes home?"—a formula which amuses those "strangers" who hear it. Lord Barrington was, in fact, the official reporter, whose duty it was to "wire" to the Queen a précis of the business done in the House from the time it met until it rose. Of course this seriously interfered with his social duties; for, while no politician in the ordinary sense of the word, he was a great diner-out, a favourite at his clubs, an habitué of the opera, a familiar "first nighter" at the playhouse—seen everywhere. Although he seldom rode, the Park was a sure find for him in the season. More liked than ninety-nine out of every hundred so-called "popular" men, he had troops of friends and not an enemy.

Almost daily may be met in Pall Mall Ameer Ali, one of the notables of the great club which John Bright's strong individuality dominated for years.

Digitized by Google

This particular "Reform"-er is, in deed and in fact, a right learned pundit, with "views" on the not infrequent unrest in India. In 1905, when the world was not giving thought to these things, he warned the Government that trouble was brewing among the Hindoos owing to the propaganda of the party influenced by Sir William Wedderburn (the one-time Chief Secretary to the Government of Bombay) and others. Later he foresaw yet more trouble ahead; for the Hindoos are a potent force, numbering adherents among the Maharajahs and leading Princes. He does not believe, however, that the Mohammedans are likely to join them; or that there will ever be a repetition of the ghastly 1857 events. Ameer Ali, late Judge of the High Court of Calcutta, has added to our store of knowledge by his luminous writings.

Among hostesses not by any means in the "first flight," yet deserving of passing mention, was Mrs. Aylmer Gowing, who had a large circle of admiring and even distinguished friends, since among them was Sir Edwin Arnold. Both Mrs. and Mr. Gowing had been on the stage as Emilia Blake and Walter Gordon, and this doubtless accounted for the number of theatrical and musical people—Mrs. and the late Mr. Kendal among them—who foregathered in the rooms and on the lawn of the house in Victoria Road, South Kensington. Arnold had hoped to succeed Tennyson as Laureate, and would probably have had his heart's desire had not Alfred Austin been a personal friend of Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister of 1895. I knew Sir Edwin fairly well, and, like every-

Digitized by Google

body else, fell under his spell when he was editor of the "Telegraph," and after. A man who could write such a poem as "The Light of Asia" was worthy of the Laureateship; but, as always happens, the kissing went by favour.

One of the first of the "great" ladies whom I saw in the Park in my first season was Lady Molesworth, affectionately known as Lady "Moley," who retained her social supremacy until her death in 1888. She was not only an agreeable, clever, sympathetic, and generous-hearted woman of the world, full of tact and savoir faire, but cosmopolitan, devoid of all Chauvinism and insular prejudice, and her proficiency in foreign languages and her knowledge of foreign literature were envied by all. She and the widowed Duchesse de Mouchy (born Princess Anna Murat, still in 1919 as devoted to the Empress Eugénie as she has been for more than half-a-century) were close friends, and to her house the more distinguished of the people who came over to London in 1870, driven hither by the Huns of the period, flocked to get the latest war news from France, brought across the Channel by balloon or pigeon-post. The Prince of Wales was often there to greet and solace the refugees. He had no greater admirer than Lady "Moley," during whose illness the Prince never let a day pass without calling to inquire how she was progressing. One cause of her popularity, and that not the least, was that she was credited with possessing that treasure of treasures, a cook second to none. Lady Molesworth, who died in 1888, was the daughter of Mr.

Digitized by Google

Bruce Carstairs; her first husband, whom she married in 1841, was Mr. Temple West, a Worcestershire man, and from that period dated her social success. Her second husband was the Right Hon. Sir William Molesworth.

Another remarkable woman—the Russian Comtesse Catherine Feodorovna Tiesenhausen—died about the same time as Lady "Moley." She was nearly eighty-five, and had known the Imperial Court since 1813, when she was appointed a lady of honour. She could have written a livelier book than Comte Vasili, Lady Cardigan, Princess Caroline Murat, and that charming Saxon Princess combined. The Empress, mother of the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Duchess of Edinburgh), detested her; her consort, the Emperor Alexander II., and their daughter Marie were very fond of her. In St. Petersburg it was said that "the Tiesenhausen" thought our Duke of Edinburgh not "good enough" for the Grand Duchess Marie! The Countess was the granddaughter of the celebrated Prince Kutuzoff, and the Duc de Morny described her as "un gamin de Paris dans la peau d'une comtesse Moscovite." King Edward and Queen Alexandra remembered seeing her at the "Edinburgh" wedding in 1874.

Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury ("Lady A."), who died in 1893, had at seventy-four the figure of a young woman, and to the last retained a surprising youthfulness. She was persona grata at Marlborough House, and greatly liked by the then Heir-Apparent for her witty and sarcastic conversation. With "the Princess" she was also

Digitized by Google

a prime favourite. She said what she meant with uncompromising directness, and many people stood in awe of her in consequence. When Lord Ailesbury's marriage with Miss Dolly Tester was made known to his elderly relative her language was no less forcible than picturesque. To see "Maria" going to Court in her high antique yellow chariot, with two gorgeous footmen behind, and a bewigged fat coachman in front, was a joy. She was at almost every social function, big party, or modish gathering. Her little bunches of curls worn on either side of the face were carefully preserved. They represented the epoch when "Lady A." was a beauty and the nineteenth century was young. She was born six years before Waterloo. She was a favourite everywhere, from Royalty downwards, for she had a kindly heart and a freedom from rancour in her judgment of men and things which was a pleasant characteristic of this wonderful woman. One of her well-known little tricks, when visiting country houses, where she was regarded as a great "draw," was to collect as many newspapers as she could lay her hands upon, and, after reading them, put them one by one in her chair and sit upon them. When, after an hour or two, sometimes longer, she rose from her throne there was a scramble for one or other of the confiscated prints. I have heard her admirers boldly assert that she was more original than Irving and Sims Reeves, and that merely to see her was to get rid of the "blue devils." I think that this was not putting it too high, for as there is only one Lady Cardigan

Digitized by Google

so there is only one "Lady A." in half a century. Had the latter lived twenty years later we should probably have had *her* reminiscences long ago; but this "intimate" class of literature had not a great vogue between, let us say, 1883 and 1893.

Upon the appearance of the late Lady Cardigan's book two ladies—one a niece, the other a cousin, of "Maria Marchioness"—wrote (October, 1910):—

Most of the contemporaries of Maria Lady Ailesbury in her own family having passed away, a letter from one of them, Mr. W. A. Tollemache, late 2nd Life Guards, appeared on October 12, when he very justly refuted with indignation the "infamous scandal" regarding her in a book recently published. Being ourselves respectively niece and cousin of Maria Lady Ailesbury, we know from our parents and other relations, with whom she was in close intimacy, and from our own personal knowledge and acquaintance with her, the chief circumstances of her life from childhood, and feel that our duty to her honoured memory compels us to join with our relative, Mr. W. A. Tollemache, in denying, with the utmost indignation and in the most emphatic and irrefutable manner, the slanderous statements referred to.—MATILDA HARE, née Tollemache.
ADA SUDELEY, née Tollemache.
Court Grange, Newton Abbot.

Simultaneously "A Lover of Truth" wrote:—

Among the glaring inaccuracies of Lady Cardigan's book there is one to the effect that the then King (Edward VII.), being asked to give the Order of the Thistle to the tenth Earl of Westmorland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he refused, saying Lord Westmorland might eat it. This bon mot was a well-known story, against the then Lord Airlie, of Lord Palmerston's when in office. There was hence no question of Lord Westmorland having the Thistle, as he was not a Scotsman.

Digitized by Google

The wonder was that the enormous success of Lady Cardigan's collection of tit-bits did not inspire other grandes dames to produce volumes containing similar stimulating stories, real or imaginary, of what some of our French friends still describe as "le hig life." Those professing to know told me that nearly 20,000 copies of the Cardigan book were sold in a few weeks.

On my way to Warwickshire (1881) for the regulation three days' visit I was joined in the train by an old friend, H.P. Cobb, who made a name for himself in Parliament. He was a Gladstonian to the backbone, and I was inclined to credit his prediction: "The next Liberal Prime Minister will be Chamberlain." Cobb's forecast would doubtless have been verified had not the elect of Birmingham for more than thirty years left his party in 1886 rather than take a hand in forcing Home Rule upon us. He kept his seventieth birthday—then broke down in health, then (1914) died. Of medium height, spare form, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh, face innocent of moustache, Mr. Chamberlain gave the impression of a man made of the same metal as the screws which he manufactured ere he threw off the thraldom of business. But for his eyeglass you might not have given a second look at him as, with boyish light-heartedness, he passed you in Pall Mall or Piccadilly, racing along at four miles an hour, his trousers turned up if the streets were at all muddy, his umbrella carried at the trail, like a rifle. But for that circular bit of glass screwed into his right eye you might have taken him for a prosperous

Digitized by Google

City man hurrying to business. He shared the late Duke of Norfolk's aversion to gloves, neither wearing, nor, to their speedy ruin, carrying them in his hand; but he did not imitate his friend the phlegmatic Marquis of the old days by strolling to and from the "House" with one hand in his trousers pocket.

Such exteriorly was Joseph Chamberlain—once the idol of the Radicals; then, like Gladstone in his early manhood, the "rising hope of the unbending Tories," and then (his final stage) the undisputed champion of Fiscal Reform. "Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis." I knew the Chamberlains' country house at Highbury, one of Birmingham's most delightful suburbs. The environs of the great manufacturing centre abound with charming residences which the aristocrats of commerce have erected for themselves out of the big fortunes made for them by the sons of toil. That which "J. C." was, he looked, a most abstemious man. For wine he cared not, even though it were poured from the Sabine jar by Thaliarchus. But while supremely indifferent to the pleasures of the table, he vied with his old friend and former ally, Dilke, in the consumption of cigars. Randolph Churchill impaired his constitution by cigarette smoking—"J. C." apparently throve on cigars. He was the enfant gâté of a large section of the nobility and of those wealthy commoners who do not begrudge donating some of their superfluous wealth on the eve of a General Election, provided they can keep those "dam Rads" out of Parliament. In the Salisburian, and later the Balfourian,

Digitized by Google

Cabinets he might have secured any position which took his fancy. He surprised the world by accepting the portfolio of Colonial Minister (1895). But he knew what he was doing, for almost at a bound he became the de facto ruler of our over-sea dominions. When he seceded from the Gladstonian ranks, as a protest against Home Rule, he took with him to the Conservative battalions many eminent Liberals. His great feat was the conversion from Liberalism to Unionism of all-powerful John Jaffray, proprietor of the "Birmingham Daily Post" and other journals. Lord Salisbury gave Jaffray a baronetcy. Mr. Chamberlain had been thrice married. His third wife, who remarried in 1916, is an American of much beauty and sparkle. Perhaps not a few fair daughters of Albion envied Miss Endicott. "J. C." must have enjoyed the volume which was written "round him" by Mr. Alexander Mackintosh. One page contains a catalogue of the principles which the "friend of the Duchesses" is said to have repudiated in thirteen years! This style of writing was quite after the heart of the regretted "indiscretionist" himself.

Scores of advocates—successful and unsuccessful—and not a few noted actors felt, when they read of Sir William Hardman's death (1890) at the early age of sixty-two, that they had lost a valued friend—one who, immeasurably superior as were his attainments to those possessed by the majority of the intellectual class, was never known to have attempted to ride rough-shod over others, nor to have essayed to dwarf their skill in law or jour-

Digitized by Google

nalism. The burly, jovial man who for eighteen years was as familiar a figure in the Strand as he had been "over the water" for a still longer period was the personification of good humour and of a geniality that was contagious; and he combined bodily and mental vigour to an extent which was nothing short of amazing even to those who are accustomed to work hard and to play hard. His duties as editor of a great daily paper may not have been of an overpoweringly exhausting nature. Still, they were fatiguing, onerous, and irksome, lasting, as they did, continuously from between ten and eleven at night until early in the morning. But, notwithstanding the engrossing nature of his journalistic avocation, he would be seen at Newington when "Sessions" were on, rosy and fresh as the proverbial daisy. Active practitioners, who, maybe, had been burning the midnight oil, or, perchance, in imitation of the great Russell, poring over their briefs as Aurora was gilding the roofs of palace and prison—these devoted limbs of the law may have come into court haggard and careworn, but the Chairman of the Surrey Sessions, never! Neither toil nor advancing years seemed to tell upon him to any appreciable extent; and what is more, few even of his most intimate friends ever heard him complain of any of those minor ills which occasionally visit the most robust of us. It was only shortly before his death that he began to show any indications of illness; and even then nobody imagined that so vigorous a constitution as he possessed was on the eve of breaking down.

Digitized by Google

Many of his older friends were somewhat surprised at finding, so far back as 1872, the then Mr. Hardman gravitating towards a new profession, and that profession journalism. It happened in this wise. The "Morning Post," in or about 1872, was in want of an editor to replace Mr. Toogood, and, people said that someone intimately connected with the great publishing house in Albemarle Street was Mr. Hardman's literary sponsor on that occasion. Anyway, the position was offered to and accepted by him, and the fashionable daily secured an aide-de-camp of whom it had reason to be proud.

Sir William Hardman was presumably knighted on account of the considerable services which he rendered to the country as an unsalaried Chairman of the old Surrey Sessions. Some of his sentences frequently provoked hostile criticism owing to their alleged harshness, and in prisoners' punning slang he was indeed a "hardman." But he was conscientious to a degree, and the kindest-hearted of men. He was an upright judge and a just, and he would never have closed his eyes at night had he imagined one of his sentences to have erred in severity. The fact that he was Chairman of the Surrey Sessions by no means prevented him from continuing to practise had he chosen to do so; but, as a matter of fact, all he did in the capacity of a member of the Bar (it was only in his latest years that he "took silk") was to appear a few times at the Parliamentary Bar. His was a composite character. A devout and conscientious High Churchman, regularly attending All Saints',

Digitized by Google

Lambeth (Dr. Lee's), he was an enthusiastic playgoer, never missing a first or any great night at the Lyceum, and being one of Irving's staunchest allies as far back as "the Colonel's"[1] reign. He had considerable artistic taste, and no little ability with the brush and pencil; and his "notes" taken in court (which he often showed me) were models of preciseness, accuracy, and legibility, written, as they were, in the neatest of hands, an almost feminine caligraphy.

Sir Robert Peel (father of the present baronet) seemed to have been born for the sole purpose of adding to the attractions of the West End; yet he had any amount of ability, and could make a good, blustering, rollicking speech in the House or at an election meeting. I thought he somewhat resembled Lord Alfred Paget in figure and manner, and the same genial temperament characterised both. The wearing of the hat denotes the man. Sir Robert's very wide-brimmed "topper" was worn at such an extreme angle that it looked on the point of falling off. His frock coat was a paragon of cut, and his trousers were as spacious as Lord Alfred's. At Brighton you saw him lounging along the "front" in a "reefer" jacket and a "bowler" or a "straw," smoking a large cigar; and it was à propos of his candidature as a Liberal (he had been a Conservative) at that place and of a meeting which he addressed in Ginnett's circus that these rather

[1] Mr. H. L. Bateman, who re-introduced Irving to a new public, and was instrumental in securing for the great actor that world-popularity which he deserved.

Digitized by Google

"scorching" verses were published in the "Sporting Times":—

(Air—"Do you ken John Peel?")

Do you ken Bob Peel, with his circus hat,
Half Brighton coachman—half acrobat?
Do you ken Bob Peel now he's a rat,
And changed the good old colour he was born in?

CHORUS:

For his voice is loud, and he's all gas and brag,
And he'll talk by the hour, like any windbag;
But as to his politics they're not worth a rag,
For he'll chuck them for a seat any morning.

Yes! I ken Bob Peel with his hungry pack,
There's ranter and rough and revel at his back;
But there's not a good bred 'un, a flyer or a crack
By his side at the covert in the morning.

Poor Bob Peel, he's looking for his screw.
The Tories wouldn't give it, between me and you,
And that's why he jumps at the G.O.M.'s cue.
It may land him in an Embassy some morning.

So here's to Bob Peel, be he Tory or Rad;
Let's drink to his health, though he's gone to the bad;
But the Speaker, I expect, would look like mad
If he walked to the table to be sworn in!

To speak of Lord Albemarle as being as "handsome as Apollo," as one of his admirers did a while ago, in recounting the exploits (or should it be the "exploitations"?) of the gentleman who will go down in history as "The Amazing Financier"[1]

[1] Mr. E. T. Hooley, who, in 1919, was said to be buying land in Cambridgeshire and elsewhere with a view to reselling it at an enhanced price.

Digitized by Google

may, perhaps, savour somewhat of forcing the note; but he is undeniably as proper-looking a gentleman as you will find in a day's march up and down the West End, and he is endowed with so many excellent qualities that it is not at all surprising to know that he has been long held in high favour at Court. You used to see him, in his "yachting," during "the Week" (four "Weeks" are for ever lost to us) at the "Castle" (the home of members of the Royal Yacht Squadron Club) a prominent, smiling personage, with a cheery word for all. If you happened to read of the Collis Diamond Syndicate, you would have noticed his name (Earl of Albemarle) among those Peers and other lesser lights who were interested in that affair. And to be Mrs. George Keppel's brother-in-law is surely something. Did not King Edward honour her with his friendship? As far back as the time of James II. there was, it seems, another Albemarle (so you may have read) who concerned himself with a treasure-ship which set forth to fish on the Cuban coast for some of those "wedges of gold, heaps of pearls, inestimable stones, and unvalued jewels" which are said to be "all scattered in the bottom of the sea." The first adventure of Captain, afterwards Sir William, Phipps (later Governor of New England) was a failure; not so the second try, in which the plucky Phipps had the support of Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, whose sire was General Monk. There were twenty partners, and Phipps brought back to England in the good ship "Bridgwater Merchant" the handsome sum of £300,000 in silver. To the

Digitized by Google

Duke of Albemarle was handed £90,000, the gallant adventurer Phipps contenting himself with £20,000 plus a knighthood. Sad to tell, this windfall caused the Duke's undoing. He was made Governor of Jamaica, "with a view of fishing upon other wrecks"; but give heed to what John Campbell, in his "Lives of the Admirals," has to say: "His Grace's free way of living, especially in regard to the bottle, rendered Jamaica a very unfit climate for him to live in, and therefore we need not wonder that he did not long enjoy his government, but died in the year following, without issue, and so this noble family became extinct."

I saw in the "Deaths" column (1888) the name of Hans Sloane Stanley, ex-soldier and large landed proprietor in Hampshire. Few faces were more familiar between Waterloo Place and Cadogan Square than that of "little Sloane Stanley," of slight figure and swinging gait. When he left the service (he was one of the smallest officers who ever buckled on a sword) he settled down to the life of a country gentleman, dividing his time between London, Paultons (close to the New Forest), and the Solent; he was an inveterate yachtsman, and had been commodore of the Royal Southern Yacht Club—though not, perhaps, the most popular holder of that position. He married the only daughter of Mr. Francis Edwards, at one time a Parliamentary solicitor in large practice; later, the firm was Edwards & Everill; and later still Frank Edwards retired from it and went to live near Lymington—his second marriage to the prettiest of Brighton girls turning out a distinct

Digitized by Google

failure. For Mr. Sloane Stanley, a prominent member of the now disestablished Raleigh, "Society" never had much, if any, charm, and he was seen at his best at Paultons, on the Solent, and at the Royal Southern Yacht Club (Southampton), of which I, too, was a member "in the days that were earlier."

"Anything fresh?" asked a member of the Carlton at lunch-time one Saturday afternoon (1908), as a Conservative Editor entered the club. "Yes. We've won Ashburton . . . . . and Lawson Walton's dead." A good deal of water had run under Waterloo Bridge since I first encountered a medium-height, pale-faced man in Middle Temple Lane and wondered who he was. That he had been "called," I knew, for I remembered seeing him in Court. And soon afterwards I noted his name in the Law Reports very often. One memorable day I read that he had been "junior" to Russell—the one and only Russell—in the sporting action of Wood v. Cox, and that he had shown an intimate acquaintance with the Turf world—what horses the jockey Wood had ridden, and so on. It appeared, later, on his own admission, that Walton, although a stranger to the racecourse, had studied "Ruff's Guide" to much advantage! The brief which he held in that case brought him no little kudos, but his great opportunity occurred when "Kitson v. Playfair" came on for trial. Lawson Walton appeared for Mrs. Arthur Kitson, and gained for his fair client a verdict for £12,000 as solatium for defamation of character. If Walton had not been already a

Digitized by Google

made man, his conduct of that case would have sufficed to make him. One remembers also the £25,000 damages in the Constantinidi divorce. The last time I heard him he was arguing a case in the Court of Appeal in his quiet, unemotional style, generally with his hands behind his back, and speaking in low, measured tones, as if he were making a confidential communication to their Lordships on a subject of no interest to anybody in particular. Just as I left the Appeal Court Marshall Hall came along the corridor, and I contrasted the style and methods of the two men; the one so quiet and imperturbable that nothing could disturb his equanimity—the other impassioned, audacious, quick as lightning, volcanic. When the Balfourites were routed in 1905, and the Campbell-Bannerites came in, Lawson Walton got his deserts. As Attorney-General he was the "safe" man; yet in that character he hardly shone as he had done in the Courts. But that his triumphant career should have been suddenly cut short was saddening indeed.

Those who remember Douglas Straight and Montagu Williams in the heyday of their practice may be disposed to bracket Sir Edward Marshall Hall (he has just come out of the "Automobile") with those two renowned advocates. He has their élan, perhaps even more strongly developed, if that were possible; and he possesses a wonderful fluency of speech. On occasion he may even incur the reproach of "tearing a passion to tatters," so vehement and volcanic is he. There are those —I will not say whether or no I entirely agree with

Digitized by Google

them—who will tell you that they regard him as at his best when his torrential phrases come rolling and thundering out with Niagara-like velocity, swamping the Court and inundating Bar and spectators alike: fortunately the Bench is immune from the engulfing wave. In this quality of ebullient eloquence he has the field almost to himself. Time may perhaps chasten his flow of language and put a curb upon his natural vehemence. I almost hope it will not, and doubless the solicitors who have deluged him with briefs these many years will share this aspiration; for, as I have hinted, this dash is inherent in him, and has long been recognised as one of his most valuable qualities, of which he has such a plenty. A winning, convincing manner will carry an advocate far; we know how far it has carried Marshall Hall. It bade fair once upon a time to carry him still farther, to the topmost rung of the legal ladder. To those who have heard him it would be futile to speak of his adeptness as a cross-examiner. He is, as a rule, sound in his law, so that his critics were never able to say of him, as the author of "The New Whig Guide" said of a Parliamentary celebrity:

> As rhetorical graces
> We truisms cheered, and extolled commonplaces,
> Washed over with praise every folly and flaw,
> And smiled at his jokes and looked grave at his law.
> Could friendship do more while indifferent folks
> All smiled at his law and looked grave at his jokes?

He has the courage of his opinions: *e.g.*, the "scene" in Mr. Justice Bray's Court (March 28,

Digitized by Google

1916) when Hall and his "junior" threw up their briefs. But his bonhomie and his perfect sense of what is fair and just make it impossible for him to be "out" with anyone for any length of time, for he is ever mindful of the adage which bids us to—

> . . . do as adversaries do in law,
> Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

"A charming woman!" We had been hearing the phrase on all sides since the Sunday (June, 1906) when she appeared for the first time among us, a very welcome guest, the daughter of an American President [who died in 1919]. Mrs. Longworth (née Alice Roosevelt) is tall, but not "uncommon tall"; the eyes are blue; the face is without much colour; her light brown hair falls in wavy masses. The Season had in her its heroine, as long past Seasons had theirs in such belles Américaines as Miss Adela Grant[1] and Miss Minnie Stevens[2]—with others. A mark of Sovereign favour was the presence of King Edward and Queen Alexandra at the table of the then Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid—a compliment to the President's daughter which pleased our cousins across the Atlantic, who, 't was said, were anticipating a visit from—Edward VII! Mrs. Longworth came, saw, and conquered.

Although an Italian by birth, and dying in his own country, Paolo Tosti was among us so long that we came to regard him as quite one of us.

[1] Countess of Essex, widowed in 1916.

[2] The late Lady Arthur Paget.

Digitized by Google

In London—in England—he attained wide popularity; and, by my faith, he wrote music divinely. He was the duly-appointed musician to that delightful Duchess of Cambridge of whom we may read in the "Diary" of her illustrious son, the "Prince George" of the ever-so-long-distant past. Also a prime favourite at the Court of our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria of hallowed memory. The Queen and Princess Beatrice oft-times sang to his perfect accompaniment. Do we not all know "For ever and for ever"? And is it not curious that its refrain should be found textually in Pope's "Rape of the Lock"? You—well, some of you, if you will permit me to qualify the assertion—will not need reminding that the Bard of Twit'nam, when describing Belinda and the other fair ones at their toilettes (you will find it in the episode of the ravished lock) wrote:

> The forfex' meeting points the sacred hair dissever
> From the fair head, for ever and for ever.

Had "Violet Fane" Pope's words in her mind when she wrote the lines set by Sir Paolo Tosti?

At the age of seventy-seven the widow of Charles Gounod died in Paris in 1906. The composer of "Faust" was at one time a resident among us, and gathered round him his and Mrs. Weldon's friends and acquaintances (of whom I was proud to be one) on Sunday afternoons. Those were assemblies of most people one knew and liked, and others one did not know and did not like. I suppose Gounod had no more enthusiastic admirer than Francis Deffel, an amateur, whose profi-

Digitized by Google

ciency on the pianoforte was known only to his friends. He was on intimate terms with Gounod, and never tired of talking to me about him. My friend seemed to take no interest in other affairs. His sole topic was Charles Gounod, his works, his doings—past, present, and future. No wonder hostesses made so much of him. At a well-known house in Park Lane I used to hear him charm a drawing-room crowd, all expert amateurs themselves, and all amazed at Deffel's consummate skill. When he rose from the piano he was trembling with excitement, and could hardly speak. He was known at the club as the man who wore two overcoats plus a thick morning coat: one of the little eccentricities of genius.

Young Drucker, M.P. (a friend of the renowned "Labby"), was hand-in-glove with that odd fish, W. S. Simpson, the man with the white beard and sheaf of hair seldom, if ever, cut, black slouch hat and velvet jacket, for long a fairly familiar figure in and around the modish quarter, and, until his death in 1917, in Victoria Street, a figure suggesting Tuscany rather than Pall Mall. The strolling clubman peeped at him out of the corners of his eyes, much marvelling at the identity of the white-bearded, slouch-hatted one. It was the day of the bicycle, or "bike," and the Dunlop tyre, and the talk was all of "speeds"—what the "Humber" could do and what the "Singer." Town and country were infected with cyclism (the auto was not as yet). And it fell out that in the multitude of inventions one was heralded with the braying of many trumpets and the rubadubing of

Digitized by Google

many drums; and you read in what Mr. Dooley calls the "pa-apers" that what the newly-born cycling world had been waiting for was the "lever chain"—the one and only Simpson's lever chain (no other was genuine). And the velvet jacket, and the slouch hat, and the sheaf of hair were component parts of W. S. Simpson—a man of many inventions. Primus, a "weapon" which, so he told our experts, and me, would throw a projectile from London to Paris, "and impart a velocity of thirty thousand feet per second to any projectile up to a weight of two thousand pounds." What were the Huns doing not to have secured it? And why did *we* not acquire it? Professor Spooner, who is credited with some little knowledge of engineering and mathematics, was "avowedly sceptical." But it is not given to inventors, and some others, to please everybody. And what had become of the bepuffed lever chain ("first used by Queen Alexandra"—So W. S. S. told me) and of the patents which an astute person disposed of for a bagatelle, a mere 200 "thou." ? W. S. S. was a "downy cove." Butter absolutely refused to melt in his mouth. His living cost him next to nothing, for his discoveries included a method of carrying on independently of food, drink, tobacco, or snuff. I hope they will do him justice in the "Dixonary."

One would dearly like to know what the late Lord Rayleigh, that eminent Senior Wrangler of 1865, and joint discoverer of argon in the atmosphere, thought of the Big Gun, likewise of W. S. S. Certes, his opinion would have been worth having

Digitized by Google

while we were all, with mixed feelings, contemplating the possibility of throwing a shell from Whitehall into M. Pichon's room at the Quai d'Orsay and receiving therefrom, by return, a complimentary rejoinder. What a record had this eminent physicist! Scientific Adviser to Trinity House, Honorary Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Royal Institution, late a Secretary of the Royal Society, gainer of the Nobel Prize in Physics (1904), President of the Royal Society, and joint-discoverer (with Sir William Ramsay) of argon as a constituent of the atmosphere! Argon, you may care to hear, is a gas of singular elusiveness, and its discovery opened a new chapter in chemistry. But this is not all, nor half. He was of the Privy Council and the Order of Merit; and he married a sister of Mr. Arthur James Balfour. In your morning walk through delectable Albemarle Street you must have often rubbed shoulders with many a great man, but none greater, believe me, than John William Strutt, Lord Rayleigh, whose name will continue to be held in grateful memory at breakfast time and at five p.m.

As Percy Fitzgerald strolls leisurely through the West End streets, looking into Sotheran's, or Bumpus's, you would not perhaps take this irrepressible flâneur for a writer and sculptor of mark. He is of the universal (literary) genius class, to whom no subject comes amiss: perhaps at his best when he is writing reminiscences of "Boz," for whom he worked, and whom he knew intimately when the author of "Pickwick" was in the heyday of his triumphs. He waxes idola-

Digitized by Google

trous over Charles Dickens, and, in his melodious brogue, will hold a listener captive by the hour as he relates anecdotes of his friend "the master." And he is a story-teller of distinction. He will talk to you by the hour of the actor who drew all the world to the playhouse in Wellington Street. If you would see an unrivalled collection of Irving bills of the play you must journey to St. George's Road, Belgravia, where a certain study is crammed with them. There were many scores of criticisms of Irving in manuscript from the pen of this well-known man of letters, and they more than repaid reading, albeit the caligraphy "left much to desire." He could not bring himself to say a word in dispraise of Irving; but he could, and did, wax whimsically ironical over the efforts of "stars" of lesser magnitude. You must be quick if you would get a glimpse of Percy Fitzgerald, for he has just crossed Pall Mall, and is entering the sacrosanct Athenæum.

I should say that no man of our day had a larger acquaintance in the official and diplomatic worlds than Charles Edward Howard Vincent, due in some measure to the fact that for a time, in his early days, he carried the bags of a Queen's Messenger. At nineteen he was gazetted to the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, served for five years, and retired as captain. In the Temple, a few years afterwards, he was pointed out to me by some of my Bar-student friends as a man who had just been "called." It was seldom that we Templars heard of a man who had been in the

Digitized by Google

army going up for a Bar examination, and this was sufficient to attract us. He himself told us that his father thought he would be "spun" when he went up for his "preliminary," but that he got through in a canter as a result of his familiarity with "Cæsar." (At this "preliminary" you never have the ghost of an idea what Latin authors the examiner may select wherewith to worry you.)

It was at the house of a mutual friend, Alfred Toulmin, a member of the "Rag," that I got into touch with Howard Vincent, and I was soon hearing from and seeing him pretty frequently. He was certainly one of the most delightful and cheery men I had met. His sunny temperament won him everybody's friendship, and he took a real pleasure in doing a man a good turn. Vincent was a "dab" at languages—he knew six, Russian included; so that in this respect he rivalled another of my friends, Condie Stephen. He was good with his pen, too, or the "Daily Telegraph" would not have sent him (in 1871) to Berlin as a "special," and (in 1877) to report the Turko-Russian War. Here he had a rather unusual experience. The Russians complained that he knew too much about their army; and, although he stood well with the Grand Duke Nicholas, to whose headquarters he was attached, he had to leave the fighting line. How, in the following year, he became Director of Criminal Investigations is rather curious. He translated the memoirs of the French spy, Lecocq; this somehow or other brought him to the notice of

Digitized by Google

the Home Office, and the Mr. Cross of that day and the Lord Cross of a later period chose him to reorganise the detective system of the Metropolitan Police.

He was "Criminal Investigator" for six years, and then entered upon that political career in which he was comparatively successful. He was returned as one of the Conservative members for Sheffield in 1885, and retained the seat until his unexpected and regretted death (1908) at Mentone. "What shall I do with this?" I asked him one day at his office, showing him an anonymous letter which I had received. "Put it in the fire. That's what I always do with such things, and I get many much worse than this." What he specially prized was the distinction of being a Volunteer aide-de-camp of King Edward.

From the windows of the Bachelors' Club you have a choice of views—the trees and emerald pastures of the Green Park or the sculptured façade of the grandiose house at the corner of Hamilton Place, the house built by George Herring. "No. 1" is what the house-agents rightly describe as an "eligible residence"—one which any man might be proud to possess; yet, when it was "put up" in 1907 there was no spirited competition for it; on the contrary, the bidding was disappointing, and the "noble mansion" (it is all that) was "withdrawn at £30,000." What it cost to build, what the precise value of the fifty-nine years' lease may have been twelve years ago I should not like to say. Since 1907 its value has probably doubled. The amazing fact is that

Digitized by Google

there were "no takers." Why? Was it because there was still "no money about"? I cannot think so; for never was luxury more rampantly obtrusive, never before had we read of so many large "estates" being left by our dear brothers and sisters departed. Here is a lady, a spinster, whose fortune was not far short of £400,000, most of it the result of selling pens. But this was only one case out of very many, even before the war. So that the parrot-cry, "No money about," might as well have ceased, for it had not even the elements of truth about it. Despite our squandering of £222,974,000 upon a two-and-a-half years' war with Boer farmers, the country early in 1914 was richer than it had ever been. And yet, until 1911, nobody was inclined to buy the Herring palace, for the last few years the Argentine Club. Similarly, the St. George's Hospital site was as good as in the market for seven years, yet it was only in July 1913 that it found a provisional purchaser in Mr. H. Mallaby-Deeley, M.P., for £460,000. The negotiations were, however, ultimately dropped by mutual consent.

The Bachelors' Club, experimental as it was, could have failed in its mission only if it had been mismanaged. Mr. William Gillett had with him in the difficult task of founding the "Bachelors'" two able and popular men—Colonel Farquharson of Invercauld and Mr. Augustus Savile (of Rufford Abbey), both well known to "Best of World," as was, and is, Mr. Gillett himself. The Duke of Albany's acceptance of the presidency of the club gave it a cachet of exceptional value, and

Digitized by Google

Mr. Gillett enjoys to this day the enviable reputation of being a very kind-hearted man who is known to everybody worth knowing. Although he has been the centre of our world of social butterflies all these years, he has an excellent grasp of many abstruse subjects—banking, industries, tariffs, and House of Lords reform, and has written ably and convincingly about them. When the B.C. was founded many of our young bloods who entreated him to get their names put down for election were not given to such studies as those enumerated, but they admired their founder for his exceptional knowledge of them.

When the late Lord Suffield's first wife was lying ill in Manchester Square she was visited as often as possible by Queen Alexandra, who, there being no lift, toiled up the stairs almost to the top of the house. This square used to be one of the most modish localities in London. Thomas Moore sang of it and its glories:

> Or who will repair unto Manchester Square,
> And see if the lovely Marchesa be there?
> And bid her to come, with her hair darkly flowing,
> All gentle and juvenile, crispy and gay,
> In the manner of Ackerman's dresses for May.

And who was "the Marchesa"? She was a Miss Ingram, a daughter of Viscount Irvine, an Irish title now extinct; and she brought the name of Ingram into the Hertford family (Ingram-Hertford). The second Marquis of Hertford was a great friend of the Prince-Regent (the "Prince Fumm" of the satirists), who used to drive nearly every day, in his chariot or his pony phaeton, to

Digitized by Google

Manchester Square, to have a chat with the Marquis. Thus the bard, ever equal to the occasion—

> Through Manchester Square took a canter just now,
> Met the old yellow chariot, and made a low bow.

Loyal bard! Was he thinking that one day there would be a vacancy in the Laureateship? Manchester House, which stood on the site of the existing building, once belonged to the Duke of Manchester, and it was also the Spanish Embassy. Sir Richard Wallace, who inherited it from the Marquis of Hertford, almost entirely rebuilt the place in 1873–74. That hideous structure known as the "Spanish Church" was originally built in 1796, from the designs of Bonomi, an Italian architect; it was enlarged in 1846, and made beautiful (so the chronicler tells us) in Cardinal Wiseman's time. It was the ugliest of religious edifices, without a redeeming feature. But what a magnificent temple the Catholics now have, in lieu of the Bonomian barn! There was a time, before the repeal of the penal laws, when Catholics were glad of the shelter of a foreign embassy or legation, which enabled them to practise their religion in peace, if not precisely in comfort; and that was the raison d'être of the old "Spanish Church."

In a little-known book, called "London Clubs in 1826," the author, Prince Puckler Muskau, tells his readers that he was obliged, in order to be "in the fashion," to sit with his hat on when he was in any of the clubs. There is no rule on the subject. I have seen, by exception, men at

Digitized by Google

lunch hatted, and that in a good West-End club. I have also seen "strangers" rudely take their seats in other men's clubs without removing their hats. There is no regulation forbidding non-members to remain covered when visiting friends at the club; courtesy, however, decrees that a "stranger" should enter and leave the rooms of a club hat in hand. I remember asking a man to lunch with me at a club (long since defunct) in St. James's Street, and, to my surprise, he whiled away the ante-luncheon ten minutes (which were spent in the coffee-room) by going to the sideboard and whittling off bits of cheese, while the servants looked on in dignified disgust that a "stranger" should have taken a liberty such as no member would ever have ventured upon. The "stranger" belonged to the Garrick, so that there was no excuse for his breach of good manners.

The recollection comes to me of that lovely woman, Lady Ludlow,[1] who was singularly gifted in the matter of beauty of form as well as features. Her hands were used by Richard Belt, the sculptor, for his "Hypatia," which Arthur Anderson acquired for 2,000 guineas, and placed in his gallery in Wimpole Street. On his death it was purchased for a large sum by the Drapers' Company, and that beautiful statue, measuring ten feet from head to foot, is now the greatest attraction in the Drapers' Hall in Throgmorton Avenue, where the air is redolent of money.

In the military crowd (in 1914) was a figure which many must have often seen going up and

[1] Died 1911.

Digitized by Google

down the steps of the Carlton Club in the course of the last couple of decades—perhaps still further back. As he passed by, always at the same deliberate pace, one noted the trim, soldierly figure, the bronzed face, the carefully-kept moustache, the bright eyes, and the upright carriage. They said that this beau sabreur (Colonel Paget Mosley)[1] and the ex-Portuguese Minister (the Marquis de Soveral, King Edward's ally) were the best dressed men in London; gallant figures both. By chance I found myself seated with the Colonel at the same breakfast-table at Manchester—at the Queen's Hotel—on the morning which brought us the first bad news from South Africa. How he "rubbed it in!" "Butler," he said, "is a damned Fenian." He had interests in the City, where you sometimes rubbed shoulders with him in Old Broad Street and thereabouts. As chairman of "Trafford" he was the man for the place. Of Argentina and its railways he was credited with knowledge. He had studied the problem of cotton-growing in East Africa. In past autumns he was to be met at many country houses—at the late Marquis of Londonderry's among others—where he was always a welcome guest. He was first-rate with the gun, as Miller Mundy and not a few besides will still tell those who have the assurance to ask them.

I have described our gallant Colonel as, until his death, the chairman of "Trafford"—*i.e.*, the Trafford Park Estates Company, of which the chairman and managing director is now Mr.

[1] Died 1915.

Digitized by Google

Marshall Stevens, who, at the general election in 1918, was returned to Parliament as a Coalitionist by a majority of more than 12,000! He also controls the Port of Manchester Warehouses Company, is a recognised authority on traffic and traffic rates and facilities of railways, docks, and canals. His intimate association with that gigantic enterprise, the Manchester Ship Canal, made his name familiar to all connected with shipping and mercantile affairs throughout the world. He was personally responsible for raising many millions of pounds for the construction of the canal. Later he " took hold of " Trafford Park, which for nearly eight hundred years—some historians assert from the days of Gurth and Wamba—was held by generations of the Traffords of Trafford, whose chief, Randolph, lived in the reigns of Canute and Edward the Confessor until his death about 1050.

I knew Trafford Park in the long ago before it passed into the hands of the man who has made the estate what it is to-day. Paget Mosley was my first cicerone; to-day, whenever I visit it, I am " shown over " the estate and the industrial works by Marshall Stevens himself, who has long resided at the Hall. When I was there in the autumn of 1916 I was thunderstruck at the transformation which my host had made of what had been fairyland. More than half of the 1,183 acres had been already taken by upwards of a hundred firms. " Industries " met the gaze everywhere—all forms of electrical, mechanical, and constructional engineering; flour mills; chemical, oil, glucose, starch, and timber works. Trafford Park,

Digitized by Google

while grazing cattle were still to be seen, had been transformed by the magician into the engineering capital of England! I was assured that one concern alone gives employment to more than 7,000 men. "There is," said an expert to me, "everything in Trafford Park except a cemetery." An immense world-trade is carried on, and, as I am writing at the end of 1919, I trust I shall not be officially reproved, or "done anything to," for recording that, from time to time, between the beginning of the war and a comparatively recent period, there were continually being put into storage at Trafford vast quantities of foods and drinks which, in certain events, would have been, and perhaps were, drawn upon. "Trafford" interests are represented in New York, where Mr. Stevens, who is often met on an Atlantic liner, has many friends, who describe him as "that British hustler." Now that he is in Parliament we may see him one day at the Board of Trade, for it is the men of commerce upon whom we rely to restore prosperity throughout the Empire.

Among the strangers within our gates one year was a distinguished Russian, Mr. Poltikow, of Petersburg, wealthy "beyond the dreams of avarice," very observant, and very diverting in conversation. Of course he and his wife (a beautiful woman, noted for her esprit) went to Goodwood. My amiable friend was much struck by the price of tickets for the grand stand and other reserved places, and also by the crowd. The deduction he rightly drew from these two facts was that there must be "plenty of money about"—in other

Digitized by Google

words, that England is a very rich country; and this impression he conveyed to his people when he got back to Petersburg. Thinking that few would be inclined to believe in the existence of what he very justly regarded as the absurdly high charges at Goodwood, he purchased two supplementary tickets (besides those which it was necessary he should acquire to gain access to two different places) in order to take the unused superfluous vouchers back to Russia as indisputable proofs of his veracity! The throwing away of the two guineas did not trouble him.

One evening our Russian was dining at an Earl's Court Exhibition. When the bill was presented he handed the waiter at our table a £20 Bank of England note, as he had nothing smaller in his pocket. Presently the waiter returned with the note, saying that before changing it the cashier required the gentleman's name written upon it. Stupefaction of my friend! He could not imagine that such a "custom" existed here; he was told, however, that it was so, and forthwith gave his name and hotel address, after which he pocketed his change. He was further bewildered when he was subsequently told that, if he desired the Bank of England to give him gold in exchange for one of its own notes, the sovereigns would not be handed over to him until he had written his name and address on the back of the note. This, he declared, was "against the law," and he made a special journey to Threadneedle Street in order to see for himself if the practice of the "Old Lady" respecting the cashing of her own notes is really

Digitized by Google

what he had been told but could not believe. He was soon enlightened, and left London declaring that it is full of illusions and stupidities. 'Tis not for me to say him nay. In 1914–18 he was a strenuous, and generous, war-worker in Paris, and never lost confidence in the ultimate triumph of the Allies.

Take a good look, as he strides along Piccadilly, or drives in the Park, at this friend of "the noble animal," whose name (Walter Winans) and figure have been long known to many of us. Half American, half French, and born in Russia, he is domiciled in Kent—at Surrenden Park, but spends most of the year at the Carlton Hotel. A mighty owner of horses—American, French, Polish, Russian, and Irish; and they tell me that his greatest equine glory is, or was, a Russian stallion, a superb grey animal, which evoked universal commendation when he was seen in a "sulky" at Surrenden one afternoon. And there was the troïka. Oh! the delight of a troïka ride over the snow, under the clear sky of a winter night—a ride for miles away from civilisation out into the mysterious, silent country; the three horses tearing over the frozen surface like wild things; the only sounds the jingle of their bells and the shouts of the driver! I have had such rides when Petrograd was Petersburg. It is to Olympia that you must hie, in summer time, if you would see the horses and the genial Walter Winans, whose people made their wealth by building the Petersburg-Moscow railway. He abhors the common practice of docking horses' tails. No one (he says) who wishes to be considered

Digitized by Google

a judge of a horse rides a docked one in the Row. The long-tailed hack is the only fashionable "mount."

It will be sufficient to say of that "proper gentleman," Mr. Seymour Corkran, that he won his courtly spurs as Private Secretary to one Irish Viceroy (Earl Cadogan) and as Comptroller of the Household to another (the Earl of Dudley); and that Dublin Society made much of him. From the Green Isle to New South Wales was a considerable move, and as Private Secretary to Governor, Lord Beauchamp, he was again in his element, while he acquired in that capacity more knowledge of the world than is obtainable in "dear dirty Dublin," albeit Irish Society is thoroughly charming all round. I have been in it, and I know. As Assistant Private Secretary to a Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Corkran rubbed shoulders with "Historicus,"[1] and it was as temporary Gentleman-in-Waiting to Princess Beatrice that in 1907 he had a very pleasant time in Old Madrid. By the younger members of the bureaucracy Victor Seymour Corkran is much envied—et pour cause. The pity of it is that there are not more like him.

In the spring of 1892 the inner circle of English politicians was deeply interested—and not a little amused—in watching the progress of a very pretty fight within the Radical ranks. It was a hand-to-hand struggle between Lord Rosebery and Sir

[1] The late Sir William Vernon Harcourt, father of the present Lord Harcourt, who came in for a considerable windfall in 1919. Sir William's second wife was a daughter of the eminent American historian, Mr. Motley, U.S. Minister at the Court of St. James's.

Digitized by Google

William Harcourt for the reversion of the Leadership mantle, which, at the time, sat more jauntily than ever upon the shoulders of the "G.O.M." Each of these Elishas, of course, had his backers; but the betting was distinctly in favour of the young peer. He had youth, smartness, and a better Radical record on his side. Moreover, he was endowed with singularly gracious and fascinating manners, a gift which, if really possessed by "Historicus," was buried in several folds of an impenetrable napkin. A rhymer of the time wrote:—

"You are old, dear Sir William," the young Earl cried,
"And the day of your leadership's past,
Your bulk wouldn't float on the incoming tide;
In the mud you'd be sure to stick fast."

"Don't be rude, little Rosey," the Knight made reply;
"You may fancy yourself pretty much:
But your Socialist prattle is just all-my-eye;
With the people you can't be in touch."

"There you're wrong, good Sir William," the Peer did exclaim;
"The mob's such a vain, silly thing,
That it worships a lord; so in this little game
I've an ace in each suit for your king!"

Over thirty odd years ago there was a determined attempt to "smash up" the institution familiarly known as "Monty," or "Mount Charles." James Alexander, a member of the Verulam Club (which had been in the early 'seventies the Junior St. James's) and later of the Scottish Club[1] when

[1] The "Scottish" was replaced several years ago by the Caledonian Club, which is now beautifully housed in Charles Street) after a long occupation of the former residence (pulled down in 1912), of the late Lord and Lady Waterford, of happy memory.

Digitized by Google

it was housed in Dover Street, was a man of mark in divers ways, but more especially because his was the hand which for seven or eight years before his death in 1888 dealt the most powerful blows at the plague-spot of Europe, Monte Carlo. He was, in short, the organiser of the plan for suppressing the "tables" at Monaco, which was financed by my friend, the late Mr. Henry Thompson, of Mincing Lane. Not that the inception of the scheme was Alexander's; but his was the active mind which carried out the details of the undertaking for crushing the great establishment founded by the late M. Blanc and now carried on by a limited company with an always increasing success.

He was, I fancy, selected as the working bee of the International Association for the Suppression of the Gaming-tables at Monaco mainly on account of his remarkable linguistic powers. A German by birth, he spoke and wrote French like a native; but he had become thoroughly Anglicised, and was proud of being regarded as one of us. As emissary-in-chief of the anti-gambling society James Alexander interviewed every personage of importance in Europe. Pope, Kaiser, King, Chancellor, Prime Minister, and Archbishop—all gave him audience, and all listened to his arguments, most plausibly and ably advanced, for sweeping away the palatial establishment from which the Prince of Monaco (who so successfully resisted the German Generals' attempt to blackmail him in 1914) has long derived the greater part of his income, and whose suppression would, as some

Digitized by Google

think, herald the coming of the Millennium. But I am less optimistic. Has the Prime Minister any views on the subject? Alexander told me he received the greatest encouragement to persevere in his crusade from the Emperor Frederick and his consort; also that Prince Bismarck favoured "the cause," and that the late King of Italy was strongly of opinion that the Casino ought to be stamped out. One who did more than anybody else to give effect to the propaganda of the crusaders was the still living (1919) grand old French politician, M. de Freycinet, who gave Alexander a distinct promise to endeavour to make the blind Prince of Monaco, father of the present Ruler, see the error of his ways, decline the splendid subsidy punctually paid him by the "company," and so earn the blessings of the "unco guid." The Duc de Broglie was another professed supporter of the anti-Monte Carlo movement; but, although the French Senate frequently debated the question and voted for the suppression of the tables, nothing ever came of it, and probably "Mount Charles" will be as flourishing as ever a hundred years hence.

The propaganda for "closing the tables" was very complete. Pamphlets, leaflets, and portly volumes were printed in English, French, German, and Italian, and disseminated broadcast over the Continent, and even the United States, one of whose Presidents was averred to be a convert to the opinions of the crusaders. But this moral support of kings and presidents was as naught when compared with the aid given to the International

Digitized by Google

Association by the then Paris Correspondent of the "Times," who now and then, when the fit was on him, fulminated diatribes through the special wire and laid it on so thickly that the Monte Carlo gang of exploiters must almost have believed that they were rapidly approaching the sombre hue in which De Blowitz[1] delighted to paint them. Be this as it may, the fact remains that the "Times" did its best to aid the Association in its task, and that, but for the influence which James Alexander acquired over no inconsiderable portion of the French, Italian, and German Press, the public would have heard very little of the war against the tables.

The International Association for the Suppression of the Gaming-House at Monte Carlo did not, I think, attempt to replace James Alexander, who was really one man out of ten thousand, as not only had he the gift of tongues, but was richly endowed with tact, while his bonhomie and suavity of manner enabled him to button-hole those who might otherwise have been disposed to turn a deaf ear to his pleadings. Few could boast so large an acquaintance with influential men at home and abroad; and you felt that an hour in his company—whether at the old "Scottish" in Dover Street, or in a Continental restaurant or hotel—was of more intellectual value to you than a week with many equally well-placed, but less travelled and less cosmopolitan men.

[1] It was James Alexander who, when I was on a long visit to him in Paris, brought me into close touch with M. de Blowitz, who invariably, when he came to London, honoured me with a call.

Digitized by Google

The first great lady I had personal cognisance of was the present Dowager Countess of Dudley, whom I saw "queening" it over a large gathering of friends at Witley Court at one of the archery meetings. She had married (as his second wife), at St. George's, Hanover Square, William first Earl of Dudley (born 1817), who had been elevated to the viscounty and earldom in 1860. His first wife, Miss de Burgh, of West Drayton, Middlesex, whom he had married in April, 1851, died in the following November. The Dowager Countess is the third daughter of the late Sir Thomas Moncreiffe, seventh baronet, whose daughters were collectively known as "the beautiful Moncreiffes." The fourth daughter, Harriet Sarah, married the late Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bt., and was divorced by him, and died in 1906; her husband had remarried years before.

When next I saw Lady Dudley she was the most beautiful woman of the period. Everybody told me so, and I agreed; but I did not fail proudly to inform my friends that I had seen her "years before," and that I had partaken of the ham and broad beans which formed the principal dish served, in a large marquee, in the grounds of Witley Court, at one of the annual archery meetings. Lord Dudley with the curly locks and handsome, good-natured face, presided, and the conversational ball was kept merrily rolling. Forty-nine years after her marriage the Dowager Countess was looking her best at a dinner party given by their Majesties in honour of the King and Queen of Denmark. In recent years she has published two volumes

Digitized by Google

on the cuisine, a subject which she has studied for the greater part of half a century. Of her "Dudley Cookery Book" several editions were issued, and these paved the way for her "Book of Recipes." Her receipts are not of the haute cuisine type, but such as the average cook can deal with and, at pre-war prices, quite inexpensive. Georgina Lady Dudley has been twice the victim of thieves. In 1874 her jewel-case, containing gems valued at £20,000, was stolen from a reserved compartment of a train at Paddington; and on July 20th, 1919, some burglars entered her residence, Pembroke Lodge, Richmond, and carried off the autographed portraits of King Edward and Queen Alexandra!

At the time of the Dowager Countess's wedding the Worcester papers sent their own reporters to London, with instructions to chronicle the event at length. The "Herald's" man, who in later years joined the "Daily Telegraph," caused much merriment among the Dudleys and Moncreiffes by including in his report the whole of the Marriage Service, which he copied textually from the Prayer Book! This was, and remains, a "record."

Among the members of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassadorial staff in London was Mr. de Rutke, whom I knew very well. On the day (August 4, 1914) when it was made obvious that he would have to leave London and his numerous English friends he came to me with tears in his eyes and almost unable to utter a word. Perhaps it will hardly be credited, but it is a fact that during the years of warfare a Government department regularly

Digitized by Google

sent to De Rutke's London address printed official documents just as in pre-war times, oblivious of the fact that the addressee had compulsorily left England with his Ambassadorial chief and all the staff early in August, 1914! This bêtise continued until the latter part of September, 1917, when the department was communicated with on the subject. The department then, with delightful naïveté, personally inquired why the documents had not been returned, and received the answer: "Why did *you* continue to forward them when you must have known that the Austrian Ambassador and all his staff left England on the outbreak of the war?" Have we not in this incident, hitherto inédit, an apt pendant to the late Edward Forbes's verses, "The Red Tape Worm"?—

In Downing Street the tape worms thrive;
In Somerset House they are all alive;
And slimy tracks mark where they fall
In and out along Whitehall.

When I'm dead and yield my ghost,
Mark not my grave by a government post;
Let wild earth worms with me play,
But keep the tape worms far away.

And if I deserve to rise
To a good place in Paradise,
May my soul kind angels guide,
And keep it from the official side!

THE END.

Digitized by Google

INDEX

A

Abbotsford, 139
Ackerman's (print seller and publisher, then of Strand, now of Bond Street), 259
Adderley, Mr. Charles (Lord Norton), 210
Ailesbury, Maria Marchioness of, 235–237
Airlie, Lady, 90
Airlie, Lord, 237
Albany, The, 193
Albany, Duchess of, 136
Albert Gate, 108
Albert Memorial, The, 73
Albemarle, Earl of, 244, 245
Albemarle, Christopher, Duke of, 245
Albemarle Street, 201, 254
Aldershot, 91
Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, 235
Alexander, James, 268, 269, 271
Alexandra, Queen (then Princess of Wales), 87, 119, 235, 250, 259
Alphonso XII. (King of Spain), 116
Alten, Countess von, *see* Manchester, The Duchess of
Alverstone, Lord, 170
"Amazone," 101
Ameer Ali (Judge of the High Court of Calcutta), 233
Anderson, Arthur, 261
Anderson, Miss Mary, tragédienne, 23
Anglesea, Marquis of, 98
Anne, Queen, 82
Annecy, Lake of, 51
"Anonyma," a young person of easy virtue, 17
Appleyard, Mr. (of the Carlton), 231
Apsley House, 96
Archer, Lady, 102
Argon, a gas, 254
Arlington Street, 61
Armstrong, Lord, 189
Armstrong, Mrs., *see* Melba, Dame Nellie
Armytage, Percy, 120
Arnold, Sir Edwin (poet), 233
Arthur, Sir George (biographer of Lord Kitchener), 206
Ascot, 9, 10, 46
Ashbourne, Lord, 150
Asquith, Mrs., 115
Athenæum Club, 192
"Aula Regis," The, 54
Austin, Alfred (poet Laureate), 233
Auteuil, 10

B

Baker, General Valentine, Pasha, 123, 124
Balfour, Mr. Arthur James, 254
Balfour, Lady Frances (sister of the Duke of Argyll), 37; her optimistic sentiments, 38
Balloon-post, 234
Balzac, 48
Bancroft, Sir Squire, 23, 24
Bancroft, Lady, author-comédienne, 23
Bank of England, 265
Barrington, Lord, 232
Bartlett, Mr. William Ashmead, 205, 206
Bassano, Duc de, 187
Bateman, Mr. H. L., 243 *note*
Bathurst, Countess, 117
Bauer, Mons. Henry, 152
Bayswater, 13, 52
Bayswater Road, 86
Beaconsfield, Lord, 6, 121, 129, 191, 232
Beatrice, Princess, 251, 267
Beauchamp, Lord, 230
Beauchamp, Lord, 267
Beerbohm, Max, 32
Beit, Alfred, 226
Belgrave Square, 52, 68
Belgravia, 13, 66, 194
Belt, Richard (sculptor), 261
Bentinck, Cavendish Mrs., 121
Beresford, Lord Charles, 213
Berkeley, Baroness, 138
Berkeley Street, 102
Berlin, 11, 190
Bernard-Beere, Mrs. (actress), 23
Bernhardt, Sarah, 116, 117, 152

Digitized by Google

" Best of World," 143, 150, 174
Bhurtpore, 207
" Birmingham Daily Post," 240
Bismarck, 226
Blanc, M., 209
Blanchisserie, Rue de la, Historic Waterloo Ball held there, 209, 210
Blowitz, M. de, 271
Blyth, Lord, 127
Boer War, 211
Bond Street, 22, 57
Borthwick, Mrs. (afterwards Lady Glenesk), 116, 117
Borthwick, Mr. Algernon (afterwards Lord Glenesk), 117, 154, 182
Borthwick, Oliver, 6
Boston, William, Abbot of Westminster, 100
Boulogne, Bois de, 66, 71, 105
Bourbon, Margaret of (first wife of Don Carlos), 94 *note*
Bourke, Hon. Robert, 145
Bourne, Cardinal, 3
Bowles, Mr. T. G., 90
Bradford, Sir Edward, 89
Bramham Gardens, 213
Brandram, " Sam " 119
Brassey, Lady, 116, 117
" Bridgwater Merchant," a ship, 245
Broglie, Duc de, 270
Bromley-Davenport, Mr. W. B., 133
Broome, Sir F. Napier, K.C.M.G. (Governor of West Australia), 222
Brown, John (Queen Victoria's attendant), 211
Brunton, Spencer, 145
Brussels, 146, 209
Buckingham Palace, 57, 58, 82, 190
Burdett, Sir Francis, 97
Burdett-Coutts, the Baroness, 121, 141, 205
Burgh, Miss De, 272
Burlington House, 61
Burnand, F.C., 119, 120
Burnham, Lord, 89
Byng, Hon. and Rev. Francis E. C. Byng (became Earl of Strafford) 143
Byng-Hall, Major, 161

C

Cadogan, Earl (Irish Viceroy), 136, 267
Cadogan, Lady, 137
Cadogan Square, 246
Carlton Club, 262
Cafés—
  Royal, 49
  Piccadilly, *ib.*
  Oddenino's, *ib.*
  Monico, *ib.*
  Popular, *ib.*
Calcraft, Henry, 182
Callaghan, Miss, 89
Calley, Colonel " Tom," 119
Cambre, Bois de la, 10
Cambridge, 192
Cambridge, Prince George, Duke of, 116, 201
Cambridge House, 181, 184
Campbell, John (author of " Lives of the Admirals "), 246
Capel, Monsignor, 6
Cardigan, Lord, 99
Cardigan, Lady ; 235
  her infamous scandal, 237
Caricature in the " Tomahawk," *vide* Linton, Mrs. Lynn
Carlos, the late Don, 94, 229
Carrington, Lord, 125, 134
Carstairs, Mr. Bruce (father of Lady Molesworth), 234
Caruso, 41
Cassel, Sir Ernest, 164
Castlereagh, Lord, 90
Castlemaine, Lady, 100
Caulfeild, Colonel, 125
Cazalet, Mrs., 136
Cecil, Arthur, 23
Cecil, Lord Eustace, 129
Cecil, Lord Hugh, 90
Chamberlain, Rt. Hon., Joseph, M.P., 177, 178, 238–240
Chamonix, 51
Champs Elysées, 66, 71
Chandos Street, 140
Chantilly, 10
Chaplin, Lord, 90
Charles 1st, King, 100
Charlemont, Lord, 125
Charlemont, Countess of, 121–124
Chesterfield, Lord, 97
Chestnut Sunday, 88
Chevalier, Nicholas (artist), 131
Chirac, Mons, 153
Chislehurst, 4, 116, 185, 187
Christian, the late Prince, 90
" Church Times," The, 41
Churchill, Randolph, Lord, 239
Clarke, Sir Edward, 166, 168, 169, 172

Digitized by Google

Claretie, Jules, 4
Clayton, Sir Oscar, 225
Clermont l'Argonne, 175
Cleveland, Caroline Duchess of, 264
Clifford, Lady Spencer, 121
Clinton, Lord Arthur, 156
Clubland, 50
Cobb, H. P., 238
Cockburn, Sir Alexander, Lord Chief Justice, 167, 173
Coleridge, John Duke (Lord Chief Justice, Baron), 167, 168
Collins, "Tom" (Boston's Tory M.P.), 105
Colnaghi, Charles (Brit. Mus.), 120
Combermere, Lord, 98, 207
Combermere, the second Viscount, 209
Combermere, Lady, 208
"Coming K——," The, satirical pamphlet, so called, 18
Commons, House, of, 150, 177
Compton, Mr. Beardmore, 39
Connaught, the Duke of, 90
Connaught, the Duchess of, 119
Consort, Albert Prince, 91
Conways, The, 23
Conynham, Lord, 91
Corkran, Mr. Victor Seymour, 267
Cottesmore, 134
Cotton, Lord Mayor, 22
Court Grange Newton Abbot, 237
Courtney, Lord, 191, 192
Coward, Mr. Lewis, K.C., 90
Cowes, 46, 245
Coventry, Lord, 90
Coventry Street, 49
Cromwell, Oliver, 101
Cromwell House, 118
Crooks, Will, M.P., 141
Cross, Mr. (later Lord Cross), 257
Crossley, Sir Savile, 90
Curia Regis, The, 54
Curzon Street, 29

D

"Daily Chronicle," The, 211
"Daily Mail," 34, 133
"Daily Telegraph," 202, 234, 256, 273
Dallas, Mr., 165
"Dandies, In the Days of the," 184 *note*
Danebury (Stockbridge), 93
Daudet, 48
Davis, R. M. (artist), 92
d'Orléans, Duc, 228
d'Orsay, Comte, 97
Deffel, Francis (pianofortist), 252
"Dell," The, 76
Dell, Pigeons in the, 78, 79
Derby, Lord, 125 *note*
Delacour, Mr. John, 144
Delane, Mr. (Editor of the "Times" from 1841 until 1877), 165
Desanges, Chevalier (artist), 6, 118, 119, 132
Dévergondée, 12 *note*
Devonshire House, Piccadilly, 176
Dibdin, Charles, 112
Dickens, Charles, 97, 254, 255
Dilke, Sir C. W., 239
Dixie, Lady Florence, 210, 211
her swimming match with Lord Charles Beresford, 213
"Dizzy," *see* Beaconsfield, Lord
Donnington, Lord, 138
Doré, Gustave (artist), 208
Dover Street, 269, 271
Down Street, 205
Downing Street, 274
Downshire, Dowager Marchioness of, 207
Downshire, The Marchioness of, 121
Drapers' Hall, 261
Drucker, Young, M.P., 252
Drummond-Wolff, Sir Henry, 183
Drury Lane, 75
Dublin, 33, 267
Dublin Castle, 125
du Maurier, George (artist), 19, 20
Dunmore, Lord, 150
Dunrobin, 203
Dudley, Earl of, 267
Dudley, Georgina Lady, 273
Dudley, William, first Earl of, 272
Dudley, Dowager Countess of, 272

E

Earl's Court, 23
Eastwick, Mr., 183
Eaton Place, 117
Eaton Square, 52, 60
Edinburgh, Duke of, 132, 235
Edward VII, King (then Prince of Wales), 86, 119, 135, 164
Edward VII, King, 34, 235, 237
Never saw the "Grand Prix," 71
Called the "Peacemaker," 158
Cruel article on in Dict. of National Biography, 158

Digitized by Google

Edward VII, King—*cont.*
His valued friends, Emperor Napoleon III, Lord Rothschild, 164; Spencer Compton Cavendish; eighth Duke of Devonshire, 179; Lord Granville, 180; Marquis de Soveral, 216; Sir Oscar Clayton, 225; Lord Barrington, 232; Mrs. George Keppel, 245; Mr. Whitelaw Reid, American Ambassador, 250
"Edward VII," satirical pamphlet, so called, 18
Edwards, Mr. Francis (Parliamentary Solicitor), 246
Ellis, Lord Mayor, Sir John Whittaker, 22
Elswick, 189
Endicott, Miss, 240
Epsom, 26
Esher, 180
Esher, Lord, 91
Eugénie, Empress of Napoleon III, 147, 148, 187, 234
Exmoor, 67
Eykyn, Mr. Roger, 143

F

Fairfield, Edward, 120
Falmouth, Lord, 122, 192–194
Farnborough Hill, 148, 187
Ferdinand, ex-King of Bulgaria, 228
"Fetich, The Social," 42
"Figaro," French paper, 229
"Financial News," 224
Fitzgerald, Percy (an intimate of Charles Dickens), 254, 255
Fitzherbert, Mrs., 102
Fitzmaurice, Lord, 177
Flaubert, 48, 152
Flower, Edward Fordham, 89
Forbes, Archibald, 201
Forbes, Edward, verses, 274
Fox, Charles James, 97
Fozard (the riding-master), 91
Freake, Lady, 116, 118, 208
Frederick III, Emperor of Germany, 225
Empress of Germany, Victoria Adelaide Mary, Princess Royal of England, 225
Frederika, Princess of Hanover, 119
French, W. P. (song-writer), 112
Freycinet, M. de, 270
Froissart, 61, 73
"Fusby," Lord, 125

G

"Gaulois," The, 229
Gautier, Théophile, 65
Geneva, 51
George IV, King, 83, 99
George V, King (as Prince of Wales), 90
George V, King, 14
George, Prince of Denmark, 83
Gillett, Mr. William, 90
Ginnett's circus, 248
Gladstone, W. E., 23, 105, 117, 122, 126, 134, 177, 178, 187, 268
Glenesk, Lord, *see* Mr. Algernon Borthwick
Glenesk, Lady, *see* Mrs. Borthwick
Glen Stuart, 211
"Girl of the Period," Essay on The, 11, published in "Saturday Review," *ib.*; phrase used without reference to morals, 14
Girls of the late 'Sixties, 13
"Globe," The, 184
Gloucester House, 201
Glyn, George (second Lord Wolverton), 134, 135
"G.O.M.," *see* Gladstone, W. E.
Goodwood the Glorious, 10, 264
Gordon, General, 178
Gossett, Captain, 232
Gounod, Charles (composer of "Faust"), 251, 252
Gowing, Mr. (Walter Gordon), 233
Gowing, Mrs. (Emilia Blake), 233
Grain, Corney, 23
Grafton Street, 224
Grand, Madame Sarah, 29, 31
Grant, Baron Albert, 49
Grant, Adela Miss (Countess of Essex), 250
Grantham, Sir William, 90
Granville, Lord, 89, 177
Gray's Inn, 75
Green Park, The, 82, 83
Greville, Charles C. F., 1, 5
Grey, Lord (better known as Sir Edward), 223
Gronow, Captain, 101
Grossmiths, The (actors), 23
Grosvenor Crescent, 83
Grosvenor Gate, 72
Grosvenor Place, 68

Digitized by Google

Grosvenor Square, 121
Grove, Lady, 42; brief notice of her manual of manners "The Social Fetich," 43

H

Hall, Sir Edward Marshall, 248–250
Hamilton Place, 101
Harcourt, Sir William Vernon, 267 *note*
Hardman, Sir William, 240, 242
Hare, Matilda (*née* Tollemache), 237
Harman (the Duke of Cambridge's Military Secretary), 202
Harrington, Lord, 90
Harris, Sir Augustus, 146
Harrison, Clifford (reciter), 208
Hart-Dyke, Sir William, 187
Hartington, Marquis of (afterwards the eighth Duke of Devonshire), 177, 179
Hawkins, Henry, Q.C., afterwards, Mr. Justice, Sir Henry and Lord Brampton, 106, 171
Noted as the "wicked Judge," that "most unfair Judge," 172
Hazlitt, 1, *note*
Henry I, King, 54
Henry II, King, 54
Herbert, Lord, of Lea, 98
Herbert, Mr. (artist), 132
Heron-Maxwell, Sir John, Bt., 135
Herrick, Robert (poem, "A Country Life"), 76
Herring, George, 101, 257
Hertford, Marquis of (the friend of Prince-Regent), 259, 260
Highbury, Birmingham, 239
Higgins, Mr. "Harry," 182
Hill, Lord, 91
Hill, Lady Arthur, 121
"Historicus," *see* Harcourt, Sir William Vernon
Hobday, Captain, R.H.A., 113
Hodges, Mrs., 102
Hollingshead, John, 144
Hooley, Mr. E. T., 244 *note*
Hope, Mr. Beresford, 11, 13
Hospital, St. George's, 82–84, 258
"Hostess in Three Reigns," 34, 39
Hotels—
Carlton, Savoy, The Prince's, Ritz, The Berkeley, 75
Hurlingham, 70
Hyde, Manor of, 100
Hyde Park, 53, 78, 91, 99, 100, 147, 150
Hyde Park Corner, 81

I

Ingram, Miss (a daughter of Viscount Irvine), 259
Irving, Sir Henry, 24, 224, 236, 243, 255
Ismail, Khedive, 87

J

Jaffray, John, 240
Jamaica, 246
Jenkinson, George, 193
Jerrold, Blanchard, 208 *note*
Jersey, Lady, 39
Jessel, Sir George, 89
Jezebels, Modern, 18
John, King, 54
Juvenal, Satirist, 4; feeble imitation of, 18

K

Kelly-Kenny, General Sir Thomas, 90
Kendal, Mr. (actor), 233
Kendal, Mrs. (actress), *née* Madge Robertson, 233
Kensington Gardens, 52, 76, 86, 91, 105
Kensington Palace, 73
Keppel, Mrs. George, 245
Kew, 97
Kildare Street Club, 112
King, Court of the, 54
Kirscshwassers, The, 45
Kitson, Mrs. Arthur, 247
Knight, Lord Mayor, Sir Henry, 22
Knightsbridge, 52, 63, 83
Knollys, Lord, 157, 163
Knowles, James (of the "Nineteenth Century"), 192
Kutuzoff, Prince, 235

L

Lade, Lady, 102
"Lady A," *see* Ailesbury, Maria Marchioness of

Digitized by Google

" La Patrie," 229
Lamington, Lord (as Mr. Baillie-Cochrane became), 182–184
Lane-Fox, Mr., 90
Lansdowne, Lady, 114
Lanesborough, House, 83
Lanesborough, Lord, 82
Langtry, Mrs., 119
Larisch, Countess Marie, 3
Larwood, Jacob, 100
Lawrence, Lord, 90
Lawson, Sir Edward (subsequently first Baron Burnham), 121
Lawson, Lady (wife of Sir Edward Lawson), 121
Lawson, " Ted," 89
Lee, Dr., 243
Legh, Thomas Wodehouse, 133
Leinhaas, Professor, 227
Lennox, Lord Henry, 129–132
Lever, Charles, 113
Leven, Lord, 90,
Leverhulme, Lord, 82
Levy, Albert (brother of the late, and uncle of the present, Lord Burnham), 144, 145
Levy, Mr. Jospeh Moses (one of the founders of the " Daily Telegraph," 165
Lichfield, 134
Liddon, Dr., 39
Lincoln's Inn, 75
Linton, Mrs. Lynn, novelist and essayist, 11; brief notice of her writings in " Saturday Review," *ib.*; " Wild Women " screed in " The Nineteenth Century," 14, 15; her vehemence, 28
Lipton, Sir Thomas Johnstone, 147, 148
Listowel, Lord, 143
Locker-Lampson, Frederick, 47
Loftus, Lord Augustus, 219, 220, 222
Loftus, Lady Augustus, 221
" London Clubs " (a little-known book), 260
London, 1; not larger than Monaco, 47; extent of, 51, 52; London's Day, 53–84; " Season," 55
Londonderry, Marquis of, 98
Londonderry, the late Dowager Marchioness of, 90, 114
Longworth, Mrs. (*née* Alice Roosevelt), 250
Lonnen, E. J. (old Gaiety comedian) 109, 112
Lonsdale, Lord, 90
Lords, House of, 97, 133, 202
Lover, Samuel, 112
Lowther, Mr. James (" Jimmy "), 89
Lowther, Sir Gerard, 222
Lucullus, 65
Ludlow, Lady, 261
Lusk, Lord Mayor, Sir Andrew, 22
Lymington, 246
Lyttelton, Lord (father of Alfred), 105
Luxembourg, 66

M

M'Arthur, Lord Mayor, 22
Mackay, Rev. H. F. B., M.A., 39, 40; his sermons at All Saints', Margaret St., published in the " Church Times," 41
Mackenzie, Sir Morell, 225
Mackintosh, Mr. Alexander, 240
Mackintosh, The, 90
Maclise, Daniel (Irish painter), 97
Madresfield Church, 230
Madrid, Modern, 88, 117, 190
Old, 267
Maitland, 83 *note*
Mall, The, 57
Manchester, 262
" Manchester Guardian," 145 *note*
Manchester House, London, 260
Manchester Square, London, 259, 260
Manchester, Trafford Park, 263
Manchester, The Duchess of (Countess von Alten), afterwards the Duchess of Devonshire, 175
Manners, Lord John, 190, 191
Manning, Cardinal, 6
" Marchesa," The, *see* Ingram, Miss
Marie, Dowager Empress of Russia, 154
Marks, B. S. (artist), 162
Marlborough, Consuelo Duchess of, 149
Martin, Robert (artist and song writer), 109–113
Mary, Princess (King George's daughter), 91
Mary, Princess (mother of King George's Consort), 119

Digitized by Google

Mary, Queen (King George's Consort), 203
Maxse, Mr., 184
Maxwell-Scott, Mr., 139
Mayfair, 8, 66, 194
Mayors, Lord, 22
Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Duchess of, 119
Melba, Dame Nellie (prima donna), 32, 41, 146
Melbourne, Lord, Prime Minister, 91, 92
Melville, Lady Betty, 90
Mentone, 257
Meyer, M. Arthur, Editor of the "Gaulois," 11
Middleton, Captain William George (familiarly "Bay"), 166
Milbank, Lady, 90
Mile, The Ladies', 57, 61, 70, 105, 109
Millais, Sir J. E., R.A., 118
Millar, Gertie, 3
Milner, Mr. Marcus Henry, 205
Mirasol, Count de, 117
Mirza Mehdi Khan (Persian Minister), 214
Mitchell, Miss Nellie, *see* Melba, Dame Nellie
Molesworth, Lady, 234
Molesworth, Right Hon. Sir William, 235
Monaco, 51
Monaco, Prince of, 269, 270
Monk, General (afterwards Duke of Albemarle), 245
Montagu, Colonel the Hon. Oliver, 187
Monte Carlo, 269, 271
Montijo, Mlle. Eugénie de, 88
Montpensier, Duc de, 228–230
  letter to his uncle, Ferdinand, ex-King of Bulgaria, 229
Montrose, Duchess of, 204
Moore, Thomas, Poet, 112, 259, 260 *note*
"Morning Post," The, 26, 211, 217, 241
Morny, Duc de, 235
Morris, Captain Charles (author of "Lyra Urbanica"), 47
  famous poem by, 50; date of death, *ib.*
Morris, O'Conner ("Trivvy"), 112
Morris (a buccaneer of Madresfield), 230
Morvan, 66
Mosley, Colonel Paget, 262, 263
Mouchy, Duchesse de (born Princess Anna Murat), 234
Mowbray, Lord, 138
Munday, Miller, 262
Murat, Princess Caroline, 235
Murphy, "Jack," 144
Murray, Grenville, 125, 180
Museum, Victoria and Albert, 92
Muskau, Prince Puckler (author), 260
Musurus Pasha I, 123

N

Nachez, Tivadar, 116
Napoleon III, Emperor, 94, 97, 116, 164, 175, 217
Napoleon, Eugene Louis, Prince Imperial, 116
Nasr-ul-Mulk, His Excellency (Persian Prime Minister), 214
"National Review," The, 184
Neilson, Adelaide (actress), 135
Nevill, Lady Dorothy, 217
Newcastle, Duke of, 156
Newmarket, 26
Newton, Lord, 133, 134
New York, 104
Nezam-us-Sultaneh, His Excellency (Persian Prime Minister and Minister of Finance), 214
Nineteenth Century, 227
Norfolk, The Duke of, 137–141
Nottage, Lord Mayor, 22

O

"Omnium," Jacob (of the "Times"), 182 *note*
Orleans Club, 145
Ossington, Lord, 99
Owl, The (a journalette), 181; forerunner of "Society" papers, 182, 184, 185, 217, 219
Oxford Street, 139

P

Paget, Lord Alfred, 149, 243
Pall Mall, 47, 50, 52, 74, 238
Palmerston, Lord, 93, 201
Palmerston, Lady, 115, 160
Pampeluna, 189
Park Lane, 60, 86, 101

Digitized by Google

Paris, 11, 49, 58, 61, 116, 126, 154, 188, 204, 228, 235, 251
Paris, Comtesse de, 229
Parker, Sir Gilbert, 90
Parnell Letters, 170
Payne, George, 193
Peel, Sir Robert (the great), 98
father of the present Baronet, 243
lampooned in the "Sporting Times," 244
Pennant, 82 *note*
Pepys, Samuel, 100, 101
Petre, Lord, 138
Phipps, Sir William (Governor of New England), 245, 246
Piccadilly, 22, 47, 49, 50, 51, 57, 61, 81, 101, 116, 117, 238, 266
Pigeons, 76, 78, 79
Pigeon-post, 234
Pigott (forger), 170
Poltikow, Mr., 264
Pope, Alexander (poet), 82
Rape of the Lock, 251
Portland, The Duke of, 90, 213
Portland Place, 60
Primrose, Mr. Neil (gallant son of Lord Rosebery), 160
Probyn, General Sir Dighton, 157, 158
Probyn, Miss Lætitia (sister of Major-General Sir Dighton Probyn), 173, 174
"Punch," Cartoons in, 20

Q

Queensberry, Marquis of ("Q"), 153, 210, 211
"Queen's Messenger," The (satirical journal), 125
Quentin, General, 97

R

Raffet (French battle-painter), 48
Rainsford, Rev. Marcus, 203
Ramsden, Lady Gwendolen, 39; home truths on the gambling mania, *ib.*
Ramsay, Sir William, 254
Ranelagh, 32, 70
Rayleigh, Lord, 253, 254
"Record," The, 230
Redesdale, Lord, 76 *note*
Reform Club, 192
Regent's Park, 60
Regent Street, 21, 139
Renals, Lord Mayor, Sir Joseph,
Ricarde-Seaver, Francis Ignatius, 224
Rice, Sir Spring, 222
Richmond, 91
Richmond, Duchess of, 209, 210
Ripon, Marchioness of, 98
Rochefort, Henri, 4
"Rock," The, 230
Rockefeller, 21
Ronaldo, Mrs., 45
Ros, The Dowager Lady de, 209
Rosebery, Lord, 160
Rosebery, Lady (Miss Hannah Rothschild), 158–160
Rosslyn, Lord, his lines on Charles Greville, 188
Rothschild, Lord, 161–163
Rothschild, Lionel, 165
Rothschild, Miss Hannah, 205
Rotten Row, 85, 88, 102
Derivation of the name, 99
the right of driving in, restricted to the sovereign, 100; the privilege shared by the Queen's or King's Falconer, 100, 106, 108
"Rotten Row" (a small paper so called), 109
Songs and Rhymes from, "The Veterans," "all that sort of thing," etc., 109–112
Rous, Admiral, 193
"Route du Roi," 99
Roxborough Castle (Tyrone), 122
Royal Court, The, 541
Roze, Marie, 116
Ruff's Guide, 247
Russell, Sir Charles (afterwards Lord Russell of Killowen), 166
his impetuosity, 170
"damns the law," 171
Rutland, The Duke of, 190

S

Saarbrücken, 4
Sackville, Lady (1913), 36
St. Helier, Lady, 19 (when Lady Jeune); her onslaught on the "smart set," 35, 36, 38, 39
St. James's Street, 23, 74, 125, 261
Square, 139
St. John's Wood, 13, 14
St. Martin's-le-Grand, 139
St. Petersburgh, 132, 190, 220, 223, 265, 266

Digitized by Google

Salisbury, The Marquis of, 13, 19, 129, 233
Salisbury, Lady, 11
Sandown, 180
"Saturday Review," The, 11
Scotland Yard, 89
Season, Origin of, 54
Sedan, 4, 94, 175
Sefton, Lord (when Master of the Quorn), 98
Seymour, Sir Francis, 193
Shadwell, 195
Shelley, Sir Percy, 118
Sheppard, Edgar, C.V.O., D.D., 202 *note*
Sherbrooke, Lord ("Bobby Lowe") 105
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley (author of "Pizarro"), 95, 97
Sidney, Samuel, Mr. (author of "Book of the Horse"), 96
Simpson, W. S., 252
Skinner, Father (Vicar of Madresfield), 230
Sloane Street, 67
Slough, 94
Smith, Mr. W. F. B., 90
Smith, Mr. W. H., 202
"Society," The word, 1, 2, 19
being in, 20; Byron's "polished horde," 25; going into, 26; Sarah Grand's "average society woman," a myth, 31; "smart" society, 35–46; "a Hostess in Three Reigns," her article on London Society, 34, 35
Somerset House, 274
Souza-Rouza, M. de (Portuguese diplomat), 215
Southgate, 148
Soveral, The Marquis de (Portuguese diplomat), 215, 262
Spencer, Lord, 166
Spooner, Professor, 253
"Sporting Times," 244
Stafford (now Lancaster) House, 82, 123, 203
Stanley, Hans Sloane, 246, 247
Stanton, Father, 39
Stephen, Sir Alexander Condie, 154
Stevens, Miss Minnie (Lady Arthur Paget), 250
Stevens, Mr. Marshall, 263
Stormont, Lady, 102
Stowe, 229
Straight, Douglas, 248
Strand, 241
Stratton Street, 121
Stubbs, William, D.D., his History of England, 55 *note*
Sudeley, Ada (*née* Tollemache), 237
Suš, Eugène, 51
Suffield, Lord, 156
the late Lord's first wife visited by Queen Alexandra, 259
Surrenden Park, 266
Sutherland, Anne Duchess of, Countess of Cromartie, 203
Sydney, Lord, 181, 182
Lord Chamberlain, 185
death of, 187
Synge, Mr., 122

T

Tattersall's, 64, 83, 99
Teck, The Duchess of, 120
Teheran, 214
Temple Chambers, 75
"Temps," The, 229
Tester, Miss Dolly, *see* Ailesbury, Lord
Thackeray, W. M., novels by, 5
alluded to, 30, 31
Thaliarchus, 239
Theatre, Old Gaiety, 143, 144
Drury Lane, 146
Thistlethwaite, Mrs. (Laura Bell), 126, 127
Thompson, Mr. Henry, 269
Thornbury, 83
Throgmorton Avenue, 261
Tiesenhausen, Catherine Feodorovna (Russian Comtesse), 235
Timbs, 99 *note*
"Times," The, 102, 124, 170, 188, 210, 222
"Tinman," The (Fred Archer, jockey), 6
Tite Street, Chelsea, 118
Tollemache, Mr. W. A., 237
"Tomahawk," scurrilous paper, 11; amusing but brutal cartoon in, *ib.*; endeavoured to bring the Monarchy into odium and contempt, 18
Toole, John L. (actor), 183
Tosti, Sir Paolo (Italian composer), 134, 250, 251
Townsend, Marquis and Marchioness of, 187
Tranby Croft case, 166
Trentham, 203

Digitized by Google

"Trivvy," *see* Morris O'Connor
Twiss, Horace, 120

U

United States, 222
Uxbridge, Lord, 91

V

Vasili, Comte, 235
Vaughan, Father, 19; his denunciation of gambling, 33; humorous and whimsical dream, 34
Vaughan, Kate (actress), 144
Velasco, Colonel, 117
Victoria, Princess, 91
Victoria, Queen, 76
love of riding, 91; her favourite horse "Tartar," 91; at review in Hyde Park, 91; opened the Great Exhibition in 1851, 92; stories of her riding, 93; caricature of her by "H. B.," 92; death of her friend Lord Granville, 180; her "Letters," 200; fond of singing, 251
Villiers, "Charley," 123
Vincent, Charles Edward Howard, linguist and special correspondent "Daily Telegraph," 256
"Violet Fane," 251

W

Waldegrave, Lady, 115
Walford, 83
Wallace, Sir Richard, 260
Walton, Lawson, 247
Ward (stud-groom to Lord Palmerston), 93, 94
Waring, Mrs., 121
Waterloo, 209
Waterloo Place, 246
Waterlow, Lord Mayor, Sir Sydney, 22
Wedderburn, Sir William, 233
Wellesley, Colonel Frederick, 144
Wellington, The Duke of, 207
Constable of the Tower, 209
West, Mr Temple (first husband of Lady Molesworth), 235
Westminster, 77
Westminster, Convent of, 100
Westminster, Duchess of, the first to "take up" the actor and receive him, 23
Westminster Hospital, 83
Westmorland, Earl of, 237
Wheeler, Mrs., 119
Whetham, Lord Mayor, Sir Chas., 22
White, Mrs. (of Arddarroch), 130
White, Rev. Henry, 141, 142
Whitechapel, 195
Whitehall, 274
Whyte-Melville, George, 134
Wieland, G. B., 145
Wilberforce, Bishop, 89
"Wild Women as Social Insurgents," an essay, *vide* Linton, Mrs. Lynn
Wilde, Oscar Barnum O'Flaherty, 152, 153
Wilde, William (brother of Oscar), 165
Wilkins, William (architect), 83
William IV. (King), 96
Williams, Montague, 248
Wimbledon, 91
Wimpole Street, 261
Winans, Walter, 266
Winchester, Lord, 193
Windsor, 54, 94, 211
Windsor Park, 92
Wirz, 48
Witley Court, 272
Wolff, Sir Henry Drummond, 217
Wombwell, George, 193
Wood (professional jockey), 247
Woodford, Mr. John, 161
Woodford, Mrs., *ib.*
Woronzow, Count, 151
Wyndham, George, 34

Y

York, 54
York, Duke of, 91

Z

Zola, 48, 109

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY R. CLAY AND SONS, LTD.,
BRUNSWICK STREET, STAMFORD STREET, S.E. 1, AND BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

BOOKS REQUESTED BY ANOTHER BORROWER
ARE SUBJECT TO IMMEDIATE RECALL

UCD LIBRARY
DUE MAR 24 2000

MAR 17 2000 REC'D

UCD LIBRARY
DUE OCT 12 2001

SEP 10 2001 REC'D

DUE

LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, DAVIS
http://libnte.ucdavis.edu/PatronRenew.html
Automated Phone Renewal (24-hour): (530) 752-1132
D4613 (4/99)M

Digitized by Google

Finlay

DA 693
F5

223761

3 1175 00028 5083

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google